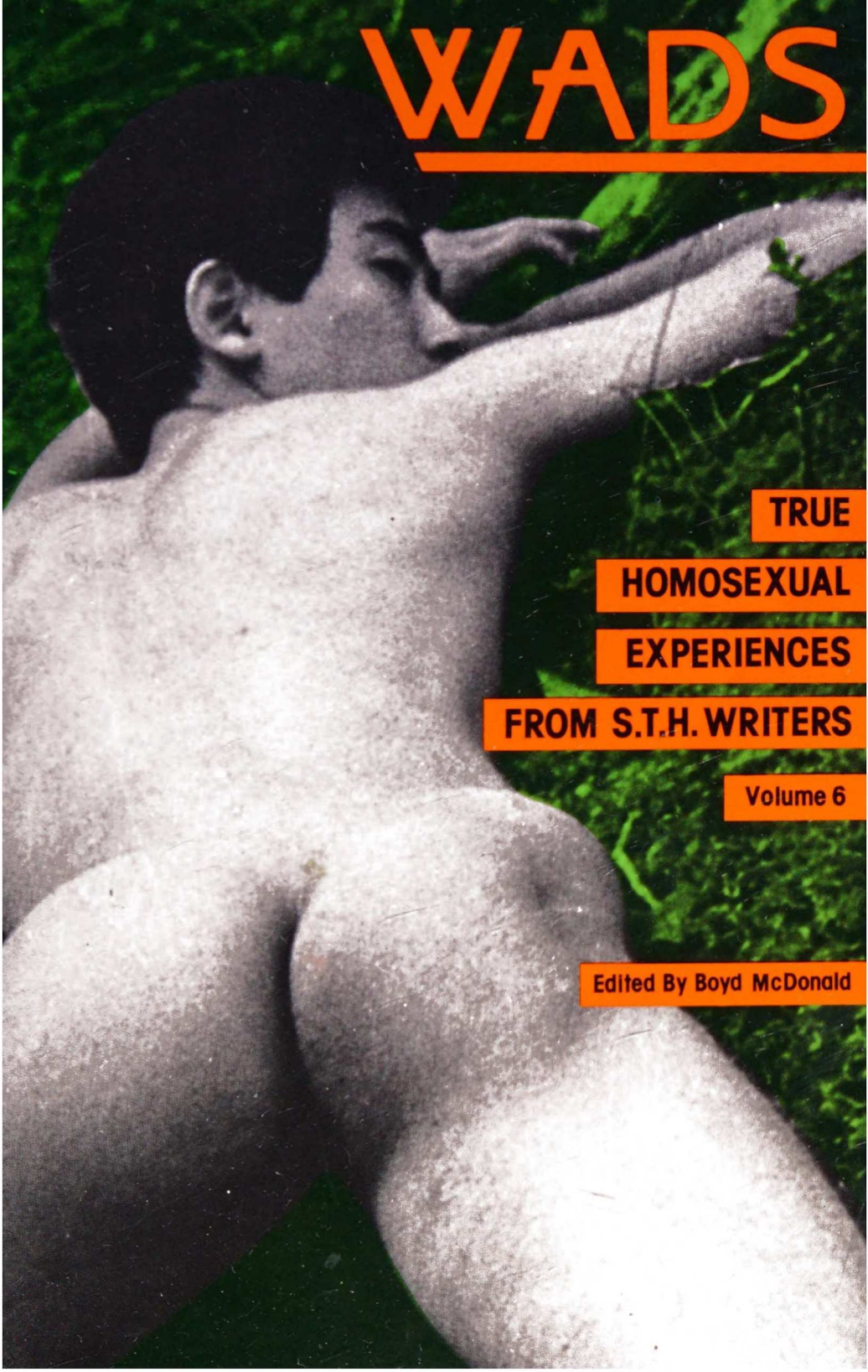
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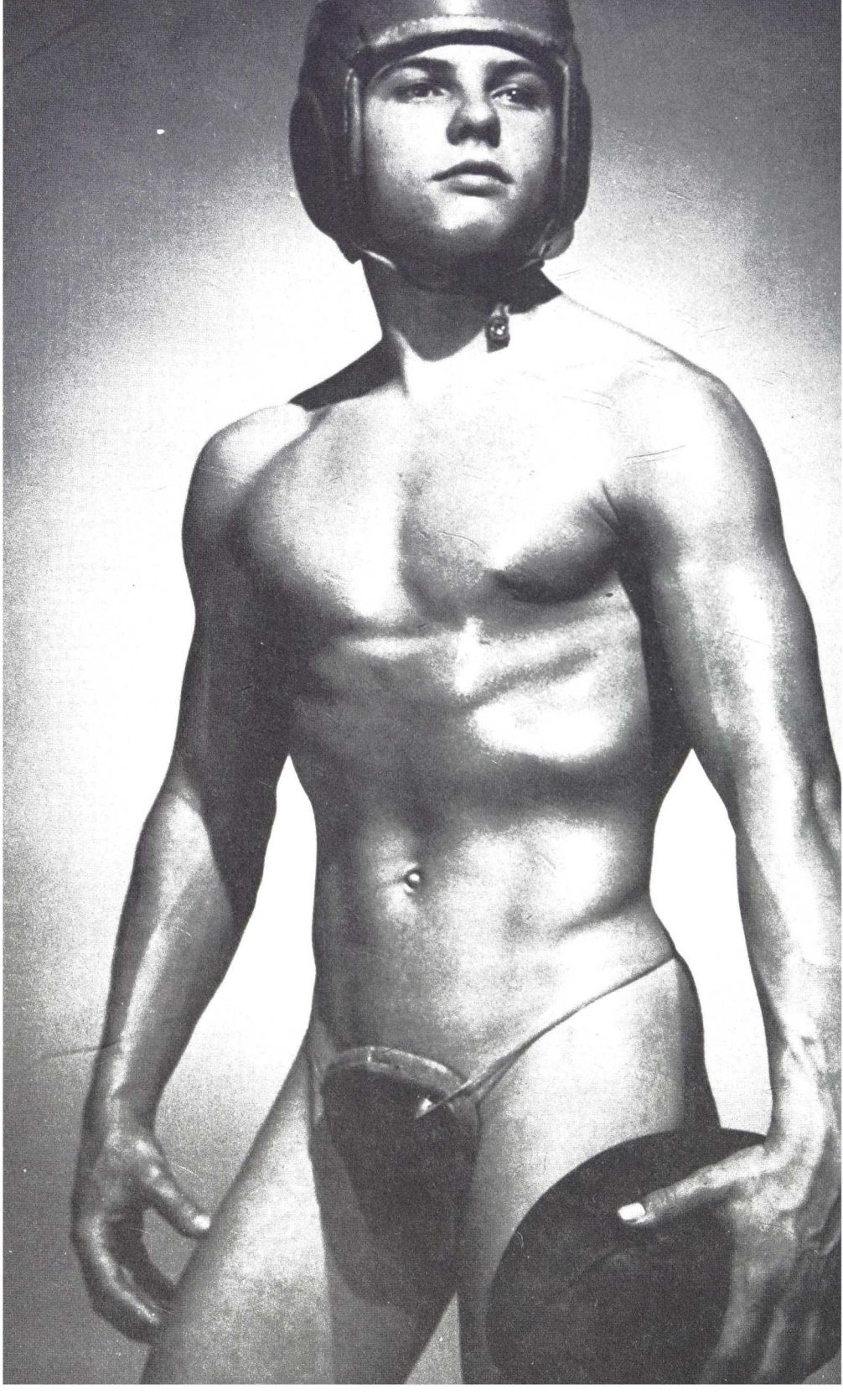

WADS

True Homosexual Experiences
from S.T.H. Writers
Volume 6

Editor: Boyd McDonald

Gay Sunshine Press
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THE SEX LIFE OF A SAILOR

During the Korean War, I was recalled to active duty with a reserve unit from Chicago and we were sent to an air station in San Diego. I wasn't too thrilled as I was in my last year of college. In the end, I never got to go back and finish.

Our unit was comprised of about 60 men, veterans of World War II and other younger men. Once in San Diego we were augmented by regular Navy personnel, mostly young guys fresh from recruit training or Navy schools.

One of the younger guys was a brash, devil-may-care, cocky sailor, the type that I usually stay away from. He was constantly talking about his sex experiences and how he had to meet with a woman at least once a week if not more. I wasn't sure that I believed him but I did notice that he had a hard on nearly every time he came from the shower. Then by chance he found out that he and I came from towns not too far apart in a Midwest state. From that point on, he took me under his wing, even though he was younger than me, and he wouldn't let anybody do anything to me.

He was always after me to go on liberty with him but I always declined as I knew what that would mean. He was particularly insistent one week so I gave in and we went to Los Angeles. We got a room with separate beds at a hotel and then went sightseeing. I told him outright that I had no desire to meet with girls and he looked at me rather funny but said no more. We made the rounds of a few bars and most of the time he was off talking with any unattached female. Later, I convinced him to return to the hotel as we were both getting rather drunk.

We both stripped to our skivvies and then he decided to take a shower. When he came back he had his usual hard on, 7 inches. He saw me looking at it and came over beside my bed. I reached up and touched it and then moved my hand back and forth. He moaned a little and then told me to suck it. I bent over and took it in my mouth and he humped it back and forth. This had been done to me several times before. Soon he shot a heavy load and it was all that I could do to swallow it all.

When it was over, we lay on our beds and he praised me for such a good blow job. I begged him not to tell anyone else and he said that he wouldn't and I believed him. We got together from time to time and I would always end up sucking him. On nights that we could not go on liberty and he was horny, we would go to some remote part of the base and I would do it there. He never touched me other than my head to move it. He still bragged about his female conquests to the others but

he would look at me and wink. He was transferred before we went overseas and though I tried to locate him after my return home, he seemed to have dropped out.

"He placed my hand on his crotch."

On a Sunday night when returning from a weekend liberty in Los Angeles, I got a seat at the back of the bus next to another sailor. We traded conversation but once the bus began to move we both fell asleep. I woke up a little later with the sailor's head on my shoulder and his leg pressed up against mine. I made no move to indicate that I was awake and soon I felt a hand on my thigh, gradually moving up to my crotch.

It felt too good to resist and soon the hand was playing with my hard cock through the pants. The sailor had some difficulty with the buttons but managed to get my cock and jerk it with his hand.

We went along for awhile and I asked the sailor if he wanted to get off. He place my hand on his crotch and I could feel his hard cock. I took it out, 6 inches, and played with it and he came almost at once.

As we reached San Diego I asked whether he would like to get together again. I suggested places to meet but I never was able to meet him again.

"I sucked them both."

We set out for Korea in the Spring of 1951 with a stopover in Hawaii. Several of us did the usual sightseeing but I was unable to break away from the group for my own pleasure.

After Hawaii we reported directly to our duty station off the coast of Korea and for the next 30 days it was routine operations. As time went on we found it difficult to amuse ourselves but soon printed stories began to appear to while away the time. If you saw a guy reading a story, he most generally had a hard on.

One time I was in the head (toilet) and one of the young guys sat across from me and began to read the stories. For the most part they were straight stories but could be explicit in their details of sex. I watched this guy as his hand slipped to his cock and he began to massage it. He looked once at me and said that the story made him horny and I just nodded as I knew this wasn't the place to make any advances. When he stood up I saw one of the largest cocks ever, probably ten inches and several inches around. He did not try to hide it.

As time went on, our paths seemed to cross and one time I asked if he had read any more stories. He said yes and that they always had the same effect. I asked him if I could read some of them and he agreed to meet me after he got off duty. We met at the appointed time and he

gave me the story. We then walked forward on the ship. Soon we came to a rather secluded compartment and went inside. He said that he had noticed my interest in him and he took his cock out so that I could touch it. He lowered his pants and shorts and got a beautiful hard on. I knew that it would be a challenge but I knelt in front of him and took his cock into my hand. I placed my lips on the head and then my tongue came over the crown. I tasted a drop as it oozed out of the hole. I could only get the head and an inch or two of the column in my mouth, it was so big around. I tongued the whole column. I used my hands, mouth, and tongue and before long, I felt him tense and then I tasted his fluid, spurt after spurt. I did not miss a drop and it tasted sweet.

When it was over he said that I gave a good blow job and that he would like to see me again but that we should not be seen together too often. We would meet once or twice a week for a repeat performance and he never failed to come. I was willing to go on liberty with him for further activities but our duty sections conflicted and we were never able to get together. I was happy with the situation as it was as it helped to pass the time on those many months of sea duty.

There is a bit more though. Near the end of our tour of duty his transfer came through. One night he asked to bring someone else along to our meeting place and I agreed. The guy that he brought was a good-looking blond who was not so well hung but had enough. I sucked them both but was able to enjoy the blond more as I could get nearly all of his cock in my mouth. The blond and I continued to meet after our friend was transferred and I even got to spend a weekend liberty with him. Once away from the ship environment, he was a whirlwind in bed and did not hesitate to do anything. Later I was transferred and we lost touch with each other.

"I was pleasantly awakened by my cock being sucked."

On a reserve drill weekend at a base near New York City, I decided to visit the city at night for some excitement. As I walked around the Rockefeller Centre area, I paused to admire the ice skaters in the plaza skating rink. I was cold so I had on a pea coat and as I stood there, I felt a hand bump against my ass. I could not determine who it belonged to so I turned sideways and sure enough the hand bumped against my crotch. I realized that a good-looking young man in his late 20s was staring at me intently.

I moved to a different spot and soon the young man was beside me. He asked whether I would like to go for a walk and I said yes. As we walked down Fifth Avenue he wanted to know where I was staying and I told him that I was headed for the YMCA. He then asked,

"Would you like to come home with me?" and I asked, "Where?" In reply he said, "Just a short subway ride away," so we went. He had a small apartment in Brooklyn not far from Flatbush Avenue. He asked, "Do you want a drink?" and I replied "sure." All that he had was beer and as he brought them from the kitchen, he sat down beside me on the couch.

I asked whether he did this very often and he said no as he must be very careful who he brings home with him. He leg was pressing against mine and I felt his hand gently touch my thigh. In no time I had a hard on and he was massaging it through my pants. I asked whether he wanted me to take them off and he replied "Yes, but leave the jumper on." As I sat down he was on the floor in front of me with my cock in his mouth. I felt his moist lips engulf my cock and I began to fuck his mouth. I was particularly horny and came in no time which seemed to please him.

He asked, "Would you stay all night?" and not wishing to go out in the cold, I said, "Yes." The couch opened into a bed and he undressed while I remained in my jumper. We kissed and then he gradually worked his way down to my groin. He got me hard again and I asked to fuck him. He handed me the grease which I applied liberally to his ass and my cock. I eased down on him and felt my cock enter with little resistance. He had a tight ass and could really manipulate the muscles, making it an incredible fuck. As I speeded up the tempo, he came right back to meet me and soon I felt release coming. When it was over, we cleaned up and then went to sleep.

The next morning, I had to be at the base and was pleasantly awakened by my cock being sucked. I wasn't sure that I could come again but I did and he was happy. He invited me back and I did meet him occasionally on succeeding drill weekends. At times we would reverse roles and he would fuck me and I enjoyed it. Later he took a job in another state and I lost track of him.

"Frank removed my briefs."

On another drill weekend, I went into the city again in uniform. I made a few stops at favorite watering holes and then walked over to the Rockefeller Centre ice rink again. I watched the skaters awhile but soon became aware of someone pressing close to me on my left. I turned slightly and saw a good-looking young man smiling at me. He said "Hello" and made some comment about the skaters. Then he said, "My name is Frank. What's yours?" and I replied, "Joe." He held out his hand and we shook hands.

Frank asked whether I had a place to stay and I said no. By this time we were walking west on 48th St. and he invited me into a hotel bar.

We had some conversation and I could feel his leg pressing against mine. Frank then asked whether I would like to stay with him and I knew what he meant then. I didn't answer right away (playing hard to get) but then decided to go with him as it was a long ways back to the base and I didn't feel like driving.

We went to Frank's room in the hotel and I undressed to my briefs and lay back on the bed. The drinks had gotten to me and though I didn't pass out, I dozed a little. I woke up with a start as I felt a hand on my crotch and another moving over my body. Frank removed my briefs and his own and soon engulfed my cock, giving good head.

He then turned in the bed and his respectable 7 inch cock was in front of my face. I took it in my hand and brought it to my lips, licking the head and down the shaft. I took it in my mouth and in no time we both came.

We layed there awhile, hugging and kissing and Frank wanted to know whether I would fuck him. I wasn't sure that I could get hard so soon but Frank's technique brought me up. I greased my cock and his ass and slowly entered. We got into the right rhythm and the fucking was sensational. Before long I was at the point of no return and let go another load in his ass. We cleaned up and then slept awhile. In the morning Frank asked to fuck me and I let him. He was an expert and one of the best that I ever had. When it was over, I had to hurry and get dressed to drive back to the Navy base.

CHEWS "STRAIGHT" NEIGHBOR'S BRIEFS.

WASHINGTON, D.C.–I live next door to a very pretty blond young man, about 28. He is extremely straight acting, and although there's a lot of speculation, I have always thought he was straight. I am 35, good looking and masculine, but he has gotten the idea that I'm gay and he has always acted very frightened and standoffish. This holiday season however he surprised me by asking that I look after his place and take in the mail for him. What an opportunity, I thought. If he's gay, there'll be something lying around the house to give him away, and if not—well it turned out to be "not" but I still had fun. I found a pair of dirty Jockey briefs. I took them home, got high on poppers, and chewed them clean, thinking over and over, "I'm eating your straight asshole, you motherfucker." I came twice this way. I did this several times and returned the briefs to the hamper. This is true I swear!

LARGE STAFF IN SMALL HOTEL GIVES ROOM SERVICE TO NAVY COCK.

MANHATTAN–In Florida to pickup a ship which had departed to South Carolina for repairs, I found myself having an unplanned weekend in Miami. I had never been there before and the downtown YMCA (which was full) directed me to a nearby hotel which took servicemen. It was a modest stucco building and inside, the small lobby looked pretty clean. The clerk at the desk checked me in while obviously checking me out. I asked him directions to the train station and he said, "leaving soon?" I explained I had to be on a train Monday morning and wanted to lug most of my gear there now. I went to my room with a bag containing what I'd need for the weekend and left the rest of my gear with him. I came back down and as I left for the station he said, "See ya later, sailor."

From the station I decided to look around the town, hit a few bars and in one of them hooked up with a young salesman. He had a car and offered to show me around. We hit quite a few bars both in Miami and Miami Beach and it was getting as late as we were getting drunk. Through the evening although the talk was general and straight I began to get the idea that he was hot for me. I had been traveling a lot, hadn't come in over a week and was ripe for a dick-licker. Finally I came out with it: "How'd you like to suck my cock?" He was nervous and eager and trembling. I took it out for him and he went down for what was one of the lousiest blow jobs I've ever had. We were parked out in the nowhere but he kept slipping his hole off my prick to look around. I said, "I'll watch out if anybody is coming." I sure as hell wasn't coming because each time he went back down it was like starting over. Finally I had to force-feed him and even then he spilled half my load down into my fuzz.

He drove back to the hotel babbling all the way about not knowing why he did it and did I think he needed professional help. I refrained from saying, "Yes, but from a good cocksucker, not a doctor."

Back in my room, drunk, weary and sticky, I slipped out of my uniform, too tired to wash up, and conked out in the sack. After a few hours (it seemed like a few minutes) the phone started to ring. The desk clerk was asking me if there was anything I needed. I said, "Yeah, some sleep" and hung up. In another hour it rang again. Same thing. A half hour later there was a knock on my door. I said, "Who's there." A voice said, "Room service, with your ice water, sir." I got up and opened the door, my dick tumbling out the front of my underpants. A youth was standing with a pitcher and glass on a tray. "I didn't order that." "Courtesy of the house." He came in and set it on

the table. "What the fuck *do* you want?" I said. "I'd like to suck you off," he said. I looked at myself in the mirror. I was bleary-eyed, unshaven, half in the bag and half hungover. "I don't think I can get it up," I said. "I think I can," he said. I slid out of my shorts and sank back on the bed. My crotch was messy from last night, my prick was soft and my bush was stiff with stale scum. The bellhop went to work cleaning me up. He licked off my dick, nibbled on my nuts but mostly chewed up my fuzz. His suck hole was jammed with hairy starch and still no hard on.

He rested awhile, my tool all the way in his mouth, and he breathed on it. After awhile it came slowly to life and I was able to shoot him a somewhat watery load. I apologized for the workout but he said he enjoyed it. He picked up my clothes from the floor saying, "Want these washed?" I said I'd have to do it because they had to be pressed regulation. He said "We know how. We get a lot of sailors here."

By now I'm wide awake so I shower and shave and put on a fresh uniform and decide to trace a school friend who had recently moved there to go to school. Still another clerk on the desk, also pleasant *and* flirty. I asked him how to get to Coral Gables. When I told him why he said, "I don't think you'll get much information because the administration building closes over the weekend." Then eyeing me brazenly he said, "But the girls don't so you should do all right." He was right about the administration and since the students I saw didn't exactly bowl over at the sight of me, I looked over the campus and the town and came back to a shit and shower. Soon there was a knock on the door, which I had left unlocked, and in came still another belhop with my uniform freshly washed and correctly pressed. I asked about the charge and he said none for servicemen. I offered to tip and he said if you want to leave a tip do it when you pay your bill. I said you seem to have a large staff for such a small hotel. He said it's busiest on weekends and we have friends willing to help out for free, for fringe benefits. I was again in my shorts in much better shape than in the morning, and as he said this he ogled my prick beginning to stiffen and jut out of my fly. I leaned back alluringly and he knelt down and took it directly into his licker. I creamed him well.

After he left I got dressed and went out. In a bar down the street I started to shoot the shit with a flyboy from a nearby base. When I told him where I was staying he said he'd often stayed there and so did a lot of guys from his base. "It's convenient, it's clean and it's cheap. And one thing for sure, a man who stays there never has to worry about blue balls." I asked him what you do when you really need sleep, telling him about my morning's experience. He said, "Just put the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door. That way they figure you got

somebody in there with you and won't bother you." He left to pick up his girl and I went to a movie. When I got back to the blowtel I felt sucked out and took the flyboy's advice and got a good night's sleep.

I was up early and out all day until about 10 at night. When I got back I felt horny and after I was in awhile a got a call to see if there was anything I needed. I said I could use some room service and was soon enjoying my final blow job (from the first bellhop to suck me). I thought this was fitting because now he knew I could shoot as straight as any serviceman. I then put the sign on the door and next morning was off to catch my ship.

When the ship returned to the area, I had traced my friend so my weekends were filled and I had no occasion to use the blowtel for another year, when I had just been discharged and two of my buddies had liberty and came up to Miami for a last long weekend. We had a triple bedroom but were never in it, having a final liberty which with sailors means lots of booze, looking for women and making plans to get together in a few months when they too got out of the service.

On the last night of our stay I stopped for a hamburger and my buddies went back to the blowtel. I got back awhile later to find two of the help sucking off my buddies. I hadn't recognized any of the staff during our stay but it looked like the policy hadn't changed. The help left and we slept and none of us discussed it next day. My friends went back to the ship and I took off for home.

"STOP DOING THAT TO ME"

OK, you asked for the details, here they are: In the house where my parents and I lived in 1950 the postman came one day to bring a special delivery letter when no one was home but myself. This was in the summer and the postman was a college kid on vacation from school, I think. He asked if I would give him a glass of water, which I said I would do, and I invited him to sit down in our living room for awhile and rest from his rounds (or words to that effect). He asked if he could use the bathroom before he left and I showed him where it was. As he was standing at the toilet taking a piss, I was peeking at the door, looking at his dong, since I was very curious about those things. He saw me peeking and I was rather embarrassed that he saw me but he said, "don't worry about it, almost all guys are interested in the sexual parts of their friends and pals." He asked if I wanted a better look at it, or to play with it for awhile, and I was glad to take him up on his offer. Of course, I had never seen one quite that large before (I had only seen my father's prick, and the prick of one of his friends before that). After I had played with his for a few minutes it got stiff, of

course, and I was amazed by that. He said how good it felt and offered to make mine feel good also, so I let him unbuckle my pants and pull them down. He played with mine and sucked on it, which made me feel really good. When he asked me to do the same to him, of course I reciprocated without hesitation. In fact I almost pushed him down in the process of putting my mouth on his dick the way he had done on mine. When he was ready to leave he gave me a dollar and said not to tell, and aside from his fine gift of one dollar, I had no intention of telling anyway, since I had enjoyed myself a lot. I never saw him after that time.

Nothing much transpired after that for about three years until I met my cousin on summer vacation. My parents and I were staying at my uncle's (father's brother) house during our summer vacation in a nearby state. The adults had all gone out for the evening, leaving my cousin Jack and myself to our own devices. Jack was beginning in high school. I saw his cock while we were both getting ready for bed around midnight and said that I wished my dick was as large as his. He said there is no problem, it will eventually get larger, but it helps it grow faster if you play with it a lot. I had never heard such a thing before but said, "Well, what have I got to lose by trying," and so when we were in bed he said he would begin on me and that I should then do the same things to him. Well, he jacked me off into an absolute frenzy, I had never had anything feel quite that good, even the postman hadn't made me feel that good; I guess in the intervening years I had matured a little more sexually, so that by the time my cousin and I got together, I was beginning just slightly to get developed. I finally had to tell my cousin to "stop doing that to me;" I remember this very well, since the feeling had left me almost delirious with pleasure. I then did the same thing for him and was amazed to see the white cream come shooting out after just a few minutes of moving my hand up and down the shaft of his cock. I guess about that time our parents came back, so the activities came to an abrupt halt and we went to sleep. We left for home the next day and I did not see my cousin again for almost 10 years, when I ran into him at a family reunion. At that point I was 20 and I think that he was 23–24. We took a long walk in the woods together and I asked him if he remembered the thing we had done. He said he did remember it and that he had not done it with anyone since. I asked him if he wanted to do it again and he said no. Since, he has gotten married and has two kids of his own.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The tedium of matrimony could have been avoided if only the above author had had more time to help Cousin Jack develop his natural desires before they became perverted by society.*

BOY SEDUCES SOLDIER

When I was 17, World War II was in full swing. I already had some technical skills and in the hope of assignment to a program of further training, I enlisted in the Army with my parents' consent. Following basic training, I received orders to a special technical outfit in the East and in due time a furlough turned up. I had just turned 18 and wanted a total change of scene. I decided to spend a week at a lake resort that had music festivals in upstate New York. In those days lodging was difficult to find anywhere but a former teacher arranged for a room with an old Swedish woman of his acquaintance. I intended to do some swimming and concert going and took along some rubbers, like the Army advised, in hopes that the chance might turn up to try my hand at fucking.

After I was there several days, the rubbers hadn't served for anything except jack-off psych-up.

I felt conspicuous and out of place in uniform, which was obligatory. There was not a full program of events every evening. One evening the movie building seemed to be the best bet, though the film looked mediocre.

The seats were narrow and uncomfortable but the movie held my attention. Some time through the film, I was aware that a young fellow came in and sat down next to me even though there were many vacant rows. After considerable time, I felt the ever-so-slight contact of his leg against mine, but it could have been just the unavoidable touch of someone sitting that close to me. I could see that he was a pleasant-looking blond kid about 15, watching the movie intently and laughing at the right moments. The pressure of his leg against mine was becoming more distinct. His arm moved up to the single arm rest we shared and I moved mine off. The leg pressure was now almost unmistakeable and I moved my leg away. It was perhaps ten minutes until his leg, moving imperceptibly, was against mine and his hand on his thigh was also touching my thigh and creeping upward. His hand stroked my thigh. I had a full hard on. When his hand moved almost to my crotch, I was burning with lust and near panic. The thought of a soldier caught in a homosexual act with a young boy, an arrest, a court martial, a newspaper report, a dishonorable military discharge—Holy Christ! I recovered my senses, jumped up, looked at him squarely, and took off at a near run.

I headed in the direction of my lodging house, all sexual arousal gone. I walked rapidly along the deserted street and turned a corner. I glanced back. He was following me. I was in full control now and thought, "What a neurotic, mixed up kid." I turned a couple of

corners quickly and doubled back to throw him off the trail, then jogged up to the street along the park which was the road home. By God, he was still behind me.

By this point, I was neither upset nor flustered, but simply thought, This is absurd—a grown man fleeing from a misdirected kid who needs counselling. Why worry about the police. Everyone is aware that such things happen. I have an obligation to straighten the kid out. I will simply stop and discuss the matter frankly with him, tell him this is unacceptable behavior at his age, he has had misleading companions perhaps and we all have homosexual drives in adolescence but we learn better. This kind of thing should not be allowed to go on further in secrecy; it should be discussed with his father or a counsellor. His attraction to soldiers should be understood as a normal path to manhood, etc., etc. I formulated my explanations as I walked, resolved to address him in the friendly tone of an older brother and lay the facts of life before him. I was in good shape emotionally and psychologically and sat down on a park bench to let him approach.

He sat down next to me in a moment and looked at me, smiling.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Fifteen."

"Are you a visitor?"

'I live here."

The boy already had his hand on my fly and my lust was beyond control. My heart pound wildly. The kid gasped as he grabbed the obscene bulge in my pants. There were only two things in the world now—the mindless, straining prick of a soldier, lusting to display itself, and the shameless lust of a boy to feel and taste and smell the cock of a man. My only thought was to get the hell out of the park before someone spotted my condition from afar. I said, "Come on up to my room." We took off.

It was almost midnight. We climbed up the creaky dark back stairway, trying not to make a sound. I opened my creaky door slowly. I sat down on the bed, he next to me, feeling immediately for my cock, opening the button fly, bringing my cock out through the piss-hole of my Jockey shorts.

"It's big," he said, massaging the whole length. "How big is it?"

"I dunno. How big do you think?"

"Eight inches." He brought out my balls. My cock swelled more. He massaged it and watched it. I stood up and removed my pants and let him feel and massage my Jockeys, the pouch, the ass. He pulled them down. I stepped out of them and sat on the bed.

He said, "Do you ever play?"

It took me a moment to understand, then I reached for his fly and

brought his cock out. He had a hard 5 inches. I guided him to a kneeling position and brought his head to my cock.

He took it in his mouth, slowly and deeply. He was no novice. I felt he wanted to prolong the scene as long as possible. He sucked a long time. Then I told him to strip and sit on the bed. We stroked and felt each other.

"Do you do this very often?" I asked.

"Pretty often."

"Who with?"

"Some friends."

"Who started you on it?"

"My friend. He's a little older."

"Ever do it with an older man?"

"Only once. Mostly my friends and I do it."

"Ever do it with a military man?"

"No."

"What's your name?"

"Jens." He said he was of Swedish background.

My repertory was not too great at that period. I pushed Jens down on the bed and got into 69 position. We sucked a long time and felt our asses. I told him I wanted to fuck him first, then he could fuck me. I wanted him to stay hard longer so he wouldn't lose interest. He lay on his face and it was a fairly easy entry with a little spit. It was a nice fuck, though I wasn't as red hot and out of control as when he first took my cock out. I pulled out and turned over to let him mount my ass. It hurt a little at first, but not too much. Mostly I wanted to see what it felt like. The pleasure was more in the mind than the ass. He pulled out and I said, "You'd better get dressed quick and go." He pulled on his clothes and took off down the creaking stair and I heard the downstairs door close.

I went down the hall to the bathroom. My asshole felt sore. I reached back and it was bleeding. "My God," I thought, "if his little cock damaged my ass, what must mine have done to him?" I sat down on the commode and shat out his cum mixed with blood. I cleaned up a bit and went to bed.

SCHOOL TOUGHS DISPLAY DICKS

I learned about S.T.H. a few years ago from some friends in a San Francisco band who used a page of S.T.H. as a handout program for one of their concerts. It was quite a shock to the audience of predominantly "straight" California boys to be reading S.T.H. when they thought they were getting a list of song titles.

I can remember lusting after men as far back as the second grade, if not farther. I remember being at a neighbor's house in a small Pennsylvania town. We lived on a farm for one year when I was in second grade. I don't remember why I was at this guy's house, I don't even remember his name, but we were planning to go somewhere hunting or something. Maybe softball. He had to change his clothes first. He was much older than I, in his early teens. He was the only Puerto Rican in a county of white Presbyterians. I remember how excited I got and embarrassed while he was changing his clothes, how much I wanted to see him in his Jockey shorts but was afraid to do more than sneak a quick glance. How I would have loved it if he'd propositioned me then and there, but he didn't.

We moved to another town and I can remember starting gym classes in junior high and having to change clothes and shower with the other guys. I remember my awe at discovering the full dark bush of pubic hair on a neighbor boy who shared my gym class. He was one of the first to have pubic hair; the rest of us were late bloomers. It was so exciting seeing his dick bob around in that dark bush and my own longing building up within me to touch it.

The next summer I went to camp. There were eight of us boys in our bunkhouse. Seven actually and our counselor, "Uncle Ken." My bunk was under his. I'll never forget the first evening at sack time. All of us were changed into summer pajamas and bundled into our sleeping bags except Ken, who was the last to change. I remember lying there, head on pillow, the rest of me bound into the bag while Ken undressed, his huge hairy cock waving only inches from my face while his face was out of view above the bunk. If the other guys hadn't been there talking and watching, I would have been tempted to brazen a kiss or fondle that beautiful muscle. It was a shock to find that he slept in the nude.

In high school there were a couple of toughs, one in particular that used to really turn me on because his pants were so tight that his defiant swagger perpetually exposed the bulging outline of his prick (as the guys called them in those days). So prominent was this rebel's bulge that I can remember the mere sight of it making more than one female teacher nervous.

I'll never forget one day in social studies when this tough and a friend of his used to whip out their dicks and just leave them hanging into their school desks in a test of bravery to see who would leave it there longer and not get caught by the teacher.

At one point the teacher stopped his lecture and told this guy to stop talking to his neighbor and pay attention. For punishment he was to stand alone in the back of the classroom, where everyone could watch him in his solitary humiliation. My heart just about jumped out of my throat as I thought his goose was cooked. He delayed rising and when the teacher repeated the sentence and asked why it was taking him so long to stand up, he shyly said something about his zipper being broken. Giggles rippled through the room, as everyone but the teacher seemed to know what he'd been up to.

He was only one of four or five guys in jr. high school I would love to have given me a mouthful of cock, but I was terrified. I was already picked on and treated badly enough by them without adding fuel to the flame by letting these macho guys know that I lusted after their dicks.

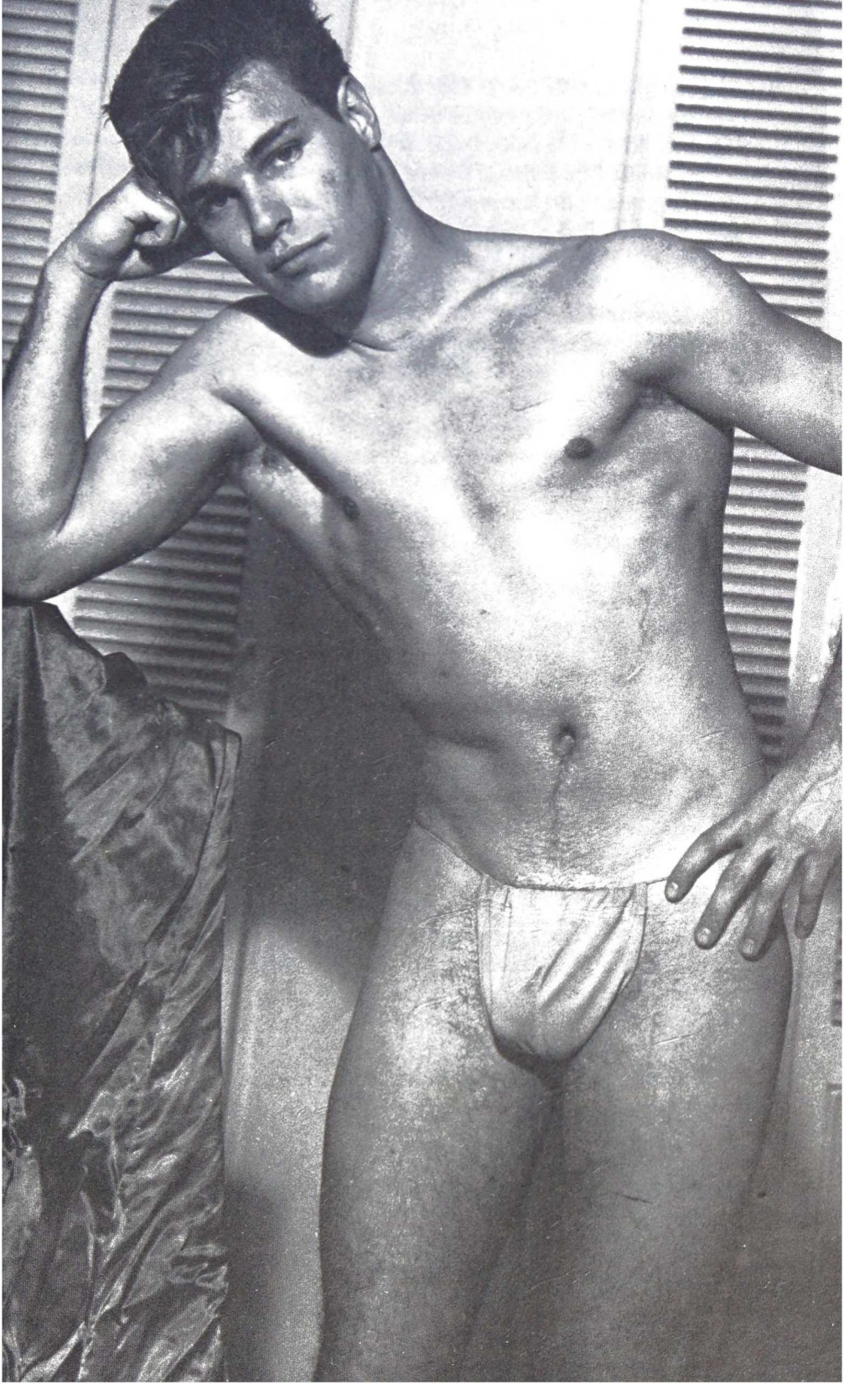
I had a neighbor friend who would come over and spend the night when we were kids. In my bedroom he would slip into bed with me and we would give each other backrubs which evolved into more, like fondling each other all over and giving little kisses all over our bodies. Once he dry-fucked me between my legs but he was afraid of coming and never did come. I never got to the point of sucking him off because he was such a neurotic hypochondriac, always worrying about disease. I did almost fuck him once, though. In summertime in a tent in the backyard, we were sort of writhing around and I put my cock up against his tight little asshole. He jumped as though he'd been bit, immediately dressing and leaving the tent for a cool-off walk.

I guess what we'd been doing that night got just a bit too real for him and he couldn't handle it—the thought that we might be doing something that was really queer.

"My mouth had ached to suck cock all those years."

Enough of this kid's stuff. After all those years of being cautious in an overtly heterosexual neighborhood, I finally did get what I wanted after I moved out.

I was subletting an apartment in New Hope, Pa. I hadn't been to a gay bar yet, hadn't really had sex yet with anybody. I sat all night on a fence outside a gay bar in New Hope waiting for something to happen. I was afraid to go inside, afraid of looking like a fool. I didn't drink at the time. How was I supposed to act in a strange bar for the first time—I didn't even drink, and what was I doing there? So I cruised



the streets waiting for something to happen.

Sitting on the curb in front of my apartment one night, a young blond drove by. He stopped and asked something. I thought he was lost and wanted directions. I went up to the window of his car. He asked if I needed a lift. I said no. He then asked did I want a blow job. I was so stunned and unsure I'd heard right that I said "What?" He repeated, did I want a blow job? Cars were backing up behind him on the street and I didn't know what to say. I didn't even have time to think. My mind raced. Impulsively, I said, "No, thanks," as softly as I could. He drove off and my chance was gone.

What raced through my mind at the time was, he's a blond (I'm not into blonds) and he wanted to blow me (I wanted to suck cock). Damn those cars waiting behind him in the street; if he'd gone once around the block and given me time to think about just what it was that he'd said, I'd have lost my virginity then and there.

Some time later, weeks maybe, I walked the street by my building one evening and saw a fantastic looking guy just sitting by the road in front of the next building. I just sort of kicked around killing time and looking at him. He started to talk to me. We talked for quite awhile and walked around town, ending up in his following me down the side of the canal and back to my building. I asked if he wanted to come upstairs and he agreed.

Once in my apartment, I got very quiet, feeling unsure and self conscious, while he made small talk. All the time I was wanting to seduce him. I played some records. He asked what was wrong and why I was so quiet. I shyly explained that I didn't know how to say what I wanted to say to him, what I wanted to do with him.

He stopped me short by putting his arm around me and saying it was O.K. I looked at him, put my arms around him, and kissed him, feeling as though a great weight had been lifted off of my shoulders.

We lay down on the bed, slowly removing our clothes, and rubbed against one another in the dark. He had very long straight hair, which felt good and tickled me as he maneuvered over me. He was clean shaven but he had a stubble which gave my mouth and jaws brush burns as we kissed, our tongues caressing inside each other's mouths. My body felt so good after all those years to finally be in bed making love with a man. I was 21. He was probably a year or two older.

What a cock he had. It was huge and excited. I could barely get a hand around it and kept holding it & squeezing it to feel its firmness. Holding onto it made me feel secure. I didn't want to let go for fear he would leave.

I slowly moved down his chest and moved soft dry lips up the length of his cock, anticipating the sensation of soon having that fantastic

cock in my mouth. I opened my mouth and slowly slid it down over the head of his huge cock. All movement was very slow and gentle. I started sucking gently but firmly, savoring it each second. He responded with a gentle raising of his pelvis, slowly and gently riding in and out of my mouth. It was incredible.

I don't know how I lingered on it so slowly after my mouth had ached to suck cock all those years. His breathing got heavier and he came in my mouth. The sensation excited me so much it alleviated any fear I had over what cum would taste like. It was pleasant.

I caressed him a bit longer, with my mouth draining the last drop, then moved back up into his arms feeling really great. He said that it was really great and that no one had ever done that to him before. I didn't believe him but didn't say so and it didn't matter. He said he couldn't return the favor. I said it didn't matter, and it didn't. We tired, he fell asleep, and I stayed awake all night watching him sleep and playing lightly over his beautiful body with my fingers.

The Moral Majority.

The next morning, as earlier in the evening before, he made continual religious references in his conversation. Nothing specific. But he kept saying really weird things as though he wanted me to believe that he was Jesus. Yeah, Jesus. In the morning, he went to use the bathroom and the girl I was subletting the place from had one of those tacky 3-D postcards of the Virgin Mary. He came back in and said something about the nice picture of his Mom on the bathroom wall. I kept looking at him with love in my eyes and saying to myself, "Shut up, stupid! Why are you saying all these weird things? Why are you pulling this on me? Why do you want me to believe this?" I kept trying to screen out what he was saying and just enjoy his body.

It was early morning and he said he had to go. I said, "Yes, I know," but I wanted him to stay. He said that last night was wonderful and that he had never done anything like that with a man before. I didn't believe a word of it but it didn't matter.

He left and I watched out the window as he walked down the street. I called up a gay friend I'd met at school. I felt like I was having cardiac arrest and about to burst. I had to tell someone what had happened.

A day later I went to the beach with a straight friend of mine who didn't know I am gay. He picked me up very early since it was a long drive. Nobody else in town seemed to be up yet. As we drove through a small sleeping town ten miles down river, morning fog was rolling through town. At the edge of town we passed only two living souls who were up this early, a young teenage blond and, with an arm

around his shoulder, my Jesus Freak.

I shouted to my friend who was driving, "Stop!" Then, "No, go." I couldn't face the situation. I couldn't explain it to my straight friend. I had just wanted to stop and tell the guy that I'd caught him living his lie.

We pressed on to the beach and I, in my melancholy, made my poor straight friend miserable all day.

"My cock in a mouth,
a cock in my mouth,
one up my ass, and
one in each hand."

About six months later I was in a bar with some newly found gay friends (I had gone back to school to take some theater courses in the hopes of meeting more gays because I'd heard that one of the teachers was gay). We were in this disco and I met this guy who was real into me and we danced and danced everybody else under the table. Then he said he lived in New York. We exchanged addresses and he wrote to me inviting me to come up for the weekend. I did but the redhead that greeted me at the door was not the same brunette I had seen in the darkened disco. (I'm not into redheads either.) Though slightly stunned by this disappointment, I was there for the weekend. We fucked (my first time) and sucked all weekend.

I went back to Pennsylvania and discovered several days later that I'd caught the clap. Great, I thought, only my second time at sex and I'd caught gonorrhea. I went to a doctor in Trenton who didn't know up from down who asked me about the girl I'd caught it from and I said that I didn't know how to get in touch with her.

In the spring I moved to New York and oh, how my life has changed. I've been here about nine years now and have plenty of tales to tell. But I'll save that for another time. I still haven't done my all-time fantasy yet, which is to have all at once my cock in a mouth, a cock in my mouth, one up my ass, and one in each hand.

TRAVEL TOPICS:

Finnish turds three times "larger" than New York ones, Times *reports.*

"Finns eat a lot of fiber from grains, such as in whole-wheat breads and cereals. Fiber adds bulk to the stool, and among Finns stool tend to be three times larger than among New Yorkers."

–Jane E. Brody, *The New York Times,* July 19, 1985.

"HE WAS A PRICK, AND A NASTY ONE."

You asked me to write more about Michael. His was the first cock I ever sucked. It's a bit difficult to write about because it happened almost 20 years ago, when I was 12. I want to keep to your standards of truth and I hope that my memory does not err in important details about Michael, such as the texture of his asshole hair.

Michael not only had a prick but *was* a prick, and a nasty one. His poetry lies in his nastiness and in his nasty cock, so I won't bother to make the past poetic, as many of our gay writers do.

I will also avoid making him sound "romantic." Actually, our encounters were romantic in the sense I use the word: what could be more romantic than sucking a budding Italian stallion's cock and getting to know his hairy balls?

After Michael, I continued to be a dedicated, enthusiastic cocksucker (I also take it up the ass, eat ass, lick armpits, suck feet, etc.—in other words, I'm just a regular guy, though in this age of AIDS, I'm on a starvation diet). But when I met Michael I was just a kid. I had been fascinated by cocks since about the age of six, but until Michael the only thing I did with men's crotches was watch them.

When I was a pre-teen, a rather large percentage of my summers was spent researching cocks at the swim club. One of my fondest memories is of seeing a man sitting on a bench in front of his locker, stripping off his bathing suit, and revealing a huge hard-on. I was about seven or eight at the time but already a size freak. I didn't know *why* I was so fascinated with cocks; I just thought they looked nice. I also sensed that having an interest in cocks was something "bad." Thinking that my interest in cocks was "bad" only made me more interested in them. I still wonder whether my parents thought it odd that I spent more time in the swim club's locker room than in the fucking pool.

When Michael came into my life, then, I had an avid interest in cocks but I was closeted about it. I looked but I never let on that I was looking, and if anyone noticed my eyes focussed on his cock, no one said anything. It's odd, but until Michael, I never thought that my interest in cocks was sexual. It was pleasurable to look at cocks but I never connected my little boy hard-ons with the cocks I saw. My formal sex education was nil. The nuns at school (what a kick to find out now that a good number of them were probably lesbians) and my parents at home reinforced each other's messages: watch out for those impure thoughts, words, and deeds. But since no one ever defined exactly what these impure thoughts, words, and deeds were, I had to figure it out myself. Dense as I was, I did eventually realize that a

visual fascination with cocks probably came under the heading of "impure."

I lived in a two family house. My family was upstairs, and then Michael and his family moved in downstairs. Michael was older than I—but my mind has fuzzed over on his exact age. I was in sixth or seventh grade when I first met him, but I didn't suck his cock until I was in seventh. I keep thinking that Michael was about 14 or 15, but he may have been only 13.

What's significant, I think, is that though he wasn't very much older than I, he was very much more developed. He had the beginnings of a moustache; in fact, his name in the neighborhood was soon Tache. It wasn't a great moustache but it was more than any of us other guys could grow and everyone thought it was a real big deal that Michael had a moustache.

Michael and I palled around together. We'd known each other a few months before I saw his cock. We were over at another kid's house. This guy, Steve, was a real tall guy, about 14. I didn't like him much. Now I'd probably characterize him as having "attitude," but then I just didn't like him.

Steve brought us into his parents' bedroom to show us his father's rubbers and then he decided to try one on. He pulled down his pants and Jockey shorts. But instead of putting the condom on he just twirled his cock around. His cock wasn't very big but it looked huge to me. He had a lot of pubic hair, much more than I did. Cock watcher that I was (am), I liked seeing his cock even though I didn't like him.

"It didn't taste bad."

Steve saw that I was really interested in his cock and said something to Michael like "Look at him looking; he likes looking at it." I *did*, but I probably blushed. Steve *knew* I was a cock lover! Then Michael pulled down his pants and showed me his cock. God! What a sight! I thought it was really beautiful. It was much bigger than Steve's (and much, much bigger than mine), but what I most remember is that Michael had a really tremendous growth of pubic hair, almost jet black, wavy but not curly. His balls were also very hairy—and to this day I have a special love for men with hairy nuts. The hairier the balls, the more pleasurable they are to suck on.

Steve and Michael wanted me to show them my cock, but I didn't. I was shy because my cock wasn't as big as theirs and because my pubic hair was just peach fuzz compared to their hairy crotches. I left them standing there with their cocks out and went home. I realized later when my career as a cocksucker was in full swing that I'd missed an

opportunity to suck them both off that day.

After that, it seemed that Michael never missed a chance to show me his cock. Whenever we were alone, Michael would pull down his pants and let me see his cock. He used to talk about girls and how he wanted to fuck them.

I became obsessed with Michael's cock. Instead of waiting for him to show it to me, I'd grab his crotch. He didn't object so I'd work my hand down his pants. I loved to feel his cock. It seemed so huge. And I really liked running my hand through his pubic hair.

Michael didn't much like my feeling his cock this way. "Feeling it in the pants" was kid's stuff to him. I was so stupid that I didn't know what else I could do with his cock. But luckily Michael did know.

We were sitting on the bed in his room one day. I was feeling his cock up. He pulled down his pants so I could feel him up better. His cock was hard and I loved to squeeze it when it was so nice and firm.

"Why don't you put your mouth on it?" he said.

I bent over and wrapped my lips around his cock. I didn't know what to do with his cock so I just tried to get as much of it into my mouth as I could. I think I got about half of it. Then I sat back up. I thought *that* bit of nothing was what cocksucking was all about! Michael laughed, saying something like "Is that all you're going to do?"

What else was there to do? I didn't find out that day because Michael suddenly pulled up his pants. I guess he had something better to do than give me a lesson in cocksucking.

It took quite a few more tries before I learned much of anything about sucking cock. Michael never told me too much about what he wanted me to do with his cock. He never showed much interest in my cock. I showed him my cock and he said that it was a little one but would grow.

One day we were sort of wrestling around on my bed. My head was down between his legs and I could tell he had a hard-on. I started to feel up his cock. Michael said that if I was going to do that, I should do it right. He undid his pants and showed me his cock. I caressed it with my hands and then put my mouth on it. But this time I was determined to spend a long time on his cock. I wasn't a very good cocksucker but I did keep my mouth on his cock, sort of semi-sucking on it. It tasted good and Michael wasn't saying anything so I just kept doing what I was doing.

I tasted something funny, which I much later learned was his pre-cum, but I just sort of kept mouthing his cock. He was moaning a little so I figured he liked what I was doing. Pretty soon he gave a deep groan and my mouth filled up with his cum. It didn't taste bad. It didn't taste like much of anything. It seemed only natural to swallow

the stuff that was in my mouth. This seemed to freak him out. With a half-grin, he said, "You swallowed it?" I nodded yes. He just sort of shook his head. He must have thought my swallowing his cum was sick.

"I like to think he still lets a queer swing on his cock."

I guess I became really addicted to cocksucking after that. I sucked Michael every chance I got. If my parents were out, I'd suck him off in my bedroom. Generally, he'd lie down on my bed, show me his cock, and I'd get between his legs and suck him.

Once in awhile, he'd sit on the bed and I'd kneel down in from of him and suck him. I sucked him in his bedroom a couple of times and a couple of times we did it in the garage. We'd get into the back seat of my parents' car. I'd get his cock out of the pants and suck him off. He never took very long to shoot—maybe ten minutes tops, most often much less time than that.

Most of the time I was fully clothed when I sucked him, though a few times I'd have my cock out. Michael never undressed when I sucked him. He'd just pull his pants down. I tried to kiss him once but he wasn't into that.

Michael tried to fuck me once. He had me take off all my clothes and lay on my stomach on his bed. He went and got some grease. He stripped off all his clothes except for his socks, greased up his hard cock, and got on top of me. He pushed into me with such force that I screamed. It hurt like hell.

He took his cock out of my ass and laughed at me when I told him it hurt, as if he was saying, "Of course it hurts, stupid." But he never tried to fuck me again. I really regret that because now I wish I had taken his cum up my ass.

But he never expressed any wish to fuck my ass again. I guess he felt I wasn't any good at taking it up the ass so he'd not bother trying again. He seemed content just to have me suck him off. Once he sucked my cock for a little while. I didn't come but I guess he figured that he'd done all for me that he was gonna do. All told, I must have sucked him off a couple of dozen times—maybe as many as 40 times.

Michael was pretty clean, a little musky at times—and I liked the times he smelled like *something*. He was cut and about 7 inches—but an honest 7 inches. He was never abusive to me, though sometimes he wouldn't let me suck his cock when I wanted to. He'd say something like, "I gotta find me a pussy." He probably didn't think anything of my sucking him. He almost never touched me when I was sucking him, just sat or laid there, hardly moving.

When my family moved away, I never saw Michael again. I think of him often. He's probably married with a brood of kids by now, but I

like to think he still lets a queer swing on his cock every once in awhile. I'd like to give him a blow job again—for old times' sake.

I can't help but feeling that I haven't done justice to Michael's cock; I must have left out some nasty details.

T.R. WITOMSKI.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *I feel the author did do justice to Michael's cock, both in draining it as many as 40 times and in writing this monograph about it. However, he did not do justice to something that was probably even nastier than Michael's prick—namely, his shit-hole. Of course, it is unfair to expect the author to know at age 12 the joy of ass-licking; many boys waste their teens and do not suck ass until they are in their 20s. It's a pity; I sense from the article that Michael had a nice hole and that he would have been nasty enough to let anyone lick it. What could be more tasteful?*

YOUTH SNIFFS PISS STAINS ON FATHER'S BRIEFS.

SAN FRANCISCO–Living in San Francisco gives a guy many opportunities for sex. No matter where you go, you can almost always find yourself in a promising situation. I've had many different experiences in many different locations, such as a grocery store parking lot (in the daytime), the laundry room in my apartment building, department stores, the office building where I work, many public restrooms, cars and so on.

A favorite thing I used to do when I was a teenager was to get a hold of a pair of my father's freshly worn underpants. The best time would be when he would shower after work (leaving them on the bathroom floor) and then he and my mother would go out for the evening. As soon as they left I would run into the bathroom and hold his shorts up to see the stretched out areas and think about how his cock and balls fill in the empty bulges. Then I would smell the crotch and savor the acidic, sweaty aroma; usually there would be a couple of yellow piss stains near the opening, which of course would always smell like stale piss. And then I would look for any loose pubic hairs which I would then put in my mouth. During this time my young cock (I was 13 to 14) would be near exploding and I would then put my dad's briefs on and rub them against my cock and balls. Holding onto my cock through my dad's briefs, I would jack off and cum into his underwear, the shorts would then be wadded up and put in the clothes hamper.

Italian Eats Reader's Dick, Shit-hole.

One of my favorite sex partners, who is probably one of the best lovers I've ever had, is an Italian man in his mid-forties named Jim. Jim is a voracious sex animal and we seem to have a chemistry between us that brings out our most primitive sexual urges; the times I've spent with him have always been very, very hot. Italians have always turned me on and they've always been my preferred sex partners, and Jim is a perfect example of why I love these Mediterranean gods. His hands and mouth are always all over my body, and what a mouth! He loves to suck on things, either my cock (which he takes all the way down his throat), my nipples, my tongue or my asshole.

I love when he lays on top of me. His pubic hair is kind of coarse and wiry feeling. I think the reason I like his body is because it's such a contrast to my own. I'm fair skinned, blue eyed and have light brown hair with gold highlights in it. The hair on my balls is the blondest on my body and my body hair is much softer [than Jim's].

Also he has a large uncut cock (I'm just under 7 inches and circumcised). I don't know exactly how big his cock is, but in comparison to mine it must be a couple of inches longer, with a *very* big dick head. I've always found uncut dicks fascinating and greatly enjoy Jim's big uncut sausage. I love playing with the foreskin, pulling it back to see his big, shiny smooth glans and at times I'll get a whiff of a rather pungent aroma which flares my nostrils. His odor depends on whether or not he's bathed prior to our meeting. He also has large brown nipples which he loves to have licked and sucked. He moans in ecstasy when I take these morsels into my mouth and nibble on them.

There was one time I went to see Jim and he met me at the entryway to his apartment. We barely got the door closed when we just started attacking each other. The bed was situated a few feet from the front door, so we just tumbled over onto his bed, entwined, his lips on mine with that talented tongue of his searching my mouth, roaming over to my ear and then down my neck. I was rubbing the big bulge in his pants, wanting to free it from its confinement.

He pulled off my jacket and unbuttoned my shirt. His mouth went for my nipples. I in the meantime pulled off my shoes and then started unbuttoning his shirt. My cock was rock hard and I was getting very hot with anticipation of having his naked body next to mine. He lifted himself off of me and we both finished tearing off our clothes.

I then lay back on his bed and spread my legs. My cock was bobbing up and down and my dick head was starting to leak pre-cum fluid. He finished taking off his socks and then slowly climbed onto the bed, looking into my eyes, his brown eyes penetrating me just as his cock

has penetrated my asshole a number of times.

He was now over me, his lips between mine, still looking into my eyes. Then he lay on top of me. The heat of his body, the hardness of his cock felt so good. I could feel the wiry mound of his pubic bush press against my own, our cocks lying side by side, his also starting to drip some sticky fluid.

I put my hands on his back and stroked him down to his ass cheeks and then pressed him against me while I moved my pelvis up toward him. Our cocks were trapped between our bellies and we both started thrusting into each other. I could feel the skin of my cock stretch back and forth as I thrust against Jim's body. Our bodies were both hot and my cock felt great enclosed in all that hot flesh, hair, and sweat.

Jim in the meantime was kissing me very forcefully and sucking on my tongue. I could feel his balls moving against me and when he would thrust himself up against me our chests would part and a sweaty musk would emit. Soon we started grinding harder against each other, moving our red hot cock heads against sweaty hair and slick pre-cum, faster and more intense and as I shot my load I thought Jim was going to suck my tongue out of my mouth. It felt wonderful as my jerking cock soaked in my own cum and then I could feel Jim's cock shaft moving faster and faster against me and finally his big dick shot cream between our two bellies.

We lay there with our cocks resting on our slimy skin. After lying together for a couple of minutes Jim raised up off of me and I could smell the acrid mixture of our cum and sweat. Our bellies were both covered with white goo. We then got up and showered. I really enjoyed this experience as it was different from the sucking and fucking we usually engage in.

DENNIS ALTMAN'S ANUS.

"The anus," Dennis Altman writes in *The Homosexualization of America*, "has always been the most despised and denied of all erogenous zones." This undoubtedly is true of all males who have ani. But it is hardly true of men who have assholes, butt-holes or shit-holes.

–B. McD.

TRUCKER GAGS "FOR HOURS" ON 10 1/2" PRICK.

I'm built kind of weird—and feel like I'm away from everything a lot—also live a lot of fantasy—could say I'm lonely—I'm also super horny much of the time—don't know what I really dig the most—jack-off an awful lot—love pornography (looking at nude male pics)—fantasize about people I see on the street who attract me—don't do a whole lot for meeting people—getting to love jacking off too much maybe—and am in short pretty non-aggressive. (Probably not sound like the description of someone also super hung, but that's me.)

I'm 28. Oh yeah, I can be bored a lot too.

I'm *not* good-looking. No way. Dumb-farmer look about me. But I am from midwest. If I tell you I'm Polish it'll all fit together.

I'm not well built. I'm definitely not tall. I'm not real short, not beefy. It's more a bulk-built I am. Bulky, undefined. Got small shoulders, pigeon chest, no ass, large hips, and could start getting a stomach on me, but I watch it.

Interesting—maybe even ugly—looks—and a non-descript body you wouldn't look twice at in clothes—but I get out of them, you would, you see my cock. It's a whopper—10 1/2 inches. It's enormous soft and is especially thick hard. I could almost say being Polish gave me that too—I'm from a big family and all my brothers are horses. I was also an outsider from all them.

I have done just mostly warehouse work. Shipping-receiving. I am a quiet guy and a good worker. I been living in this small city in Iowa until recently. The gals, practically every age, been after my brothers as long as I can remember. We soon got known, among other things, for the way we were built. But they didn't go after me and I didn't go after them. I got tired of a lot of cock jokes and especially Polish jokes—I worked my job quietly (and also hid myself well with a jock strap & loose pants—I also didn't like anything—or anybody—in Iowa). I just worked.

I also had fantasies & desires about some guys in town I'd like to have slept with. I also got to noticing the truckers who made deliveries at our plant, got to know them and drink with them a little. I'd also come back from the can without my cock in my jock strap—and anybody with a roving eye could see on my leg. Some picked up on it—and met them later, alone, in their truck or at a motel. That went on a while—I got known with certain truckers who asked for me unloading their trucks, and getting together after. I soon discovered there was an especially built guy I was attracted to, I loved to suck—all night. I was also sucked plenty. And those married truckers mostly,

beefy bodies and usually big asses, see my cock they wanted to get fucked. I didn't really like this, but I did it—In fact I didn't almost do nothing, just go at it slow—my size had everybody up the wall—and they throwing their ass up to it.

I also decided I wanted to be a trucker—and was learning a little from everybody. And then I got a chance, being second trucker with this guy—he about convinced me, I wasn't sure if I could do it, but if he could be a trucker I knew I could. He was a pothead—not on the road, but liked to get high so he could relax and really suck cock, especially big cock. He came to that plant especially looking for that Polock guy with the $10\frac{1}{2}$ inch cock and when he heard I was interested in trucking, set it up with the dispatcher. I'd be his second trucker—and I worked on the road 3 months with him learning trucking—and from that first night on and every night we stayed at motels and he would eat my cock for hours on end, smoking joints between times, and sinking down all the more on it, gagging and tears in his eyes, trying all he could—and reaching over to feel it in my pants every day driving.

I wasn't attracted to him, his body was sort of spent and had a small cock—the great way he did me though, I was hot with sex with him—and wanting to get it on as much with someone myself.

Always looking for an ass-licker.

Then I became a trucker on my own and that's what I'm doing now. I make runs out of the midwest—out of Colorado and Ohio mostly—and go to the two coasts (and plenty of places in between). I'm in NY and LA as end-places the most.

Practically all my sex has been with other truckers. And that means it's been a little rough and tumble, dirty—very dirty—weird—and in toilets—a lot of quick, on the run stuff. There's a lot of far out things attract me now. I been active and passive so much both I don't know which I like more. About every other time I been sucked, I've had my ass eaten first. I love this. I am driving I get a feather up my ass, I like someone to eat my ass for hours—I am always looking for this—Do this, they can get on my dick after.

Those beefy guys who never attracted me—a couple of them asked they would like to put on some women's underwear, put on bras, pants and stockings and we had sex—this turned me on wild. I like to take off those pants and fuck them, also take off their bra and eat their nipples—love a guy has big nipples—In short, treat them like a woman. Even just fuck between the thighs—they have clothes on—is good too.

I like what happens with hitchers. They are often wild-ass-young guys going around the country. They are also often just local guys want to suck. I drive, no shorts, loose pants that I go with a half hard on, which is a lot of the time. And those hitchers see me that way they are often indifferent, quiet—I'm no looker or especially well built—but turns me on too—they catch a look at the basket I got—we are soon half-talking sex and they reaching over for it and I turn off—and there are those college seem-straight guys about go crazy jacking it off, even if they don't do nothing else—but most, whoever they are, are going down on it too—and I reach over for theirs too. If I want them too I bring them to a motel that night too.

But it doesn't happen all that wild with hitchers—just sometime—Most I am in a motel way out (and whacking off).

There is showers at some truck-stops—go in there late at night, is maybe a group scene—or a meeting, people go their room with someone. I control it in those showers—is too many see my cock, they want it up the ass—I am looking in those showers for a particular built guy who super turns me on. I will soap up my dick full hard to attract him if I can. I never feel my bad looks & body, as I can't make it with this guy—and I usually don't. I am chunky built and not tall—They are very tall and very lean and hard and have a super cock—I like this built guy—I have motel fantasies about it—He cannot be thin enough—Even he be thin and wiry even—and then have a huge big fat cock—I will go on my knees to suck it—whenever tall, wiry, and horse-hung. They are always so cool, so distant. I don't know who attracts them. Others like them?

There were a few truckers I met like this—I remember and recall them often—but not many truckers generally built this way. Best time of all was a hitcher, exactly built this way (a long story, you want to hear it).

More and more I'm getting off by myself. I check around the truck stop is that special built guy I want around. I started a picture collection—combination real photos from some truck-stop times with guys someone took, plus some mag ones—I look at them in motels, making a tent pole in the sheet. I love jacking off—I'll do it for 2 hours. I'm more and more attracted to size guys—love even seeing pictures of them—also super tall lean guys. Getting to like a mutual jack off too, when it happens, especially it's a thick one.

Porno turns me on—pics and movies. First time I came across John Holmes, couldn't believe. Exactly like in my fantasy. Tall, super lean and just a horse of a one. In many a city go to his films, jack off, then or later.

I like some super dirty sex. Having it done to me and doing it.

"I STARTED PLAYING WITH HIS BUTT-HOLE."

IDAHO–I would like to tell you about some of my early experiences with sex. When I was seven I saw my dad naked when he was putting on his swim suit. I was fascinated by his cock and thick pubic hair. That's the only time I saw him naked but I always remember that incident. I was soon aware of a lot of new feelings in my young body. By the age of nine I was rubbing my cock against the edge of the mattress after getting out of the tub naked.

I was a farm boy so I didn't get much experience other than what I learned on my own when it came to sex. I remember the first time I cumed. I was laying in bed one morning after I woke up and accidentally rubbed my leg over my hard little dick. It was about five inches long then. I was 11 years old. It tickled differently than before. It felt so good I did it over until the feeling tingled so much I thought I couldn't stand it anymore. All of a sudden my dick started shooting thick white stuff. It kind of scared me but I loved it. Later in the day when I was alone I did it again and again. I've never stopped since.

A couple years later my cousin who was the same age as me (13) came to stay with us. He was a hellraiser and always in trouble. I guess I liked him because he was so brave and I would do anything with him.

We lived in a big house where my brother and I shared a bedroom in the basement. So when my cousin stayed over we always slept in my little bunk bed. Danny and I always tried to work it that way. Anyway that night were were all real rowdy and my brother was being a pain in the butt. Getting in and out of bed, turning the lights on and off etc. Finally he got up and turned on the lights and went upstairs saying he had to go to the bathroom. When he left I got up to straighten out the bed. All I had on was my pajama bottoms. Danny was laying on the bed watching me and I could tell he was checking out my crotch. He asked me if I beat off. I told him I did it a lot. He layed there in his shorts watching me and asked me to show him my dick.

By then my cock was hard as a rock so I opened the snaps on my pajama pants and let it out. He told me to drop my pajamas so he could see my nuts too. By then he had a boner too so I told him to let me see his too. He lifted up and pulled down his shorts exposing his cock and balls. I remember thinking how strange it was that his cock and balls looked just like mine in both size and shape. I kept thinking about how we could be twins except he was blond and my hair was black. We both had big dicks, about seven inches. They seemed especially big compared to our bodies which were both hard and smooth from farm work we did.

I really wanted to touch his cock and balls. My brother finally got back in bed and fell asleep. My cousin soon had his hard cock out and was pushing it against my butt through my pajamas. He started pulling at the waist to take them down. I unsnapped them for him but then my brother got up and turned on the light again. We got pissed off and told him to turn off the fucking light and go back to bed. After he did Danny stuck his hand through the fly of my pajamas and started playing with my cock and balls. Soon we both had our clothes down to our ankles with our knees up and spread wide apart playing with each other.

I started playing with his butt-hole but he told me to stop it and play with his cock and balls only. After about a half hour of this he pulled up his shorts and rolled over. I was disappointed but hot so after he was asleep I beat off and fell asleep.

Later Danny came to stay again. I was real excited. That night we were all laying in bed watching T.V. We were on our sides propping our heads on our elbows to see T.V. He was facing my back. I pushed my hot ass against his cock. It was hard as a rock. He pushed me away and whispered to wait until my brother went to sleep. After he did we were lying side by side on our backs. I said something about a spring poking out of the mattress above my head. He reached up saying let me see. When he brought his hand down he reached down and started playing with my cock. I loved it; it felt so good. We were soon bare assed playing with each other's naked hard bodies.

Pretty soon he put his hand on my hip and pushed to let me know he wanted me to roll on my side. I pulled over and lifted my leg to let him know I wanted his dick up my butt.

"He told me to kiss it."

I had been fucked before and loved giving up my hot little ass. But I was in love with my cousin and wanted him to fuck me silly. He pushed his dry rod against my butt, desperately trying to put it in me. I could tell he hadn't butt-fucked before so I spit on my hand and got his boner and my butt-hole wet. I grabbed his meat and guided it to my hole. I let him start pushing it in slowly. Once he got the head in he worked the rest in real fast. It felt so fucking good. He started long slow thrusts and soon had hold of my bare hips frantically breathing against my neck and pumping a load of cum into my hole. He shot so much it was oozing out of my ass. I loved it and didn't want him to stop but he rolled over on his back and layed there while I beat my own meat. My load went all over my hairless chest and belly.

We never did it again. I don't know why.

I had slept with other boys as well as grown men. I loved it then and

never felt it was wrong nor do I now. The only thing wrong with sex no matter what age it begins is that society is so fucked up about it. The hangups on boy sex is what screws up young men's heads due to the guilt society lays on them just because they want to do something that comes naturally to them.

I remember when I was butt-fucked for the first time. I was only 12 and had touched only one other cock. It was one of the ranch hands that my father hired and came to work on the farm every summer. He was 28 and married with four kids. He and I were out in a pump house working when he turned around to take a piss. He stood at just the right angle that I could see his cock. I was amazed at how big it was even soft. When he seen me gawking at it he turned toward me so I could get a better look. Touch it if you want to he said. When I put my hand around it I couldn't close my fingers on it because it was so big around.

He told me to kiss it so I just leaned down and planted one dry kiss on the side of it. I guess he wanted a blow job but I didn't know about that then. I remember he pulled me against him and was rubbing that big monster against my belly. He pushed his hand into the back of my trousers and was rubbing my butt. He kept telling me turn turn around but I instinctively knew he wanted to stick it in my tiny hole so I wouldn't turn around. I knew it could really hurt me because of his size so I never did let him fuck me.

I later sucked him off several times and eventually tried to get his cock in my butt hole. However I never was able to. It was just too big.

To get back to my first fuck though. I knew after that incident that I wanted to try it so it wasn't too long after that I got my chance. Another one of the hired hands and I ended up down in the potato cellar. I don't even remember how we ended up there but I was soon rubbing his hard cock for all it was worth. He was 18 but seemed all man and grown up to me. I loved being naked and in no time I had taken off every stitch of my clothes. I layed my shirt and pants out on the floor and layed down with my little butt sticking up. I knew I wanted his dick in my ass. I knew I could take it even though I was a little scared.

He took his pants off and I felt his smooth legs kneeling between mine. All I could think about was how I wanted him laying on top of me. Pretty soon I felt his slick dick probing at my virgin hole. He told me to relax. When I did I felt the head push in. It felt like my asshole was on fire but I loved it. Eventually he got all six inches up me and started pumping away. He told me to stand up and bend over. He said he wanted to fuck me standing up. I bent over and grabbed my ankles. That way I was able to look between my bare spread legs and see his

balls bounce back and forth against my smooth butt. It seemed like he was fucking for a long time and soon was pumping 90 miles an hour. Finally I could feel his cock pumping its load up my ass. He and I did it a lot after that. Whenever we had the chance. He was one hired hand who let me fuck him too. But most of the time I liked getting it more than giving it. There was nothing better to me than to have one of the ranch hands plowing my butt with his stiff boner.

I always knew how to get what I wanted and was never afraid to reach out and grab their crotches to let them know it.

Please keep this confidential. Thank you very much.

"I STUCK MY FINGER UP HIS ASS."

OREGON–Cannot keep from looking for cock, and more cock. I've just returned from a motel where I had arranged to meet a young accountant from a neighboring city. We had met once before and it was a memorable occasion. Nice-looking fellow, nice large hard cock, nice mellow kissing. Today was different. I was waiting for him in the motel, stripped to my bikini underwear. We kissed when he came in the door and he undressed. My small cock rose as his large cock came into view. He came over to the bed where I was sitting and I cuddled his balls in my hand and licked them, then started up his cock to the head. He didn't get hard. I sucked slowly, I sucked fast, but there was just a slight stiffening of his gorgeous long cock.

Then I stuck my finger up his ass and his cock got hard for awhile. I sucked him much longer than I usually do but got tired and laid back on the bed. He told me what he really wanted was to be fucked by some guy with a huge cock (which I do not have).

So I called a guy I knew who had a mammoth one, 9 inches long and 5 inches around. He was home and came to the motel. Although I sucked my friend until the other fellow arrived, he said he couldn't get it hard because he was apprehensive.

Anyway, number 3 came to the setting and without vaseline or any other lubricant he inserted his hard nine inches into my friend, who lay with his legs drawn up. He jerked that lovely cock as the other fellow plunged into him and soon his semen shot all over that lovely chest and stomach. Old nine-incher withdrew and I got a warm washrag and a dry towel and cleaned my friend up.

I felt rather left out and missed all that wonderful juice going down my throat. But I guess that is what happens when mature males are not as much in demand as the younger guys.

Loved the doctor's tales about examining high school boys.

ORPHAN SUCKS POLISH TWINS OFF.

In the spring of 1951, I was at an orphanage in Norfolk, Virginia just turning from sweet 16 to 17. In a year of extreme body growth, I had gained nearly 6 inches and 25 pounds, to 6 foot 2 inches and 175 pounds. Hard work, football, and now basketball made me a hunk devoid of body fat, growing more muscular every day.

Tony L. and I would often practice basketball in off hours and it was during one of those sessions that I saw him jerking off. We had finished our practice and gone into the locker room. I went to take a shit in the room next to the lockers. Through a faulty wall joint I could see a sliver of the locker room. Tony was standing in my view playing with his fat brown cock and his full balls. Suddenly his body was wracked by a massive spasm and a spray of white fluid shot over a bench and landed on the floor.

A few days later I went to Tony's dorm looking for him in order to get in some more basketball practice. He slept in one of the two third floor dorms which had a small john (open without walls army style, with two sinks, one stool, and one shower). Not seeing him in his dorm, I wandered into the john. I was wearing sneakers and he didn't hear me. He was bare from the waist down, with a heavy sweater on, jacking off into the sink, looking at himself in the mirror. I scared the shit out of him.

He flushed, hurried into his pants, and almost ran from the room. He was a beauty, half Cherokee Indian, half shanty Irish, getting the best of both heritages. In the weeks after our second encounter he avoided me and only practiced basketball with the full team.

Coming across him alone in the library, I asked if I had hurt him in any way and told him that I jacked off too and I really enjoyed it. I told him I did it twice a day and felt like doing it now. I suggested we go up to his dorm. He hesitated for a moment and then followed me up the three flights of stairs.

In the dorm Tony sat on the end of his bed. He gave me some resistance when I tried to get his pants down. Like a virgin, he tried to cover his meat. But this young lecher (me) got both his pants and his shorts down and off his feet. I pulled his hands aside and sank my mouth onto his shriveled meat. He was shocked; expecting a hand job (both my hands were occupied keeping his away from his groin), he was getting a blow job instead. His dick swelled; it was thick, man-sized, and man-scented. I lost half of his bittersweet load when he wrenched his body away, causing me to lose his cock at the crucial moment. Again he quickly dressed and fled from me.

In the months ahead I was to regret one thing about him and

immensely enjoy another. The regret was his refusal to let me near him again sexually. The favor he did me (he didn't think it one) was to tell half our classmates that I was queer and sucked cock. They trooped in droves to find out the rumor was true.

I particularly enjoyed a pair of Polish twins who I added to my set of suck objects. These two horny little brothers liked to watch each other get blowed. One finished, watched the other and got hot again—and our act went on for three or four cums each for them.

Only Bobby (who also liked me fucking him) and Vincent and Mac would join me in joint jack off sessions. As far as I knew, only Bobby and I sucked cock. Bobby was very effeminate and small, while I was a big bruiser. We were the Mutt and Jeff of sucking at the orphanage.

"I stuck my tongue under his tasty foreskin."

My last year of high school was spent in Corpus Christi, Texas. It was during this period I discovered tennis and took to it quickly. A tennis match was to be held at a competitive school so I singed on. I quickly dispatched two opponents, leaving me to play a semi-final match against a fellow I had played earlier in the year. He didn't like me—*then*. We were evenly matched so we alternated winning games until he slipped and fell on the asphalt court and scraped his hand. I won but felt it unfair because of his wound and asked the judges to call it a draw. They refused, but I had made the point and a new friend, Jim.

Both exhausted, we stumbled into the rapidly darkening locker room. We couldn't find the light switch (probably some kind of remote system) so took our showers in the near dark. We got hard ons soaping ourselves. He had a fat one. We dried off and found our clothes in the darkened room.

During the next year we had sex on every possible occasion in his home, my rented room, weekends at my aunt's ranch, in motels, at the drive-in, in the back seats of our cars. We weren't "lovers" but very complete sex partners. He gloried in sex and introduced me to C., with whom we had three-way sex. When I went to California the first time, it was with C. This was in early 1954. We liked each other a lot—but again we weren't lovers. We drove through the Southwest, stopping at El Paso-Juarez for a couple days of down and dirty sex with a group of Chicano friends. This action was repeated at Las Cruces, New Mexico, Santa Fe and Tucson, before we got to Los Angeles.

C.'s uncle was production chief at MGM and he sent us over to central casting at Warner Brothers. To our (and Uncle Bert's) surprise they hired both of us on the spot as stand-in extras and put us to work

the next AM in an "epic" war flick being shot on the slopes of Mt. Wilson. Both of us in U.S. Army duds spent most of the first day hauling around phoney rifles and waiting for hours in snow banks for three-second takes. By noon I couldn't feel my feet and had to get out of the snow. A young assistant director, John Frankenheimer, led me out of the snow to one of the dressing trailers.

He dragged in a young friend of his who also was working in the film, a Chicano, Jaime. John left us to get acquainted. Jaime, directly from AZTECA films in Mexico City, spoke little English. He was as cold as I was. I pulled the cover off the small cot in the corner. We shucked our shoes and got into the sack fully clothed, and shortly fully intertwined. Bit by bit our clothes were tossed from beneath the cover, pants, shirts, underpants. We kept our socks and undershirts on and our hard cocks rubbed against each other's bellies. Mine hit his belly button and his just about hit my chin. He was one very well hung boy. I bent and took about five inches of it in my mouth and wetly sucked and licked his crown and stuck my tongue under his tasty foreskin, sipping the juices and cheese.

He asked if he could fuck me. I was reluctant to give up his delicious cock but I did, and gently turned to allow his wet tool up my asshole. He slowly sank his long slim cock all the way in. We fucked sideways. His hand stretched around me and pulled my dick. Just after he shot his wad, I came too, leaving a load of warm juice in the bed.

When I moved back to L.A. in 1961 I went to the Broadway Department Store and became their men's fashion and display coordinator. As anonymous as possible, I trod Selma Avenue, turning down almost no one who asked, and surprised them by taking them to my apartment on Beechwood Drive. My bedroom window overlooked Norma Shearer's villa and garden.

Handsome young man can take any cock down throat.

One evening I was at a movie on Hollywood Boulevard which had a john famous for the sex which occurred there and for the police activity which made the place dangerous. I was in one of the three stalls, looking at an interesting pair of feet in the next stall. Another pair of feet moved in front of that stall, the door creaked, and one pair of feet—the pair already in the stall—vanished upward. One pair of feet faced the stool, there were slurping noises and groans, and after awhile the visible feet left the stall.

I left my stall and looked into the next one. Perched on the stool was a very handsome young man, dark and swarthy, who invited me in with his finger. I entered but asked if we could move the act to my

place. He quickly agreed and followed me. He sucked me to my root and then added my balls to his mouth. I never met anyone he couldn't deep throat. Some of my black tricks whose crowns I had difficulty getting into my mouth, he took into his mouth all the way, so that his lips touched their pubic hair.

He moved in with me. His name was Tony. The pair of us cut a swath through the L.A. Basin, harvesting an enormous supply of cock. His ability to deep throat and my famous hot ass and our combined looks gained up a reputation as the hottest pair in town. We spent a year together and I don't remember one unkind moment between us. His warm and engaging personality, a rarity in Hollywood, made him many friends, and eventually he became a director and producer. I saw him in a commercial for AT&T last week and his looks have improved with age. We talk from time to time on the phone and laugh about the old days.

I never drank to excess—the game of hunt, catch, and lay via the bars was very exciting for me and all the more exciting when I was in full control of the situation. I suck cocks well and my hot ass is always ready for fucking. In my salad days, all I had to do was walk into a bar or a john or a party and be treated like a godlet. The period extended from 1953–1955, 1958–1964, and 1969–1974. The halcyon days are hard to write about because there are too many sexual experiences packed into my memory. My diary notes 36 new tricks for May of 1962 alone. Likewise I had a coterie of about a dozen regulars and Tony when three-ways were wanted by one of us or by the trick.

One of the best looking was a professional ski bum of Northern Italian/Austrian extraction who had a yen for me. He showed up at odd hours bearing expensive gifts and got a hang-dog look if I had to turn him down due to other plans. He did get to fuck me enough to keep coming back. For such a demure blond, he certainly attacked my ass. His hard pink uncut prick pounded me a good half-hour each time he mounted me. Both of us were exhausted after his performances. Erik knew how to fuck. He wouldn't let me or Tony chew on his meat but was always polite in his refusals.

A couple of months before I moved to Pomona, I met a Latin from an old California family named Arthur Nicholas G. He was short, not very good looking, and as it turned out, an asshole, but I fell in love with him. Or with his lovemaking, which was superior. He knew just what buttons to push in me. His medium cut cock pounded my prostrate just right and brought me off every time he fucked me. In a few weeks he knew he had me hooked and started to show up late or not at all, causing me to stay at home and wait for a visit which never happened. Heartsick, I drooped around, causing my friends to wonder

what was wrong. Then one night I saw him in a club on Melrose dancing with another Chicano (his real lover, as it turned out—and I learned what single women go through when seeing married men).

The next time he called I asked a couple of my hornier friends over and we were hot at it when he showed up. I answered the door nude and led him into my bedroom, where I jumped back into the action that had been underway, letting him know he could join us if he wanted. He left in a huff.

Sailor from New Jersey "Fucked like Hell."

When I was at the Army Language School, I played tennis as often as possible, but the fad there was bicycling. A group of six of us, fellow students, a mixture of Army, Navy, and Air Force (all branches attended the Army school), rented bikes for the Memorial Day weekend and headed out on the road toward Big Sur early Saturday morning. I was a bit nervous that we might make it to the Hot Springs Lodge, where I was known as a cocksucking associate of Jack Kerouac and his crowd.

At dusk we made it to a motel about 10 miles north of Big Sur, where we took a pair of rooms, splitting into threes, two in the double bed and one in a rollaway. Tired as all hell, I wound up in the double bed with a Navy kid named Mike. Freddie, our roommate for the evening, had had the good sense to bring along a tube of Absorbine Jr., which we took turns rubbing into our aching muscles. We were too tired to shower and the room smelled like a locker room.

During the night Mike was all over me, arms, legs, and a very hard dick. Tired and unwilling to tackle a military stud while another slept across the room, I pushed him off until early morning. At some point he shucked his shorts and I awoke as he stuck his dick up my ass. He'd gotten my shorts off and got into me. He fucked like hell without making a sound.

The pain turned into a delightful sensation. Mike was an expert cocksman, with plenty of experience gained in his native New Jersey. He fucked and fucked, a steady, hard-driving thrust, with what felt like a barber pole. As it turned out, he was medium-hung; the Absorbine lotion gave his dick a larger-than-life power. It took him a long time to come. He gave a slight quiver but not a moan escaped his lips. Freddie slept through our performance.

In Los Angeles I took up swimming and diving full time (and maintained tennis as a side line) and met many interesting guys and one who was very disappointing at the swim meets. This was a guy named Art Nick. I met him at one of the swim meets in Santa Monica. I missed a dive from the high board and hit my face at the bottom of

the pool, cutting my nose. A-N was a medical technician working in a voluntary role at the swim center. He stopped my bleeding and volunteered to take me home at the end of the day.

At my place on Beechwood Drive he gave me a complete body massage, finishing me off with a near perfect blow job. He wouldn't let me touch him (my swollen and cut nose would have prevented me anyway), but shed his pants and, kneeling over me, jacked off onto my chest. He wasn't good looking. He was a plain mousy Latin. Plain he may have been, but as a sexual machine he had no equal. I gave myself totally to him and quickly fell for him.

He had a lover who didn't know I existed (nor I he) until I saw him with A-N several months later. By then I had been "stood up" by him over and over again.

Cowboys, though bareassed, are unavailable.

In 1952 I left the orphanage in Norfolk and went to work on my aunt's ranch halfway between Falfurrias and Premont, Texas. I had learned to ride horses in Virginia and became even more adept at that in Texas.

I spent the first three months in Texas working my tail off. I can't remember even having the time or energy to jack off. I must have done so, being a horny 17. In winter, with the hardest work mostly done, my thoughts turned to sex.

The cowhands showed no interest in my attentions, my watching their fat groins, their ball scratching and their constant—but unconscious—toying with hanging dicks. Too bad. The bunkhouse had a couple of showers, and seeing the guys wandering bareass about the area turned me on, but not them. Saturday night was the time they emptied their emotions in the three dollar whores of Falfurrias or Premont.

I learned to drive and spent much of the next summer in Falfurrias playing tennis and swimming. The foreman's oldest son, Jerry, sometimes accompanied me. One afternoon in the dressing room of the swimming pool (a Roman-styled open-roofed arcade) Jerry sat there nude, playing with his balls. Suddenly, as he watched me shuck my trunks, he asked if I was sucking a certain guy off. He named a guy I'd sucked three times. My mouth opened. I was stunned. What could I say but, "Yeah. He likes it." I blushed.

We were alone in an alcove and he put his hand on his fast swelling dick. "Will you suck me off too?"

What could I say. I sank to my knees before him but barely got his knob wet before I heard a door open. I stood up, blocking Jerry from

view, and pulled my shorts up (grey and white striped Bermudas). He also dressed, hiding his fat hard meat from the newcomer, who showed no interest in either of us.

We dressed and exited to the car, which Jerry drove toward the ranch, except he didn't take the turn-off when we got there but turned into a side road which lead to the coastal town of Riviera. He stopped and pulled down his pants and shorts, and I sank down on his hard cock.

Later I settled into a small town in Iowa. One of my friends in San Antonio, Texas had parents there and asked me to look them up. I took a room at the YMCA but his folks, knowing his life style, refused any contact but by phone with me. Within a couple of days I landed a job at a drug store selling tobacco and cameras.

In the Y's swimming pool the first weekend I was there, I struck up a conversation with a lovely tan-black guy. He invited himself up to my room that late Saturday afternoon to continue our conversation. He was home briefly between quarters of pre-med instruction at Johns Hopkins, and he was horny, having found no one in this small town to play with his long, slim, uncut, pretty peter. He is and was one of the top five black guys I've known, as far as looks. He sank his long dick up my asshole, my legs in the air. Seldom did I get to suck him. Our idyll lasted six weeks, until he had to go back to Maryland to school.

A week or so after he returned to school, I was in my usual fruitless cruise, hitting the empty johns at the town library, city park, bus station and finally the train depot. The last paid off. Through a small peek-hole in the metal stall walls I saw the guy in the next stall pounding away on his sizeable dick. I pushed a note under the partition reading,

Hey buddy—don't waste that load!

He didn't have a pencil or pen but tried to slide his body under the partition, which didn't work too well because of the limited size of these miniature stalls. We met outside and I followed him several blocks to his small home. Cluttered with junky dust catchers, porcelain figurines, kewpie dolls, etc., it was almost as hard to find a position to get in as was the depot stall.

In his bedroom, clearing away assorted debris, he slung me across his bed, my feet touching the floor, pulled down my pants and went to work sucking me. When I tried to reciprocate he pushed me away. I knew from the depot john that he had a nice big fat prick but he wouldn't let me touch it or even show it to me while he drained my load.

Afterward, he quickly led me to the door and let me know that the one-sided performance would also remain a one-shot deal. I didn't even know his name (then); he was by all counts the most self-centered one-night stand I was ever to meet.

Jaws ache after 7 blow jobs.

The next afternoon a sheriff's deputy dragged me from the tobacco counter of the drug store over to the county office building and into the sheriff's office, where he and the sheriff spent several hours playing bad cop and worse cop to my denials of what took place the evening before at Steve R's house. I learned his name and that the local yokels watched his activities with morbid fascination bordering on lust. They hadn't seen our walk from the depot but had seen me exit his house in their nightly snoop.

Back at the drug store I was given my salary and two weeks of extra pay and told by the owners that the sheriff had called and suggested I leave town on the first public means available. I did, and got off the Trailways bus in Cheyenne, Wyoming two days later.

Cheyenne would not qualify as a small town today but in 1960 it was. My welcome to the place was most auspicious. The bus station john had a pair of stalls unlike any I've seen anyplace else. Entering the stall nearest the wall, I was stunned to find myself literally in both stalls—the partition formerly made of wood slats was but a memory of small fragments set in the original frame. One could (and often did I suspect) step through the opening without stooping.

Sitting on one stool was a very brown Sioux Indian, his leather vest not quite covering his well-formed chest and his dark brown nipples. His jeans were in a bundle at his feet and the smile he gave me would have put Alice's Cheshire cat to shame. He stood, presenting me with a stubby fat brown dick which, when firmly lodged in my mouth, proceeded to fuck me with short savage blows, his tight little balls actually hurting my chin. He gave a bitter, sage-tasting load, his hands holding my ears tightly.

He left, to be replaced almost immediately by another young brave, almost identical, with the exception of an even fatter uncut cock. This went on for five more sessions, until my jaws ached to badly I had to quit. I stumbled into the waiting room, full of young Indian guys all wearing jeans and little else in the hot Wyoming summer.

I left for San Francisco the next morning and the comparative quiet (only one or two sex partners a day) of the Turk St. YMCA. Small town sex can be mean, tough, plentiful, overdone, frantic and downright dangerous. I fear what might have happened to me in small town

Utah or Alabama—I'd probably have been butt fucked with a cattle prod and become the foundation of some dam.

Likes "fragrant" foreskins; taste is "celestial."

I worked in the old Broadway Department Store in L.A. at 4th and Broadway from Spring 1962 through Summer of 1964. I was in charge of Men's Display (was I ever!) and had two small alcove offices which locked from inside behind my two series of display windows. I often retreated inside one of the offices (both had phones and were remote from display HQ on the 10th floor, so everyone who wanted me always called) and enjoyed a customer.

On the 7th floor there was a small display office just behind the furniture department and next to the men's john. I had most of my sexual antics in this office as there were plenty of toss pillows there and the john next door was hyper-active. It had four marble stalls with peek-holes between all and a smallish glory hole between the last stall and the urinals. About the only dicks coming through the glory hole were those of Chicanos and kids. The latter interested me little, the former greatly. I am highly interested in uncut fragrant meat which is small enough to allow me to breathe while eating it; the bigger stuff I reserve for my asshole, my first choice.

One Saturday just after lunching on a large black guy at the urinals I noted an active eye winking at me through the small glory hole. I waited, standing against the wall of the booth until the occupant exited. He was a godlet, a small very, very beautiful, olive-skinned Latin. He saw me immediately and gave a smile.

We said nothing; he followed me into the office as I held the door open for him. We slowly undressed each other. Both our cocks were hard. His was half-uncapped with a tight olive foreskin drawn three quarters of the way down his crown, letting his large slit drool pre-cum. He knelt and took my also dripping cock between his lovely lips and quickly brought me to the peak. I pushed him gently away and laid him back onto the pillows. I caught his fat piece in my mouth; the flavor or pre-cum, cheese and his body was celestial. He also came to the peak quickly and pushed me away before shooting his load. He moved his legs to my shoulders and I slid my dick into his asshole. I fucked him slowly, although my dick was itching for relief; but I used an extreme force of will to hold my cum off.

After I came, I wrote out in Spanish my hours for him; he returned every Saturday for awhile.

Twice I had employees of the store. One came to my 1st floor alcove offices in order to comfort me after a tragic event. I had a customer, a

lady of about 30, suddenly turn blue and sit down in the aisle. I tried to revive her but she was dead in my arms. There was absolutely nothing I could do. I have since been in hospital rooms while my friends died but this first death was traumatic. A shoe salesman tried to comfort me as the ambulance men carried her covered body away. He took me to my small office. I was crying. He rubbed my back and shoulders, then knelt before me and buried his head in my lap. He unzipped my pants and placed my limp prick in his mouth. A few moments passed before the sensations registered. My dick didn't stay soft long.

Drained, physically and emotionally, all I could do was to sit and stare at Jeff. He smiled and quickly left my office. We never repeated the act, although in the weeks that passed I tried mightily to get to him. He would just smile and move off to a customer whenever I asked him to my office.

Store guard likes to get sucked off.

The other employee I sexed with was a janitor, a good-hearted, big-dicked, hearty lad from Jamaica named Hyrum. He and the other janitors had a dressing room in the lower level. I discovered a john next to the dressing room while returning some props to the storage rooms. I went in to take a leak. One stall was occupied, and, always curious, I took a seat in the adjoining stall. There were large peekholes and I saw a big pecker head slipping in and out of a heavy sheath of dark foreskin. The hand that pumped the cock stopped and signaled me to slip under the stall. I did and quickly a hot mouth covered my dick. A suction about as powerful as a vacuum cleaner worked on my meat.

I pulled away and used my hand to motion him into the same position. The stalls, being old fashioned, were large and such activity was easy. He complied and a giant prong slid into view. I sank to action on his cock and tasted the salty cheese in his foreskin. He shot a hefty load in a matter of minutes.

A lot of guys quietly say thank you, adjust their clothes, and leave at this point, but Hyrum motioned me back into position and sucked me off in no time at all.

I had to see who was on the other side of that stall, and recognized him immediately as one of the janitors. I told him I wished I had known sooner that he was into this. He laughed and told me he often sucked guys off there but seldom let them know who he was.

We repeated our act later, generally a slow 69 (as slow as I could make it with his suction power). In almost two years of activity, we had sex in every nook and cranny of the store.

Once, several years after I left, I was shopping there. When I came across him, we slipped down to the lower level john and spent an hour renewing our mutual admiration society. I still remember the strength and warmth of his mouth on my prick.

During the first year I spent at the Broadway store, a store called Oshman's was in operation in the same block. Their lower men's john was off their basement furniture department. The john had one very redeeming feature: the last stall had an alcove in which you could stand and be sucked off without being seen from either the other stalls or from outside.

In the record department on Oshman's third floor, I once met a Latin guy (from Spain as it turned out) who turned me on, and as I affected him likewise, we made it to the lower john during one of his lunch breaks. Jorge and I would take turns standing in the small alcove while the other chewed the meat of the standee. The first several times all went well, and we had very satisfactory hours or half-hours as the case might be of mutual sex. One noon time we were interrupted by knocking on the stall door. O.K. guys open the door, the voice said. We put back on clothes which were on the floor. I opened the door to be greeted by the grinning face of a store security guard.

"I know what you two are up to," he said. "I been watching you for a couple of weeks."

He moved into the stall and shucked his pants. His cock was hard and red. Jorge sank onto it. The guard's Irish ass heaved as he pumped his first load into Jorge. His groans caused me alarm but it dawned on me that Oshman's, being near bankruptcy, could only afford one guard and Mike was it.

In the coming months he would meet either of us or both of us in the john. His cum had some whiskey flavor; the taste varied depending on what liquor he favored at the moment. He was in the early heavy drinking stage, at about age 24; his hearty good looks were just beginning to fade and fatten. I kept my relationship with Jorge long after I left the Broadway store and one night he told me that Mike had run into a telephone pole and killed himself.

"I was with him just last Thursday," Jorge said, "but you know how he could get."

I pitied poor Mike. He liked to get sucked off so much that I wished there really was an afterlife so that he could continue his favorite pastime.

The last time I was in the old basement john of Oshman's, a cute young Chicano was at the urinal pulling on his short cut piece, leering at me as I entered the last stall. I left the door open and the young pro

quickly joined me, not even bothering to put away his hard little cock. I quickly sucked him off while he whined in Spanish for money. I handed him a couple of dollars and watched him saunter back over to the urinals and wait for the next sucker.

A "fat" cock with "sweet" cum.

In San Mateo, California, I worked for friends in a men's clothing store, doing the same thing I did at the Broadway store in L.A., i.e., trim men's mannequins and shirt boards, tie ties in a specified manner and decorate the store for various holidays. The store john was dead and in the year I worked there nothing ever reared its hard head. The store, however, was located in a very active shopping center, the Hillsdale Mall. The two Mall johns were identical, with two stalls, two glory holes (large) and two hyper-active urinals.

I once enjoyed there a glorious afternoon sucking on a fat Mediterranean cut cock. He took forever to cum but I had the right angle and we weren't disturbed and I enjoyed working on his meat. He also enjoyed it and maintained a position which would have cramped a less enthusiastic type. When he came, he shot a big wad of sweet juice. The only problem is that he left in a hurry, not allowing me to catch a glimpse of him (to note if he was a worker in the mall, or so that I could recognize him at one of the bars later for a re-play).

The public john nearest the store in which I worked was only a few seconds from my windows. I would step outside to view my work and go into the john to see what was afoot. One late afternoon I caught a big (bigger than me at about 6 foot 4 inches) teenager pulling his dick at one of the urinals. He smiled and turned his dick to me but I motioned him outside and asked him if he wanted to come over to my place in Redwood City with me. He couldn't as he was shopping with his mom, but did ask for my address. The "mom" turned me off for a bit as it made him sound too young. I hesitated and thought to myself, what the hell, no jury would believe I had seduced this big lug.

I didn't expect to see him again but the next Saturday he bicycled up to my apartment (no mean feat, about 12 miles) and rang my bell at about 8 A.M. He was a strange but very horny young man. His mother was from Costa Rica, his dad from Canada, and he was born in the U.S. His name was John (mama called him Juan) and he was 18. He had one of those big fat dicks whose skin was so tight when it was hard that he suffered some pain. These poor guys are the only ones I know who need partial or full circumcision. I tried to work on it and tried to get him to fuck me but he was uncomfortable in all our trial positions. As it turned out, he could only get off by stroking the bottom of his oversized prong. We tried everything and although he

seemed satisfied I was disappointed in a job poorly done. I did lick his copious load off his tight, well-muscled body, but that was all.

He sucked me ineptly, being an inexperienced youth. He came back a few more times but our performances always left me aware of an incomplete experience.

"For almost 2 hours I sucked on it."

The gay theatres in San Francisco are now down to four still open from about twice that many a couple of years ago. The "straight" Strand has a balcony which is and has been notorious for many years. My roommate went to piss there last night and couldn't even get into the john because of the orgy going on in there. I don't begrudge the orgy, only the asshole officials in S.F. who close and harass gay businesses and allow "straight" ones to conduct business as usual during the AIDS epidemic. So this is going to be a history of my experiences in "straight" theatres in S.F.

The Presidio theater has a john with two stalls set well back from the entrance, providing time for sexers to get back to their respective stalls without being seen. There are a number of small peek holes in the thin metal walls. I've had only one hot act in these stalls. This most memorable event started at the urinals. A young, tall, well-staffed hayseed type, blond and wearing coveralls over a white T-shirt, came into the john to piss and had to drop his overalls to his knees to get his large dick into spraying position. Since it wasn't hard yet, I correctly assumed he hadn't been into the theatre proper (the Presidio shows "straight" X flics). He had one of those big fat pink pieces of meat which just whimper "Eat me." During his pissing he finally noticed me at the other urinal holding my hard 7 inches. He smiled and said, "A hot flic, huh?"

He nodded toward the stalls. He hobbled into the far stall, larger than the other one, and I followed, stunned at my good luck. He stood to one side of the toilet playing with his now fatter piece and I think expected me to do the same. I surprised him by sitting quickly on the stool and slurping my mouth over his cock. He held my head in a lock grip suitable for mouth fucking. Unfortunately, he didn't give me time to choke, but dropped his head back and with a moan threw a load of cum down my throat, just beyond my taste buds. All I got was a sweet/sour taste as he quickly pulled out.

The films were dull in the aftermath of our adventure.

About a month or so later I was sitting in the back row of the same theatre, high in the balcony. A guy I could not see clearly was sitting nearby and no one was within ten rows of us in front. The balcony at

the Presidio is particularly dark and one has to watch his step to keep from falling. I could see the hand motion he was using to jack off. He paid no attention to me when I started to follow suit. I moved next to him and he didn't stop jacking off, seemingly engrossed in the fuck flic on the screen far below.

"Do you want that sucked?" I asked.

He said, "I thought you'd never ask," and spread his legs and leaned back in his seat. His cock produced lots of lubricant—tasty. He'd only move his hands to slow me down. "Slower," he told me. "I don't want to cum right away."

I sucked slowly, using every variation in my long repertoire of cocksucking. For almost two hours I sucked on it and instead of becoming boring it became more pleasurable. Finally, he could take no more. He just slumped and shot meaty-salty cum. He thanked me and gave me one of the best compliments I've ever had—he told me it was the best sex he'd ever had.

We made a date for two Saturday afternoons later, when we repeated the act. The third time we had constant interference and unfortunately there wasn't a fourth. The Presidio isn't all that active. Only once more did anything occur in the john, plus a fucking I took from a little stud in the alcove on the other side of the projection booth, a couple of quick hand jobs, and some mutual jack off watching that was all that occurred in over 50 visits. I never saw another couple, gay or "straight," hot at it while I was there.

Kid sucks friend in Frisco piss-house.

I did see a hot scene at another theatre in S.F., the Coliseum, a first run theatre. The john had two stalls, entirely of wood, with several peep-holes, including one large enough to get an Oriental or small Latin prick through. One day I went in to take a shit. Since the theatre had always been dead in the times I'd been there, I expected no action. I had just finished, getting ready to flush when two kids entered the john, laughing and talking about sex. They gave a quick look about and they continued to kid each other while they pissed. I could see both of them clearly through one of the peek-holes. Both stood back and pattern-pissed. One was uncut and held the loose skin closed till a balloon formed, then let to with a tremendous splash. The other laughed and started to jack off. It quickly got serious and again they looked toward the booths, but I'd made no noise so they got into a match to see how far they could shoot. One said, "That's not much fun. You always win."

The uncut kid dropped to his knees and sucked in the big cock of

his friend, who stood back from the urinals. The uncut kid pounded his meat with one hand and I could see the sucked kid's legs shake as he shot his load into his friend's mouth.

The kid on his knees came next, spraying the floor with a heavy white load. They moved about in an embarrassed silence for a few minutes, then left. I wiped a load off my shorts and pants—I'd shot too. A dull movie had turned into one great teenangel show.

The Mission Theatre, renamed the Cine Latino, used to have an upstairs john with a nice large glory hole. All my years in S.F. the theatre has shown either Spanish or Filipino flics. And of course the several times I went there, either Latino cocks (small, medium and a few large) or small and medium Filipino cocks came through the hole. After a quick suck and an occasional mumbled thank you, off they'd go.

Only one was memorable, Juan T., a Spanish Filipino who sported about four thin inches—but what he could do with them would put many eight-inches to shame. He took a bit longer to shoot when I sucked him than most, and he didn't get soft. In a few minutes he'd come again just as forcefully as he had the first time.

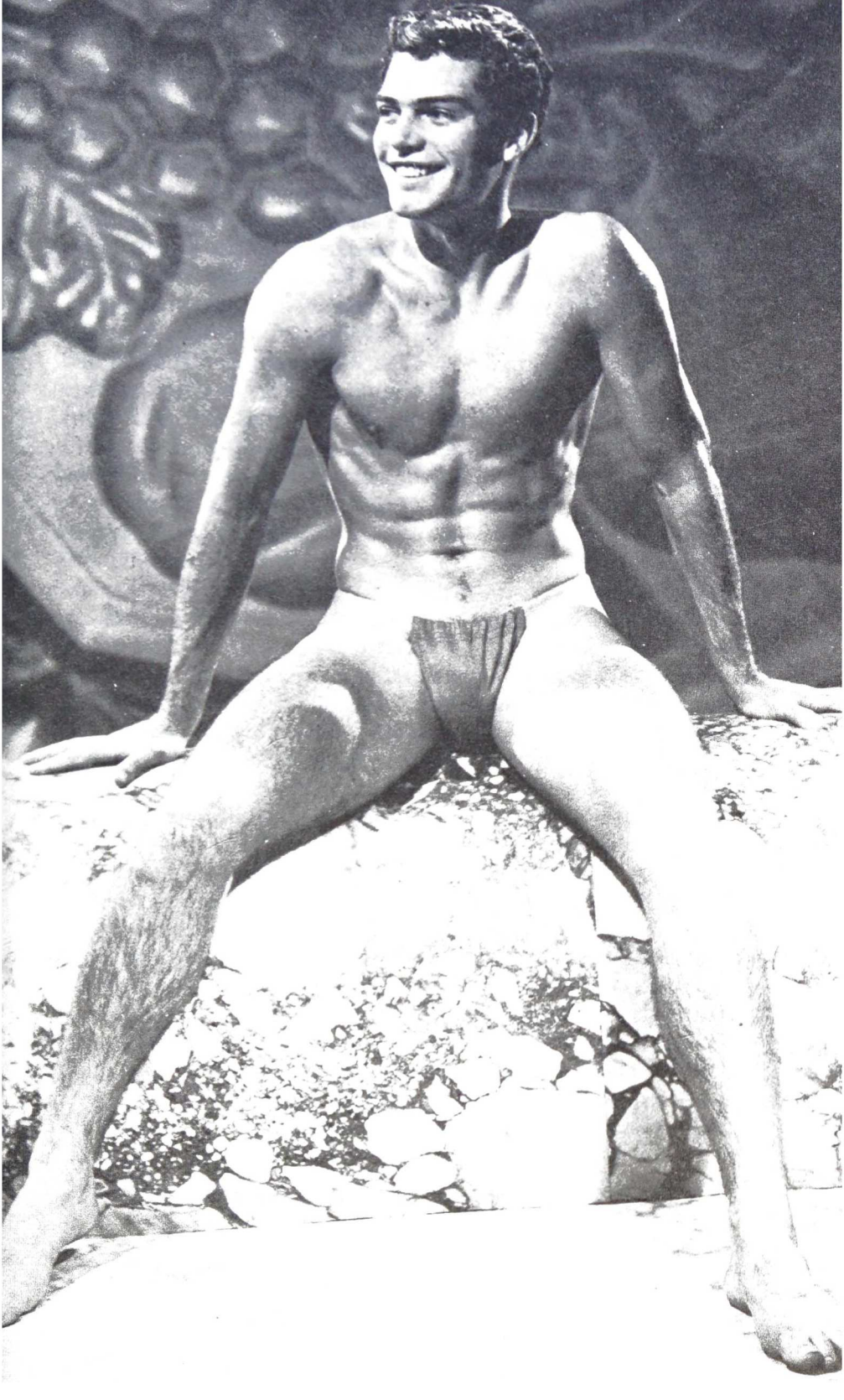
I left the stall after the second session to see what he looked like. He quickly emerged, scaring me because he had about the size and look of a 12-year-old. Juan smiled and asked, "Why don't we go to your place?" I led him out of the theatre and back on the bus to my apartment on 10th Avenue near Fulton St. (within a five-minute walk of three Golden Gate Park johns). He shed his clothes the minute we hit the inside of the door. I carried him into the bedroom, undressed myself, and had hot sex with him for an hour.

He turned out to be of age, a trained nurse. For several weeks we were a hot pair. I came twice from his strong suck technique on his first visit to my apartment and he shot three times. His little boy looks were a big turn on to me, as were his politics, which were socialist and anti-Marcos.

A final note: his small cock's first shot of an evening was so hard it actually stung whatever skin it hit. Only one or two other cocks have exhibited that rare ability to me. I certainly missed Juan when he had to leave.

"His unwashed groin was giving off a heavenly fragrance."

The Old Times Theatre (now a Chinese restaurant at Stockton and Broadway) was a hippie haven in the late 1960s where two movies were shown for a buck, but all went either to meet folks (either sex) and smoke pot. The film the evening I got it on with most of the back row was *Schlock*. For some reason all the occupants of the back row were male. Some pair down the row started the action playing kneesies,



and the guy between them and me pulled out his fat schlong and started to play with it. This action liberated the rest and clothes started to shed. The guy on the other side of me grabbed my hard dick through the cloth of my pants and started rolling it about. I leaned over and sucked the guy playing with his prick, setting off a chain reaction. My pants were soon down and my dick swallowed to the root by the guy next to me. The guys who started it all by playing knees alternated sucking each other. The guy I sucked only sucked his pot. His unwashed groin was giving off a heavenly fragrance.

The action spread to the rows in front of us, prompting one "straight" couple to do a back aisle fuck. The sex odor overwhelmed the pot odor. I shot a load into my cocksucker's mouth. The guy I was sucking still hadn't cum and after his third joint whispered to me that he'd like to move our act to his bedroom.

We left, and for the first time I noticed that he was a sturdy biker type, a mixture of black, brown and white, and hailed from Hilo, Hawaii. Big, as tall as me, but much brawnier (I hadn't bulked up in those days), he got me on his bike in the alley and drove like hell, me clinging for dear life, across the Golden Gate bridge into Sausalito and to the docks, up the ramp onto a houseboat deck. He shed his jeans and boots, lay on a mattress on the floor, and played with his big dick until it got hard again. I sank onto it, licked it, sucked it, and slowly sat on it. It went in easier than I had thought possible. I twisted his nipples and caused the first reaction I'd seen in him all evening. His eyes closed and his mouth formed an oval of delight. He bucked and his cock surged up into me, shooting his scum deep inside me.

Finally, the Strand Theatre—I've lost count of the times I've been in action and witnessed action there. From one to dozens were involved. I've sucked and been sucked in the front rows of the theatre, in the very open john and especially in the balcony. One evening after too many joints I even stripped nude (about 1968) and was gang-fucked in the top balcony. I eventually found my shorts, pants and jacket, but lost my wallet, socks, shirt and keys to the hotel I was staying at. I was able to replace the Social Security card quickly but had some trouble with the driver's license.

The Strand is a magnificent old pile. I wish it no harm, but sex needs to occasionally be more than mere rutting. I've never met anyone of note there. The place is pure raw sex.

Uniformed cop gets sucked in theatre.

My roommate and I had a long talk last night about these letters. He related many stories of movie theatre sessions, especially from two

houses he used to frequent, the T&D in Oakland (gone to redevelopment) and the Cee (likewise demised) in San Francisco. In the latter, which was as dark as the Presidio Theatre, he was propositioned by a guy while both of them were standing near a cop in uniform. My roommate demurred and the guy said, "See, he's beating off too. I'll show you." My roommate saw the guy's head appear in front of the cop's crotch, the cop's cock vanished in it and the head bobbed back and forth a few moments. Then the cop zipped up, left the soft-core porn theatre and the guy returned to my roommate and said, "See, I told you," and gave a blow job.

The T&D in Oakland had a john down several flights of stairs (like the Texan Theatre in San Antonio) where everyone went for blow jobs. The T&D showed soft-core films in between strippers. You could hear guys approaching the john from a distance.

When I lived in Hollywood I would often take off early Sunday morning for Griffith Park. The park is very large, about five miles across and four miles deep, with areas of absolute wild beauty. John Rechy has written about this park.

The maintenance man at the john near the Greek Theatre was not only in the know but in the action. He'd watch outside the door and speak loudly to anyone about to enter, as a warning to those inside. He'd take cocksuckers to his small utility closet and do a mean mouth fuck, and was so rough that I seldom took advantage of his offers. He was black, about 45, with a big, fat, uncut piece which took a long time to shoot. He left one's throat numb and shot a heavy, bitter load. He stood guard for me about a half dozen times over a three-year period.

Only one incident is memorable, as it occurred early before the maintenance man usually arrived. I entered the john more to shit than to cruise. A curly-haired blond was in one of the open stalls. I took the one adjoining his and began the foot-tapping game. He stood and walked to my stall, his hard little cock jutting out, ready for action.

As I was chewing it, Mr. Maintenance entered, saw the action, took his long dick from his work pants and started pulling on it hard. The little blond motioned him over and bent slightly over me, pulling his ass cheeks in an unmistakable invitation, which was accepted promptly. A hard black prick soon stuck deep into the blond's ass. The guy fucked ass as hard as he fucked mouth. I was taking the brunt of his attack, the blond's pubic hair banging into my nose. I tried using my hand on the cock but there wasn't enough length to work with. The blond was enjoying the action, emitting grunts and groans of pure lust, and he was as durable as his fucker. They both came and ended it just before my nose started to bleed from their pounding.

The load was sweet and worth the wait.

I left and went into a heavily-wooded area. Graffiti were carved into several of the tree trunks, usually outlines of spurting hard cocks. I waited in the depth of the forest until I heard, then saw a couple of men walking through the wood. I struck a pose and the mating ritual began. They saw me leaning against my tree (á la Lena Horne), walked a bit further, stopped, looked back at me, and pulled each other's cocks from their pants. I guessed correctly they were lovers looking for a little three-way action. I walked over to them and had my pants pulled down. One stood before me, the other behind. He started licking my asshole and shortly I was akin to the blond earlier that morning, sandwiched between two medium-large cut pink cocks, one deep in my throat and the other deep in my asshole. It felt good, and both took their time coming. Then they thanked me and quickly left the woods.

Cruises bareass along park trail.

Still I hadn't shot a load. I decided to wait in the same spot but nothing happened in another half-hour so I set off to my car. Just as I reached the edge of the forest I saw an Oriental guy enter the woods. He was short but very cute. We wasted little time; out came a surprisingly large cock. I sank to action. He pushed me away and pulled my belt loose and my pants down. He wanted to suck me and believe me by then I was very appreciative, being near a case of blue balls. I shot too quickly.

He let me suck him a little while but wouldn't come, holding it back to keep his edge for cocksucking. I gave him my phone number and address expecting not to hear from him. Several week later he showed up in mid-week and we had a complete, much better, less frantic session (which we repeated a couple of dozen times mid-week—his weekends were given to sucking as many cocks as possible).

The park was dangerous due to the L.A. Vice Squad until the mid 1970s when some soul had had enough and cut the throats (fatally) of two Vice Squaders within a month. It is sad that such violence had to take place to impress the numbskulls, but it did and the squad never again bothered men in the park. Several years ago I got a computer printout of arrest statistics in the area. The L.A. cops were hauling in some 200 or more guys a month from the park on vice charges and 800 more from the rest of L.A. A good racket.

One summer Sunday afternoon I was in a funky mood, at the end of one of my six-month weight training sessions, looking my best. I left my pants in the car trunk and set out on the trail wearing only sandals,

shorts and a heavy Swedish white knit which let my nipples and chest show beautifully. On the trail I shucked my shorts, hid them in a favorite spot, and trotted down the trail with only the knit shirt and sandals on. Needless to say, the guys stared when I passed them, but my mood demanded just the right guy—i.e., short, dark, hung, uncut, in that order. I found him at the live oak tree almost dead in the middle of the trail. I stopped and leaned against the tree.

He came up to me and felt of my cock and ball set with his hot hands. "You look familiar," he said. "Do you play for the Rams?" I said no, grabbed him, kissed him, opened his shirt, and sank to the ground, nuzzling at his clothed crotch.

Just as we got started, voices came down the trail and we moved into the underbrush to a small but well-hidden glen where we shed our few clothes and went at it. We came quickly 69ing. For a small guy, he certainly had a nice big dick, tasting a bit cheesy. We decided to go to his place and as we passed several single cruisers en route to the spot where I'd left my shorts, each asked if we wanted to play in a 3-way.

He lived not far away in a small tree-shaded modern house, mostly patio and pool, with hundreds of plants. He was a lawyer and friend of my own lawyer. This time he fucked me after much mutual sucking. His thing was young "straight" men whom he could suck and on rare occasions fuck. They were few and far between but one weekend I happened into one such scene. A young Marine of Greek ancestry from New York was on leave from Viet Nam and stopped at Larry's. I was there when he arrived without calling. Geo. dropped his travel bag in the hallway and Larry brought him out to the patio to meet me. I knew Larry's taste so made an effort to excuse myself gracefully, but both asked me to stay.

Geo. was a brunet second self to me, same height, nearly identical build, but he had an olive skin with a sheen, and a weariness I was to see often in guys returning from Nam.

We sat and drank beer on the patio, not knowing how to get around to sex. I and Larry had only shorts on so Geo. stripped down to his boxers. The talk of war was dimming my sensibilities. I walked to the pool, dropped my shorts to the deck and dove in. They watched, laughed, took off their shorts, and followed me in.

Discovers "clap" whilst sniffing underpants.

We all played with each other's cocks and asses till we got hard and hot, and left the pool. Geo. loved getting sucked but he had on his last trip been fucked by Larry for the first time. For a few minutes I sucked Larry while he sucked Geo. But Geo. turned his

beautiful olive butt to Larry to lick and I moved to the other side and sucked George's beautiful cock.

Larry first fucked Geo., then moved and fucked me. It was a long, slow, steady progression of sensation. I don't know who came first, second, or last; I came out of a trance and one of the few perfect moments was gone. We lay exhausted, the three of us huddled together as the light of day faded, and only moved when it became chilly.

The very early Sundays in the park were an eerie time, especially in winter, when, despite films peopled with hard dicks romping in snow, the cold keeps ardor low. I sucked one good-looking guy for about an hour without getting him or me excited —it was just too cold. The wise thing to do was find an exciting man and take him home. A few days before Christmas of 1970, I found an early morning tidbit just as cold as I named Mike. We went to his place and sported for several hours through several orgasms, mostly achieved by his fucking me.

During one of our intermissions his phone rang and as he talked I picked up his shorts to sniff the aroma. I didn't get much of a sniff, as I noted several tell-tale greenish stains connoting a case of G.

His phone conversation over, I asked him if he had any pain when he pissed. He nodded yes and we both knew what was what. Off to the Hollywood Free Clinic on LaBrea we went, got examined and shot full of penicillin. I noted a bare Christmas tree in their foyer and brought a box of ornaments and lights back that same Sunday afternoon and decorated it. The clinic was open on Sundays, when no other doctor would see you.

My companion who had G. was a dark black guy, an inch or so shorter than I, with about the same dick size. The nurse who gave me the twin butt shots that a.m., Henry K., was Polish. He made his intentions well known during his rectal exam when he said, "I bet that feels good." Ten days or so later it certainly did as Hank stuffed his big fat Polish uncut sausage repeatedly up my sore asshole. Hank's dick was often at least half hard and he had trouble not showing it in nurse's whites; he usually wore a jock strap. He made me a regular on his service list and while I remained in L.A. I stayed available for his frequent service calls. Mike did call once but I put him off, being annoyed at his insensitivity to his illness and his lack of knowledge of it.

On one trip to the park, I was tooling down Valle del Vista in my Firebird when I saw a red Ferrari parked near a picnic area. Not a good cruising spot but I stopped anyway and walked up a

small hill into the forest at the top. Sitting on a log looking lost was a teenangel singing idol of a dozen years before. He was, like me, in his thirties but looking better as an adult than as a teen. He saw me and smiled. I was vaguely aware of his much talked-about recent divorce. I sat on the log beside him and offered him a smoke. He said it tasted good and leaned back against a branch. I rubbed his leg, then his crotch. I opened his jeans and pulled out his fat dick and started to suck on it. It was actually too big for mouth work but he wanted nothing else so I bravely continued. He didn't take long to cum. It was more a dribble than a solid wad. He quickly buttoned up and thanked me. He said, "My friends (his musician friends I guess) often talk about the blow jobs they get here. They were right."

I told him I'd met him when I worked at Warner Brothers. I said, "I know you're not gay, just a bit lost."

I drove through the park the day before I moved to San Francisco. I didn't stop.

Gang sex in a college toilet.

Two months ago, while teaching a two-day seminar at the University of California at Berkeley, I had another in a long series of sexual experiences in the school johns. It was in the basement john of the Social Sciences Building. The sixth floor john is also active, but less frantic.

In the basement john there's a Glory Hole between the last two stalls, about 6 inches in diameter, which has been in operation all 11 years years of my experience there. There are three stalls facing the two Glory Hole stalls and all the stalls have wide door gaps, allowing most activity to be seen by all.

I can't say that this john is the most active on campus—I've seen activity in every john on campus—but it is the most active of the dozen or so I frequent regularly. I've seen actual orgies there, i.e. up to 20 kids involved at one time. In a state of muss I can't hold my load very long so am usually drained very quickly and give up my space to new arrivals. These group efforts are exciting but too frenetic to keep in one's memory. The individual bouts remain (via diary and memory).

My very first experience in this john was the most memorable. That first time, I didn't know about the Glory Hole so I was at the other end of the row of stalls (there were about seven), in the third stall from the wall. As a visiting professor (from Stanford at that time) I was ready for action and quickly recognized the

footwork ballet. The guy in the stall next to me, the one second from the wall, was wearing shorts and sandals which he quickly shed and assumed the position before my counterpart in the last stall against the wall. I (a bit slow on the draw) got down and played with his ass which was resting on his haunches. He had one of the most beautifully formed asses and lower rear bodies I've ever seen. His body bounced slightly as he fed his dick under the stall to his cocksucker. My hand motion on his ass got to him and he turned, allowing me to dive upon his cock, which was fat, beautifully shaped, and wet with spit. He let me suck on it and play with it a few minutes and again turned to allow the other to continue. But he didn't want it again; he didn't have the sense or good taste to accept sloppy seconds and the guy turned again to me.

After I sucked him awhile longer, his two strong hands pulled my lower body under the stall and he sucked me. He sucked me off quickly and forcefully. I returned to sucking his beautiful cock and balls.

I was late for the seminar I was teaching but I waited for him to come out of his stall. I waited as long as I could but he wasn't ready to leave. For months I went back to the john, hoping to see him again. My luck failed me.

Another "sloppy seconds" episode happened in the mid-1970s. I was sitting in the end stall across from the Glory Hole stalls, working on and off with a little guy who shot his wad and left. I became interested in what was happening across the way in the Glory Hole booths. I could see two pairs of shoes in both booths. The door directly across from me opened and a very good-looking Oriental backed out, his hard wet dick in his hand. He turned and smiled at me (I was looking out my open door) and said, "I am too big for him." I motioned him over and dove onto his big cock. He stood me up and sucked me to the hilt and started to rub my ass.

"God, I'd like to fuck you," he said. "Let's go up to six." We took the elevator to six, went into the men's room, and quickly got his dick up my ass. No one was in this much smaller john, but his loud groans were probably heard all over the sixth floor. Luckily it was lunch time and my fucker was able to get a load in me before the students returned. He wanted to double dip but I pleaded a teaching assignment, which scared him because he'd thought me a fellow student. But he did do me before he left. He called me "prof."

"The best-looking blond I've ever taken."

The old Police Sciences Building used to have the second most active pair of johns, both with double doors allowing a warning period for participants. When police science was cancelled in the late 1970s, the johns fell on hard times.

The first time I visited the 2nd floor john, I took the end stall nearest the window. These were old-fashioned white marble stalls. There were four stalls, all having peep holes in the walls and in the doors looking towards the urinals. That first time, there was only one other stall occupant. Peeking through one of the two large holes in the wall, I noted a sturdy hand manipulating an even sturdier 7 inch prick. I hand-motioned for the prick handler to position himself beneath the stall. He did and I started to suck and quickly got a heavy, musky load of mature cum. He wasted no time in taking my cock in return and drained my balls with his very experienced and hard sucking mouth.

Afterwards we talked. His pubic hair was salt and pepper and his head hair was greyish. He was beat-up looking, fiftyish, rugged, hard-bitten, with a cockeyed grin. He was, like most guys there, surprised that I was a prof, and I that he wasn't. He worked for the university in some maintenance job and was named Jack O'D. We traded blow jobs several dozens of times over the next several years. Jack even let me in on his "semen exchange route," visiting university johns at various periods of the day and week.

A couple of times I got in 3-ways with him, most memorably with a little Panamanian exchange student who he was fucking in the Police Science 3rd floor john (two stalls to the 2nd floor's four), while I sucked the thin scum from the short, fat cock of the student. A great number of the student loads were thin, being their second, third or fourth of the day. Sex is so plentiful on large college campuses that being drained is routine for any active homosexual (and a lot of so-called "straight") students. Even Brigham Young, the Mormon University, has several active johns according to my roommate.

One day in the 2nd floor Police Sciences john, I was in the third stall from the window. In the second was a hippie type with long light brown hair tied with a band in the back to form a pony tail, a hard-packed 5 foot 6 inch body and a big cock with matching bull balls. The first stall was occupied by a Latin student, also short, with a long, thin, uncut cock. We three traded off and were interrupted from time to time by urinal users. We moved to the fourth booth and Mr. Macho, the Latino, fucked my butt while I sucked the big dick of the hippie, who would from time to time pull out and bend and suck me for a bit.

Our act went on and on while several guys used the urinals and a few the other stalls.

An insistent little student pleaded from his perch in the third stall (he could see bits of action through the peek hole) to be let in on our fun. We relented and when able, let him into our stall. He soon shot all over my back, causing Mr. Macho Chicano to give in and shoot his load inside me. They slumped into a pile in one corner of the stall, letting me and the hippie continue our off and on standing 69. It was cramped in the booth, so quietly the hippie suggested we go to his nearby pad. It was several blocks away and a mess. We settled down into a real 69 and spent about an hour sucking each other. I spent the night with him drinking red mountain wine. We shot another couple of loads of cum.

About five years ago the Engineering Library moved into new digs in the Bechtel Building on campus. The old library's john was not active, not large, but had one advantage—it could be locked from the inside. I seldom locked the door. The only activity I ever had there was a doozy. I heard a guy enter, lock the door, piss at one of the urinals, and then silence—no movement, no hand washing. I gently pushed open my door and saw a rear view of a real hump: a blond, curly-haired guy slowly jacking off. I could only see the tip of his crown. I dropped my pants and started to jack off too. I guess he heard my door squeak and he jumped in surprise, trying to stuff his big dick back into his jeans and back out of the room at the same time. I stood, my hard cock sticking straight out, and motioned for him to come over. He looked even more scared so I knelt, opened my mouth and swirled my tongue around my lips and said an awful cliché: "I bet my mouth would feel better than your hand." He slowly and timidly moved into position in front of me. I grabbed his legs with my hands and stuffed his big cock down to my tonsils. I was in rare form and got to his root without gagging. His cock, though very large, was as soft as India rubber (like a number of big cocks). It took about 15 minutes to get his wad, wonderfully flavored. What was different about him was his looks. He has to be probably the best-looking blond I've ever taken. I don't know what his naked body looked like, but the way he filled out his clothes, his lovely cock and balls, his flawless skin (where visible) made up one very lovely, almost too beautiful man. But he also had an air of maleness. At the end he whispered thanks, dressed and left. I sat and jacked off two loads in that john thinking of him before I left.

Sucks two skateboarders off in college piss-house.

All the johns in Wheeler Hall are active. There are five of them, one to

each floor and one in the basement. The latter is the most active and has the advantage of a last stall set back in an alcove, allowing the two occupants of the last two stalls to see large portions of each other's anatomy. I kept seeing the same jack off specialist there, a guy about 30 with a good build, probably Indian (India) and Hindu since he was uncut. He always stood to jack off while I watched. He wouldn't let me suck it (despite the many Jain temples in his native land), although I was fascinated mightily by his fat dick. He also liked to watch me spurt, which I would do about once to his twice.

Today the second, third and fourth stalls have glory holes between them, and despite AIDS, activity has picked up in this john. Most of the guys beind the cocks I never get a good look at (or they at me). I have several gay friends at the university and have caught a couple of them performing with students or other faculty members. A certain researcher was working with me on a project several years ago one Saturday. He took off for a break and went to the john in the Computer Sciences Building basement. After awhile I followed, and the almost silent pneumatic door to the john allowed me to enter the large foyer and locker room without being heard. In the wall mirror I saw my researcher going down on one guy while another played with a cock that was big for so small a youth. Their skate boards were on one of the sinks. As I watched in the mirror, the guy being sucked bucked several times, and shot his wad down the throat of my researcher. The second youth hastily jammed his bigger dick into the ready open mouth. No. 2 quickly shot his load. I stood on tip-toe and saw the researcher jacking off his big fat cock.

I moved back and closed the door noisily, coughed and moved into the john. The kids were busy pulling up their cut-offs. They got their skate boards and fled. The researcher stood at one of the urinals trying to hide his big dick. I moved up to a couple of urinals away and made no effort to piss but started jerking off. I told him I'd seen him with the two kids and suggested we go back to the office: "I'll see that you don't get a case of blue balls."

Today john action is on the wane at the university. According to graffiti all over the campus, the action has moved to the many jogging trails. I was invited to join one pair I was watching. The two guys were Vietnamese, both hung rather small, but both horny. Too many of the gay youth at the university are given to size and racial "purity." I can only regret that the poor dumb bigots miss a lot of sexual enjoyment. The Vietnamese kids noticed me early in the session and drug me into their small hideaway. A big lumbering bull moose being led by two cute elfs into sexual paradise. They both wanted me to fuck them. Both had hot, tight, gripping little assholes, and it was all I could do

not to unload in the first before I could get to the second. The one waiting was surprised I wanted to suck him, and allowed me access to his small uncut dick while I fucked his buddy. We traded off several times and all of us came.

Twins suck own cocks, also each other's whilst getting fucked.

The White Front Stores (now defunct) had outlets in San Bernardino, Montclair, and Covina, California. The stores at Covina and Montclair were about equidistant from my house in Pomona, about five miles away in different directions. The White Fronts I visited all had similar men's rooms. All had entrances outside the store, usually from the parking lots. Their johns in the early days of my visits there were unlocked during business hours (which were long and seven days a week). Later on, trying to dissuade us, they placed pay meters on the inner doors of their two-doored foyers. Of course all the sex fiends came with plenty of dimes. It was the straits, especially the younger kids, that got caught short. I always came prepared and always left a neat little wad of paper to block the locking mechanism for the next customer. I wish I had a dime for every cock I sucked at the White Fronts.

The store in Covina catered to student types. The one in Montclair seemed to have a nice balance of mature men, especially blacks and Chicanos, while the San Bernardino outlet was overrun with hot young Latinos.

All three of the johns in the White Fronts I went to had the same layout—a pair of stalls, three urinals, sinks, and the two doors in the foyer. All three had large glory holes in the walls between the two stalls and the San Bernardino store had glory holes in the doors of the stalls. The three johns were most active—or at least I was—in the period 1964–1970.

One day after I left work and went to the Covina john, one of the booths was occupied by a young crew cut school type with a cute little pink dick which he let me chew on quickly to a watery climax (must have been his second or third wad). But he didn't leave. He had a very nice body, well muscled, bulging in all the right places, and he quickly got his hot little prick hard again after my suck job. In the next 20 or so minutes he was visited by a regular stream of his friends (school I guess—there were 2 high schools within a dozen blocks of the store), all of whom I watched get blown by him. Most were quickies, they got it out already hard, got it in his hot mouth, and quickly got sucked off. One pair of his friends came into his stall together and he put one cock in his mouth and fed the other one, a sizeable fat pink salami which

spat a big load of tasty cum while its owner gave loud grunts. The school chums petered out (excuse the bad pun) and I and the guy who had sucked them off) traded a blow job each waiting for new meat to enter the john. I was there from 3 to 5 P.M.

Jeff, the young cocksucker, and I remained friends and I was able to get him a job at a college later that summer after he graduated from Covina High School. He worked the front information desk at the graduate center for years. His smile welcomed newcomers and gained him access to new partners at a prodigious rate. He dearly loved sucking cock, and from time to time he'd spend a night with my roommate and me carrying out his favorite task. Jeff also introduced me to many of his sexual partners. His high school friends, gay, bi and strait, enjoyed his ministrations and unlike a lot of kids he did not have a rough time of it at school. He was heavily appreciated and heavily used.

In the San Bernardino White Front, I'd sometimes find no cocksucker in residence and a group of Latinos waiting service. I'd enter and settle down to a slow, steady stream of hotnuts ready for unloading.

One day I sucked a pair of cute, uncut, short but fat cocks back to back. I thought it might be the same individual who came back for a second blow job, except that both loads were heavy and tasted different. When I left the john, a pair of Chicano twins, good looking and about 25, were sitting on their car waiting for me. They introduced themselves as Jerry and Jimmy. They wanted me to come home with them. Their parents were dead and they lived with an aged aunt in a big old house. They were lovers, turned on by each other; it seems a lot of twins cannot avoid the classic narcissistic attraction to each other. J & J were in that mold but liked to add outsiders and I was lucky to encounter them and be part of their antics.

They liked to be fucked while they 69ed; I'd alternate between them. And on later visits I'd bring another fucker, usually my roommate, and we'd spend an afternoon or night.

They lived on an inheritance and were eating too much and developing round bottoms and the first signs of love handles. They could both suck their own cocks, but preferred to suck each other and have an audience to watch them do it. I seldom was able to suck them off, they being so eager to suck each other or their own cocks, and so comforted myself in fucking one or the other's tight hot assholes.

Youth in toilet is angelic but shitty.

The White Front in Montclair was the store I visited most often and had the most sex in. It was hyperactive. No matter what went on, it was seldom interrupted by complaints. More often, strangers would

join in the action. It was almost an orgy room such as the bath houses had before AIDS, but, unlike them, well lighted.

One afternoon (a Saturday I think) two guys were in the stalls with the doors open playing with themselves but not with each other. The larger of the two had a medium-sized, fat, clipped cock; the shorter guy had a long, thin, uncut piece which I quickly captured and started to suck, then turned, dropped my pants and stuffed his tool up my ass. The big guy watched and then moved to my front and I bent to suck his fat dick. Our act had been in progress for about 10 minutes or so when a young guy came in to piss, saw our act and joined in. He knelt beneath me and sucked me. I was in hog heaven and was even able to reach his rather heavy dick with one of my hands and jack on it with vigor.

It took quite a while for the first cum. My front man groaned, bucked and shot a heavy load toward my tonsils. He seemed embarrassed at the end and hurried out. I came into the mouth of the guy beneath me. He stood up and took the front spot and I sucked about two thirds of his heavy fat pink prick, using my hands to cover the rest. He shot next. The fucker was taking his time at my rear. He was deep inside me and I was beginning to drip shit. He finally shot his load. I stuffed a handful of toilet paper up my ass and went home to take a well-earned sitz-bath.

One Sunday morning I experienced my most frustrating time at the Montclair store. It was too early for much action (I was doing laundry at the laundrymat in the complex). I was about to leave when someone entered the john and took the stall next to me. Through the hole, I saw a flash of leg, pants being dropped, and then an enormous dick hanging down and quickly disappearing as the guy sat on the stool. I got a look at the face and to my surprise it was angelic. About 18. I could hear turds dropping. I thought, "Shit, a big-dicked kid—he'll just leave."

I waited him out, glancing through the glory hole. He didn't leave and didn't pay any attention to me or seem to notice the hole. Slowly he started to toy with his meat, which had been hidden till then. Gradually I could see the fat base of his dick expand and eventually his hand brought the entire tool up hard. His hand looked like a toy on his big sex tube. He used both hands to jack on it while I used finger signals through the hole to try to attract him, then stood beating my meat at an angle he had to see if he'd glance toward the large hole. He didn't. He just slowly jacked his huge meat. I watched as his small hands pumped back and forth on it. My frustration grew by the moment and I took the chance and whispered through the hole, "Hey, want that sucked?" He ignored me, continuing to jerk on his big prick.

He shot like he jerked, slow dribs and drabs spilling out of the wide slit at the end of his cock, large globs of thick white cum. His cock slowly softened, he slumped over the stool for a few minutes, then pulled up his clothes without wiping his cock or ass and left the john.

I was so frustrated I lost my hard on and when, a few minutes later, a prospect took the vacant stall, I left without response to his small hard cock offered through the glory hole.

I also met a mad man there. One of those good-looking young men, well built and well hung, who didn't want to have sex in the open and suggested I go with him in his car to the drive-in nearby. Luckily I demurred and took my car, followed him, parked behind him, got into his car and started to go down on him. Uncomfortable in the front seat, we went into the back. He took off his pants and I got him near to coming when he began to seriously choke me with his hands and call me a "sick faggot."

I was bigger than he was and was able to break his hold just in time as I was beginning to see spots. I grabbed his balls and yanked and he screamed and shot in the same instant. I put my forearm up against his throat and grabbed his hand, which was reaching into his bundled pants for a switchblade. I got it away from him, threw it out the crack of the window and smashed his head against the car frame, stunning him.

I got out of his car and had just gotten into mine when he emerged, nude from the waist down, and started pounding on the hood. I came close to running him down, but he fell to the side as I sped toward the exit.

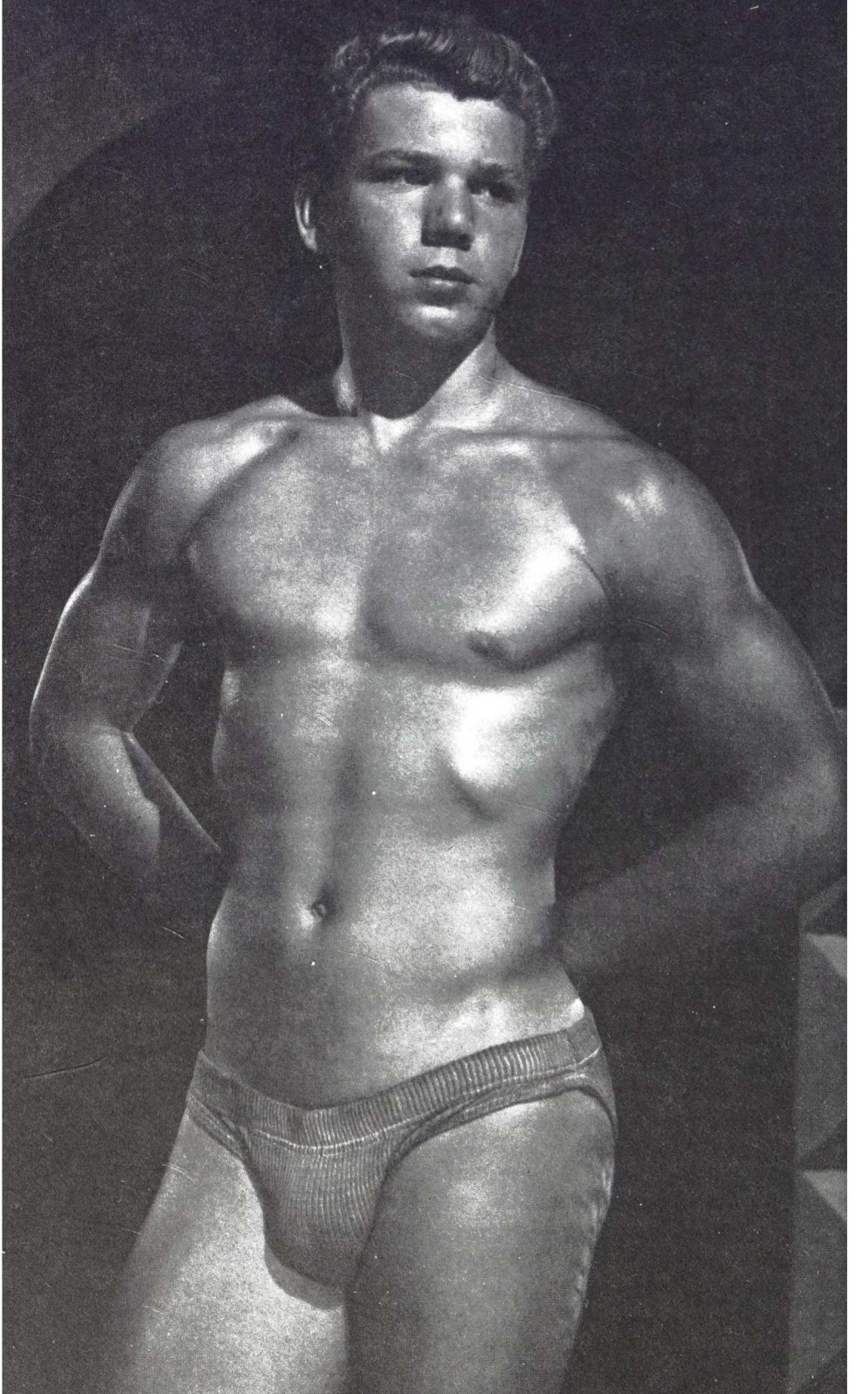
I saw him once more in a bar in Pomona and warned the guy with him (when he'd gone to the john) to watch out.

A GOLDEN TREASURY OF GREAT AMERICAN SCHMALTZ.

From *Late in the Season* by Felice Picano:

> *Their bodies fit together, as they always had, and their hearts had slowed down to normal and beat with a strong, regular, identical beat. Nothing else mattered.*

Not even style? –B. McD.



"AS I WAS DRINKING ROLLY'S PISS, RAY'S COCK SWELLED IN MY BUTT."

Well here is a way out character I met in the most disreputable of all western towns Tulsa, his name is Roland.

I was 17, and Sam my mentor was getting us in a race at the Oklahoma State Fair. If you came in the first ten we'd make good money. It was morning and I took my bright red Harley in to visit Tulsa. I rode into the parking lot of a Dairy Queen, and there stood a bike like mine except it was yellow, so I pulled next to it. After getting an ice cream I sat on my bike eating the ice cream. The guy who sat on the yellow Harley was boney, skinny, about my age, dark almost black hair and deep blue eyes. His skin had a pale white color to it. A guy who rides a motorcycle should have at least a tan. I introduced myself Hi I'm Jude, he smiled and said, I'm Rolly. He like me was there for the state fair, but he just started racing. The sun glistened through the fuzz on his upper lip. He looked well enough, but there was something strange about him.

The talk got around to sex and if I ever fooled around and I said I did. Well he invited me to a party a few of his friends were having. I said I want to go. I told him I didn't drink, and he said he didn't either. It wasn't that kind of party. It was an old fashioned sex orgy.

We made the group 33 guys ages from about 18 to 30. The house was one of those rambling western houses. The owner was of mixed race. The way he looked I think he had all the ones on the planet earth. His eyes were Asian, he had high cheek bones, full lips, green eyes, and a yellowish tan color to his skin. His hair was wavy brown.

We hung our clothes in a closet and then I saw how hung Rolly was, his was a slim 6 inch uncut. Ray the owner had about 7 inches with a purplish head pushing out of his foreskin. He had put mattresses on floors of his rec and dining room. Ray had gay porn movies on the white ceiling and these bowls of oil on the side of the room. Well after we had a drink of juice, Rolly and I lay down. I wanted to taste his cock. His cock is like mine, the foreskin goes all the way. I kissed the red glistening head, then licked it gently. His pre cum was leaking out. I lapped it out of the slot. I then pulled the skin all the way forward then took it all in my mouth.

A boy, he looked like an Indian, moved my hips and just sucked my cock. Ray was oiling my ass hole and plunged his oiled cock all the way in me. My cock shot in the waiting mouth of the Indian. I have had many orgasms but when Ray's cock filled me, it was like an electric shock hit me. I was shaking as my cock pumped its cum into the boy's mouth. Rolly gave me his sweet cum in thick spurts. Wow I felt great.

The Indian was mouth fucking Rolly, I still had his cock in my mouth, and now I took his piss. As I was drinking Rolly's piss, Ray's cock swelled in my butt and I could feel his big cock squirting its cum inside me. They switched places, Ray wiped his cock off with a towel, Rolly pushed his cock up my ass, I squeezed his cock with my ass muscles. A thrill went through Rolly and he was kissing and licking my back. I turned and kissed him. As our tongues met he finally started to fuck me. A man with a thin mustache was sucking my cock, but I was pissing and he took it and then got it hard again.

A guy who looked like a big boy started to fuck the man that was sucking me. This was my third sex orgy. I was nine the first time, the thirteen the second time. The best thing about it is you get to be sexually satiated.

I never sucked a cock that had a purple head before until Ray. I was licking the head. He had heavy pre cum leakage and I was enjoying the taste. I was fingering his pubic hair. It was strange he had only fuzz on his balls, maybe it was because of all the racial mix in his genes. Oh but he has one good tasting big cock. I pulled the skin forward and took most of his cock deep in my mouth. His foreskin was tickling the back of my throat. I had him so hot that in less than a minute his hot thick cum was splashing on my tongue. He has some of the best tasting cum I ever tasted.

I had to take a break. I had only the mustached guy fucking me, so I used my ass muscles to bring him to orgasm. His was about 7 inches too, and he shook in the sexual joy I gave him.

"He showed me how he uses his mouth when he sucks."

I made it to the kitchen, passing a four man sandwich, the two in the middle were rolling their heads in sexual gratification. Oh to someone who isn't in gay sex, that's four men fucking each other at the same time.

Rolly and the boy were eating when I opened the fridge to see what this guy had to eat, there were a few chicken legs. So sitting down I ate the chicken legs and washed them down with apple juice.

The boy's name is Roy. I guess if you have a last name of Rodgers, one of the sons will be named Roy. He had straw colored hair and a deep tan all over, his eyes were blue and he had an uncut cock. Rolly was telling me that Ray wants uncut cocks at his parties. So that's why none of the cocks I saw were cut.

We found a space in a corner next to these men who were 69ing and getting fucked by two other men. The rec room smelled of cum, even the air was sexy. I leaned up against a wall and watched Rolly kiss my

cock, and Ray was kneeling next to me. That Rolly had a magical mouth, he was taking me to a sexual high. It was then Roy put his cock in my mouth. After Ray's big cock, his small one was giving my jaws a rest.

No wonder Ray kept Rolly, he was the best cocksucker I ever met, and I've had my cock sucked since I was seven. He is going to have to show me how he sucks, he's the best. Roy was pushing his cock in and out of my mouth fast, and had his hands on the side of my head.

The Indian boy seeing Rolly's ass bare, pressed his cock next to Rolly's ass hole. Rolly put his hand back and helped him put it up his ass. Roy's cock started jumping in my mouth and he stopped. Rolly slowed down on my cock as he raised his ass to get more of the Indian boy's cock. I felt my load go back to my balls, he then did his magic and felt it coming up again.

Roy was breathing heavy and his small penis dazzled me, it filled my mouth with slightly salty hot tasty cum. Then I gave Rolly mine, he squeezed the last of it out. The Indian boy was taking his out of Rolly's ass. A red headed young guy was nursing on Rolly's cock. I had had it, my cock died, so I waited till Rolly shot his load.

We both were exhausted as we dressed, it was a good thing the night air was cool. We were going to the same place, a trailer camp outside the Fair. After the race next day, Rolly and I went out just riding on our Harleys and ended up near a small lake. He then showed me how he uses his mouth when he sucks. It's almost the same tongue movement when you are slurping on soft ice cream. You curve your tongue around the underside of the head, then you suck, lick the slit and that part on the head. It drove me wild when he did it, the feeling goes down to your toes. Then you sort of just tongue-kiss the whole head and gently run your tongue in tiny circles on the tip, when the slot is leaking lots of precum and the man is shaking in sexual excitement you take your mouth off, wait about ten seconds then then pull the skin all the way forward, then take as much of the cock as possible in the deepest part of your mouth.

I think Roland was one of the strangest characters I ever met. He was out of place in the gay world, he would look in place in a motorcycle gang. Ah but in gay sex he was an artist.

"I look at all men's cocks when I see them piss."

Well you know I do remember a one night stand that still makes me hot. I was 12 at the time.

Wednesday is the night I go to the movies. I have this odd phobia. I am afraid of crowds, and that is one night when there are only a few

people at the movies. When I got to the Jersey shore cinema, I had to piss real bad. I had my mouth open enjoying the long piss, when this dark haired man stood at the urinal two away from me. Now I look at all men's cocks when I see them piss. He took his out, a long uncut cock and when he pulled the foreskin back the head had a pointed look to it and it looked like it was purplish color to it. He said "Hi" and smiled at me. I blushed and said, "I'm sorry for staring, I'm 12 and your cock is like mine but the head is a different color."

"Are you alone?" he asked. I said yes and my face cooled down. He was walking next to me and I started to check him out, because I wanted his cock. He stood about 5 foot 9 inches on the squat muscular side, about 40, eyes almost black, and skin swarthy, smooth, looked a little oily. His nose was like those you see on those Roman statues.

We stood waiting for our eyes to get used to the dark, then we picked seats in the center about five rows up from the front. He gave me a twenty to get popcorn and soda. Walking to the snack bar, I was thinking it sure is fun to be courted. I was in one of those joyous moods you get when you know that a person admires you and wants you.

When I came back he had his jacket off and laying on his lap. I hand him the tray with the pop corn and soda in it. I said "here is your change" as I put my hand in my pocket. He put his hand on my hand and smiled. "Keep it and call me Sal." That warm feeling went through me. I always get it when I know I'm going to have sex with a gentle guy.

The first movie was a comedy and he was feeling me, but avoided my crotch. I had to compliment him, he was seducing me in a very kind way. The next movie was an action-drama, and by this time he had his hand on my lap holding my hand. When a finger started rubbing my cock through the fabric of my jeans, I let go of his hand. I unbuckled my belt, opened my pants and let him play with my cock and balls. He reached underneath and was fingering my asshole. Then I gave him a shock. I reached over and put my hand on his pants, opened his zipper, and pulled his wang out. Oh I was going to enjoy stroking his cock.

I reached into a pocket of my track jacket and gave him a paper towel I took from the men's room. I took two for his cock. I lightly touched all over his cock with just the tops of my fingers, it'll drive a man wild. Oh and just what I wanted to happen did. He was as hot as a firecracker. As I was stroking his hot cock, precum oozed out. His breathing got heavy and when I knew he was reaching a climax, I held the paper towels over his cock. He shook in orgasm, his hot cum hit the paper towels and dripped on my hand. His hand was taking me to a toe curling, ass tightening, back stiffening hot shooting load. I was

licking his cum off my hand and fingers when my little dick squirted its cream in his hand. My licking his cum off my hand turned him on.

After licking my cum off his hand, he whispered in my ear, "You like my cum?" I just smiled and nodded. When the movie ended we walked out together.

"I had to keep getting hairs out of my mouth."

I found out he just was traveling through and had rented a room for the night at a rooming house near the shore. We went in the back way, and no one saw us enter his room. We stripped. What I wanted was to run my tongue on his purple headed cock. His dark olive skin was the same color all over his body. The funny thing is he only stood five inches taller than me, but was well hung. A friend who went to college stood 6 foot 5 inches and his cock was average.

Well ever since I first saw him take it out to piss, I wanted to taste it. We lay on the bed and French kissed with our stiff cocks rubbing against each other. When our mouths parted he complimented me on how good a kisser I am, which put my face into an embarrassed grin. I sucked and nibbled on his nipples, and licked my way down his belly button. I had to keep getting hairs out of my mouth.

We were laying next to each other and when I took one of his hefty balls in my mouth now I was really enjoying myself. I love the feel of a man's big balls in my mouth, and running my tongue over it. I was thinking this guy's going to be so hot, he'd be burning before I start sucking on his piece. I licked up the side of the shaft and ran my tongue down the underside. I knew I was pleasuring him, because he was ooing and aahing. I then kissed all over his cock. I pulled this thick foreskin back, licked up his cock head cheese, he shuddered when I did that. I lapped up precum out of his slot, pulled the cock skin up, then took a deep breath and took as much of the pretty headed cock deep in my mouth as I could. With one hand I gently rubbed his balls and massaged the part of the cock I couldn't get in my mouth.

He wasn't an experienced cocksucker and just imitated my actions. I was taking his cock deep down my throat. I've been sucking cocks long enough to time the coming, I like giving a man as much pleasure as I can. I hold them back. When a man shoots his cum in my mouth, it'll be when he is so hot he'll explode.

I like the feel of his thick hard cock in my mouth and against my tongue. I like the smell of an uncut cock, and that is another reason I delay a man's coming. I decided to go for my reward and speeded up my sucking. That is one reason I get repeat tricks; I try to be the best cocksucker.

I could feel his body getting ready for orgasm. Oh and I was soon to be rewarded. His back arched, his ass cheeks tightened and the cock head spurted its load in my mouth. He does have some good tasting cum, and gave me two more loads.

I hadn't come yet, as I delay my own, but I didn't let his cock go yet. When I used my hand to drain the rest of his cum I let him have mine. I get an all over my body orgasm and since I started coming at 10 at 12 I shoot a lot of cum.

I held his head with my hands and kissed his nose. I smiled and said, "you never got a better blow job than when I did you." He smiled. "No you gave me the best I ever had."

"I am a professional cocksucker," I said with slight grin on my face. He said after I jerked him off in the movies he thought I was a hustler. I was getting dressed and he handed me a twenty. I said, you are so hairy it's like having sex with a Teddy Bear. I got a good laugh out of him with that comment. He gave me a friendly kiss and patted my rump. I said next time get some vegetable oil and next time you can fuck me, giving his cock a gentle squeeze. I told him where he could find me the next time he was in town.

I enjoyed him, he has a melodic voice, a gentle way about him, and one of the best tasting cocks I ever sucked. I never did see him again, but just thinking of that night of sex with him I just have to wack off.

I hope you will forgive any mistakes. I get sexually excited just thinking of him. That is just good old fashioned lustful sex.

YOUTH ON STREET LOWERS SHORTS, BRIEFS.

NEW HAVEN–The other day as I was walking home on 4th Ave. from the bus stop, the teen across the street, with other teens, pulled down his shorts and briefs, was barechested, and sat bareassed on the car for a few seconds. His friends got to see his cock, but I didn't.

"A HANDSOME GUY WITH NO HAIR ON HIS BODY."

NEW JERSEY–In 1983 I underwent corrective surgery and was spending time recuperating. Before going back to work, I decided to take a trip to Washington, D.C., where I stayed at a motel on the outskirts but convenient to public transportation.

The first night there I set out by subway to the Dupont Circle area, where there are several interesting bars. I visited two bars along "P" Street and though they had a crowd, no one seemed all that friendly. It began to rain so I decided it best to head back to my motel though it was before midnight. It was also raining there so I stopped at what turned out to be a Spanish place with an orchestra. There was a five dollar cover charge and bottles of beer were two and a half dollars.

As I sat on a stool at the bar, a young fellow, obviously Spanish, came and sat beside me. He was not the least bit bashful and his leg was soon rubbing against mine. I bought him a beer and the waitress managed to forget the change from a five dollar bill. Anyway we tried to talk but he did not speak too clearly and the orchestra was loud, making it difficult to hear. His hand began to rub my leg and I realized what he wanted.

We walked outside to talk and then the short distance to my motel. He was a very handsome guy with no hair on his coppery body. He was not bashful in bed either and we caressed and kissed each other. Soon I felt his swelling cock between us and I reached down to take it in my hand. It must have been seven inches once it got hard and it really was a mouthful. I sucked on it while he played with mine, then gently he rolled me over onto my stomach. I handed him the cream. Ever so gently he entered my asshole and I could really feel that big intruder inside my ass. The tempo of his strokes increased and soon we were in a frantic rhythm and I could feel him begin to come. He seemed to come for along time. When it was over, I tried to get him to stay but he said he had to get back to his friends. He didn't ask for money but I gave him some anyway and kissed him goodbye.

Husky blond gets ass kissed.

The weather had cleared the next day and it was breezy and cool. For this evening's pleasure I decided to go to downtown D.C. and I got there about 7 P.M. I had a fish dinner and then visited a bar that has naked boys dancing. For one dollar they will part with a kiss. I watched the boys for awhile but then decided to leave.

Just then this stocky good-looking blond fellow came in and stopped at the end of the bar where I was for a beer. He had on a cap that made

him look so sexy. Of course I wound up buying the next beer for him and we began to talk. He was very friendly and came right out and said that he wanted to get fucked. I told him that we could work something out and he agreed to come with me to my car and motel.

When I got to see his body, I was not disappointed. He was somewhat shy and he lay on the bed with his briefs on. In no time our arms were about one another hugging and kissing. I could feel the big lump in his briefs as it pressed against my leg and I gradually worked my way down his body. I removed his briefs and saw a beautiful six inch cock. I rolled him over onto his stomach and the most perfect ass was staring at me. It was creamy white and I could not resist the urge to kiss each cheek and then sink my tongue into the crack.

I reached for the cream and applied a generous amount on both him and me before taking aim at that beautiful hole. My cock entered easily; his hole gripped it tightly. He relaxed and I began to move in and out and he just moaned. Then as I increased the tempo I heard him sigh and felt his asshole tighten. He came and I came soon after him and it was heavenly. My cock eased its way out of his ass and we just layed there for the longest time.

We talked some more and I learned that he was a college student finishing up his courses before summer break. He needed money to keep his apartment over the summer. He hoped to work besides doing some hustling. I asked him to stay the night and he agreed. Before the night was over, he had fucked me and the next morning we had a tantalizing 69 before he had to leave.

20-year-old keeps scratching his groin.

On the third night, it was back downtown and another delicious meal. After my meal I wandered about the place. It had several bars and a leather store besides the restaurant. I was attracted to the pool table and liked to watch how the guys play. This one lanky fellow was playing a fancy game of one-arm pool. Each time after he would shoot, his hand would wander down to his Levis and he would scratch a magnificent bulge in his crotch. He caught me watching a couple times and smiled at me. I wandered around some more but then decided to leave for the other place with the naked dancers.

I had been there about 15 minutes when the tall lanky fellow came in. He spotted me right away and came over so I bought him a beer. He sat facing me with his legs apart and that ever present bulge showing. He was pleasant to talk to and we soon got down to business and he agreed to come back to my motel. He had a nice build though thin with a little body hair but what he had between his legs was

incredible and I had some doubt about taking him on.

We lay down on the bed and though he did not care to kiss, he did let me caress his body all over with my hands and mouth. As I approached his crotch, his cock was towering about ten inches high and I wrapped my hands around it first and then took the rest into my mouth. I savored it with my tongue and tried to go down on it but it was impossible to take it all and I just licked the column and sucked the head.

In the back of my mind, I knew that I wanted this cock inside my asshole but I was skeptical as to whether I could take it all. I asked him to be gentle and handed him the cream. He approached cautiously and soon entered my ass. The feeling was intense but as I relaxed more of his cock went in and before long I could feel his groin hair on my ass. He did not move for awhile but then gradually started the in and out movements.

He touched areas that had not been touched in a long time and soon I was pleading with him to fuck me hard. As the pace quickened I could feel his cock swell and then he let go with a powerful load.

He stayed on top of me, his cock still inside me, and it didn't seem as if his cock would soften. He finally pulled it out and I wiped him off with a towel.

I was sure that I wanted more of that big cock so I invited him to stay the night. We repeated things again the next morning before I had to leave for an appointment. We agreed on a fee the night before but I doubled it because I felt that he was worth it.

Three or four months later I was in Manhattan and visited a new bar on the edge of the Village. It was early and not very crowded and I relaxed while drinking my beer and watched the pool experts.

I happened to glance up at the bar just as a tall, lanky fellow turned around. I recognized him as the one from D.C. I found out his name was George. He is 20 and real talkative. He sat across from me again with his legs apart and his hand constantly moving in his crotch. I could not take my eyes off his crotch and he had that familiar smile on his face. When he finally stood up, the head of his cock was at the top of his pants, just peeking through.

I knew then that we had to get together but I wasn't familiar with places to go in the area. George suggested one of the baths so we went. It was quite crowded, being a Friday night, but we got a room and once inside, I undressed him. As I removed his pants, that big cock stood straight out; all ten inches of it.

He let me have free reign over his body and I licked every bit of it from top to bottom. Then as I sucked what I could of that cock, he told me to put my finger up his ass and as I did, I could feel his ass

tighten around my finger. He said that I could fuck him and I slid my six inches into him.

George has an educated ass and as I moved in and out, I could feel the muscles gripping me. It did not take long before I came and when I finished I stayed in him until my cock got soft. My cock is normal but seemed puny compared to his.

When I rolled him over, that big cock was as hard as ever so I asked him to fuck me. I knew what to expect from D.C. In no time he had all ten inches up my ass. Again the feeling was incredible. George had unusual staying power and it seemed like we fucked for an hour before he finally came. His cock was still hard when he pulled it out and I wiped it off and began to suck it again. He came again a few minutes later and I enjoyed that delicious cum.

After that meeting we would meet on occasion. Later, George drifted away and I found that he had gone back to D.C. He returns to N.Y. periodically and we get together for old times' sake.

Kisses 18-year-old cock "all over."

I am not one to make a play for boys around 18. But they make a play for me. These younger fellows come on real strong.

During the summer, I usually spend Saturdays working outside, cutting grass and other chores. I had just finished the grass cutting chore one Saturday and was sweeping the cut grass off the driveway. As I reached the end near the road, I noticed a boy about 16 pushing a Moped along the road. When he came opposite me I asked whether he needed gas and he said yes so I told him to come up the driveway, that I had some.

He put the gas in the Moped tank and then tried to start the motor. It would only sputter but would not start so I suggested that he leave it sit awhile and try later. It was very hot so I invited him in for a coke and I had a beer.

He said his name was Charlie and as he sat on the couch he saw my new issue of *Penthouse* and picked it up to look at. From my chair I could see his hand rubbing the crotch of his cut-offs underneath the magazine.

A little later he said that he should call his father to see whether he could offer any suggestions about starting the Moped. When he got up to go to the phone, I could see a very large bulge beneath his cut-offs.

There was no answer on the phone and he came back and looked at the magazine some more. I could not take my eyes off him as he was so good looking.

I said that it looked like he had a problem that needed attention. He said that it happened quite often. I asked him if he had any experience

and he said that one of his schoolmates had taken care of him a couple times. He said that he didn't think that it was wrong and that it felt a lot better than using his hand. I said that I didn't think it was wrong either but that it was against the law for me—I don't know exactly what the law would be for his schoolmate, who would also be underage.

I didn't see him around anymore and assumed he had moved away. One Saturday in the Fall a couple of years later, I was walking the dog across the athletic field behind my property. I saw several fellows throwing a football but did not go too close to them. Then I heard someone call my name and when I looked close, I realized that it was Charlie. He had grown several inches and his body had filled out.

We shook hands and I asked him where he had been, etc. I told him to stop by for a coke again but only if my car was the only one in the driveway. He did stop by one Saturday afternoon and this time he followed me right to the door of the refrigerator. As I handed him the coke I looked him straight into his eyes and said that it looked like he still had a problem down there. He said he did. I could not hold back this time and placed one hand on his shoulder, moved it down his chest and then lower to his cut-offs. I asked if I could open the fly and he moved his hand to unbuckle the belt and unzip the fly. I reached into his underpants and felt a long hard cock. I lowered the cutoffs and briefs and told him to lay back on the pool table that he was standing next to. I took his six inch cock in my hands and began to rub it and his ample balls. I then lowered my head and kissed the shaft all over. I sucked his balls into my mouth one at a time and they were delicious. I then went back up to the shaft and took the head into my mouth, rotating my tongue all around it. Charlie moaned as I swallowed the shaft down my throat. I moved up and down sucking as best I could while my hands moved over his smooth body. Soon I felt him tense and he shot an abundant load into my mouth. The taste was so sweet. Gradually I let go of it and it fell across his stomach.

I offered to do it again but he said that he should be getting home, so he dressed and went out to the Moped. This time it started right away and I had a question in my mind as to whether he intentionally kept it from starting the first time he came at the age of 16. I told him to stop by again and he did make several visits, usually on a Saturday afternoon, and we would always end up doing the same things. A couple times he did touch me, feeling my cock through my pants, and one time he did take it out and jack it off.

TWO MEN LICK ONE DICK AT SAME TIME.

The layout (if you'll excuse the term) of this bath was that the first level, where one entered, consisted of a snack counter and rooms and lockers. The upper level is where the steam and sauna rooms were located, along with more rooms and a TV-viewing area arranged like a small grandstand. There were maybe four "steps" leading to an area at the top wide enough to lie on, facing the TV. The steps were almost as wide as the upper area and were carpeted. (I think I got my first case of crabs there.)

In a sort of deep alcove I found by walking around the sides of the TV arena to its rear, there were mattresses on a knee-high platform where the formation of groups was possible.

I wandered by one evening and saw a very handsome young man sitting on the edge of this big communal bed, leaning up against the wall at the side. There were several shapes beyond him on the mattresses, back in the darkness, doing lord knows what. But I was only concerned with this beautiful specimen of manhood (who probably had just sat down or I'm sure he would have been devoured already) and could not believe my luck. I stopped beside him and gently caressed his muscular chest and followed the trail of hairs down to his crotch, which was covered by a towel. I felt the various folds of the towel till one of them rewarded me with a hardening piece of muscle which grew and twitched as I fondled it.

I at once assumed a proprietary position (since he *smiled* at me, of all things) and knelt beside him, placing one of his legs over my shoulder, opening his towel, and putting my mouth right down in the warm, soapy-clean smell of his groin. His cock was up and ready and I quickly encircled it with my lips and tongue. As I had started at the base of the cock, deep in his bed of pubic hair, I began slowly to lick and slurp my way up its throbbing length, which had to be 7 or 8 inches. Imagine my surprise to be greeted by another pair of lips and a busily darting tongue on the way down the shaft! I glanced over to see an attractive face with impish eyes and we at once concluded an unspoken agreement to share the wealth.

I had never willingly done this before, but there was something about my partner which made me want to. The object of our attention was obviously loving all the sensations we were imparting, so we were off to the races. We exchanged areas of that cock and slithered back and forth, at times both pairs of lips surrounding the excited head of his cock, our tongues flicking this way and that, in and out of each other's mouth, all the while giving the man an exquisite tongue job.

Our hands were not idle either, and we left no part of his anatomy untouched. At last he began to breathe fast and his hands were all over our heads, urging us on till he shot his wad.

We sounded like two thirsty puppies lapping up the cum as it kept shooting out of that remarkable cock.

Finally, like naughty schoolboys, we each took his cock in our mouths by turn, draining out the last drops from the exhausted object of our attention, who pulled his towel around him and staggered away.

At this point we noticed that a large gallery of onlookers had gathered and they were smiling and laughing and a couple of them actually applauded.

My work-mate and I crawled into the far corner of the bed and spent the next hour further enjoying ourselves.

"THE TUBULAR LEG STRAPS ARE GREAT."

MANHATTAN–I am obsessed by jock straps. My favorite S.T.H. collection was the first—in *Meat* the jock strap section was pure heaven. I'm always on the lookout for jocks in stores—I'll cruise every drug store, sporting goods store, or athletic shoe shop to check out which brands and varieties (swimmer, cup, standard) they sell. Likewise I check out ads, photos, and full-blooded real men on the street for my favorite clothing item. When a runner passes I check for the hint of the leg strap, or the waistband. In this relentless search every man's crotch is a potential pleasure, especially if he's in shorts.

I recently returned to my home town at the end of summer and renewed two childhood-through-adolescence habits. I scanned every newspaper "back-to-school" ad and Sunday ad supplement for sales on "athletic supporters." The most advertised brand used to be Bike and Bauer & Black. Alas, this trip, no ads.

I also ravaged sports magazines for ads by jock strap manufacturers—those were primarily Bike ads—but nothing recently. Where have they gone? I'd stopped reading when I left home; my brother, a confirmed jock (in whose straps I'd beat off), held several subscriptions back then.

While there, I did catch several football games. The white uniforms seem tighter and thinner now. You can see the outline of each player's jock. The cameramen are always at field level, focused on asses.

I have favorites, of course. Bauer & Black is tops for comfort. The tubular leg straps are great. Bike jocks are best for tradition. Futuro brand jocks are the snuggest fit I've ever found.

LIKES BUILDING SUPER WITH "SMELLY MEAT," "FOUL" CUM, "FILTHY" ASSHOLE.

SAN FRANCISCO–Your books are great. Nothing better than reality. I'm 43 years old, still in good shape, and love men. Gay, straight, or bi, it doesn't matter as long as they deliver cock, cum, or an asshole. Prefer all three. Here are a few of my experiences.

Couple of years ago was sharing a house with rock 'n' roll singer. He was about 30 years old with a swimmer's body and eyes that reminded me of Sly Stallone. When he moved in he knew I was gay, but it didn't bother him he said.

We never had sex, but many was the night I jacked off thinking of the bulge in his pants. One day I went to shower right after he had taken one. As I went to turn the water on I spotted a big, thick blob of cum on the side of the tub. My eight inches went stiff immediately as I gently licked up his load, being sure not to miss a drop. It was delicious. It was good and sweet and still warm. Although I checked out every inch of that tub every day after that, I never found another load.

One rainy Saturday morning I received a call. The caller said he wanted to fuck my mouth. I indicated that would be fine with me. He hung up. Needless to say I was more than a little disappointed several hours later when there was a knock on my door but it was only the super of the building. He needed to check out a pipe in the bathroom. I went into the kitchen. A few minutes later he said he was almost finished. He had only one thing left to do.

"What's that," I asked.

He put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me to the floor on my knees. "Fuck your mouth" he said, laughing. Then he fed me a good thick piece of smelly uncut meat. When he pulled back the foreskin, he didn't have to tell me what he wanted. I licked it clean and that got him very hot. He shot a foul-tasting load that I came to love. Yes, after that there were several Saturdays and my mouth was always ready.

One night while I was entertaining some business associates he showed up. When he saw I had company he said the manager needed to see me. I excused myself and followed him down the hall to the laundry room, where I laundered his meat as well as his filthy asshole.

We had many great times before I had to move, which I'll relate in another letter.

LIKES TO BE "FILTHY COCKSUCKER."

BOSTON–I just lost one of my cocks—a medical doctor, 48 years old, divorced. He met me regularly. We would drive to a deserted place and I would blow him in the back seat of the car. He also enjoyed fucking me in the ass but never came there; I always finished him off in my mouth. He had a meaty 8 inch cock and always shot a big load. Then he met this 26-year-old weight lifter and we parted company. This younger man happens to be very jealous and would not share any sex with another guy. I don't mind, but I do miss the doc's meaty cock and the way he whimpered when he started to shoot his load.

I like a masculine man who wants his sex hot and does not play around, just grabs me by the hair and fucks my mouth or fucks my ass hard and fast. I also like to be tied to the bed and used while I am helpless. Of course I only allow that to persons I really trust.

A man advertized in the Boston *Phoenix* classifieds. He was looking for new friends. He lives near where I work so I wrote to him and he invited me for a beer in his place.

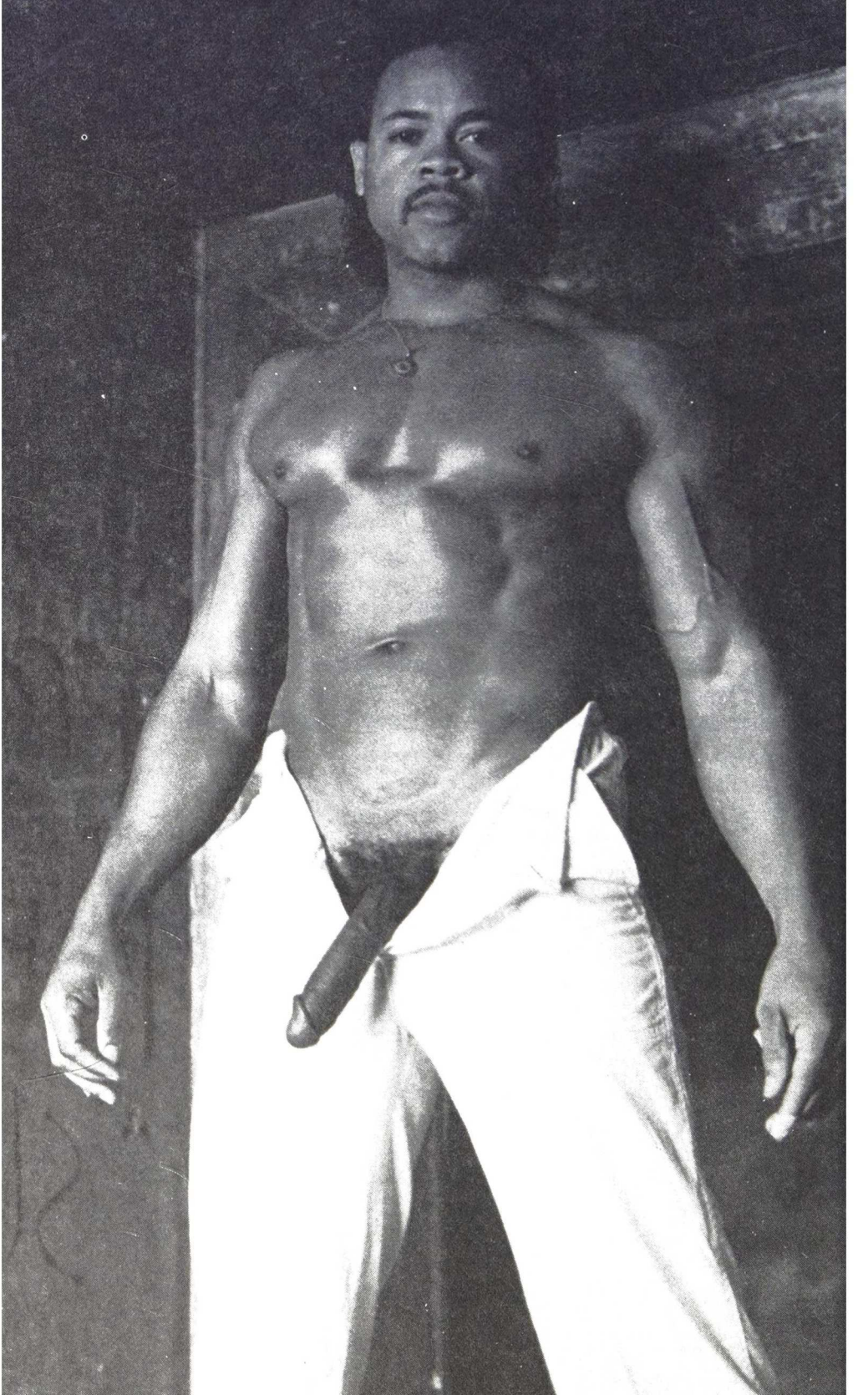
I went over right after work. He was retired, 66 years old, but still in fairly good shape. We talked and had a couple of beers. He had some magazines on the coffee table and I asked if I could look at them. They were pornographic, so I asked if he liked sex and he was kind of embarrassed but finally said that he fantasized a lot but did not have the nerve to go out looking for it.

So I told him that I would gladly help him out. He really got flustered then but I just went over to him and told him to relax and enjoy it. Told him that he did not have to do anything for me—I'll do it for him. So I knelt in front of him, unzipped his pants and took out his cock and balls. It was quite a nice cock, with a nice meaty head. I played with it but nothing happened. So I went down on it. I licked it, sucked on the head, caressed his balls—nothing. The poor guy was so nervous he could not get a hard on.

I kept sucking and licking and after awhile he just shot his load right out of his limp cock. I licked it clean and asked if he had liked it. He was so very embarrassed that I thought I better leave him to himself. He stammered something about wanting to give me some money but that is not why I suck cock. I just love the sexual act itself and I feel real warm inside and sometimes I even shoot a load without even touching my cock—just the feel of a cock in my mouth gives me a thrill and satisfies some of my needs. Of course I enjoy being sucked off or fucked.

I do worship come above anything else.

My suck-hole is theirs for the taking. I will never say no or "enough"



to them. They can have it any way they want it for as long as they want it. They can fuck it, sit on it, piss in it. It's hot and available. They can sleep with their cock in my suck-hole. I will lick and suck their balls and ass too. They can make me gag with their cock in my tight throat. I will be their filthy cocksucker.

Gets mouth raped by two blacks.

I will tell you something that happened to me a couple of years ago. I was having a few drinks with friends and it was getting late. Buses were not running anymore so I decided to take a cab. Before I got one a car pulled over and I saw that there were two blacks in the front seat. One of them got out and I could see a long blade in his hand.

I told them all I had was sixteen dollars. I handed over the money but he searched my pockets and told me to take off my shoes and he looked in my socks. I was telling them the truth. I was terrified.

The guy with the knife told the driver, "Let's fuck this motherfucker." He pushed me in the back seat. They took me to a side street, a small street, a dead end with no lights. They both drank out of a bottle of whiskey during the ride.

The driver put out the car lights and now it was real dark. The guy with the knife got out and told me to kneel. "If you don't want to get cut start sucking." He had his cock out. I could barely see in the dark. He grabbed my head and held his cock against my mouth. I opened my mouth and it was soon filled with big black cock. I was revolted. I started to suck and use my tongue. I felt his cock stiffen and grow even bigger.

He spoke to the driver. "Man this guy loves black cock. He is a God damn cocksucker." He held my head in both of his hands and started to fuck hard, slamming my face against his belly. I felt his cock deep in my throat. He groaned and started to shake and he shot his load while he pressed my head against his belly and pushed his hips toward my face.

I thought I would suffocate. To my own surprise I started to get excited and felt my cock react. There I was being raped by two black guys and I started to enjoy it. My God I must be sick, I thought.

He let me go and pulled his cock out of my mouth. I could breathe again and I gulped air, but only for a few seconds. The driver had been playing with his cock while watching his friend. His cock was not as long but very thin and uncut. I could smell it before he pushed it in my mouth. He had a huge cockhead. I could barely take it. My jaws ached.

He said, "Come on, whitey, suck on it." He did not touch me with

his hands. "Come on, cocksucker," he said. I deep-throated him as best I could and fondled his balls. "Yeah, baby," he said, "that's it."

My own cock felt good in my pants. I was now enjoying the cock I was sucking. I was not afraid anymore. My first black cock, I thought—not bad at all.

His cum tasted bitter and salty and I swallowed as fast as I could. He pulled his cock out and I felt a loss. I had loved his cock in my mouth.

I couldn't get to sleep that night. The thought of those two black cocks kept me awake and horny. I jacked off twice before I could relax.

I have never since sucked black cock but I like to think of that night.

Bostonian, 27, with 8 inch dick, seeks "submissive cocksucker."

I met a guy through a Boston *Phoenix* advertisement last week. He is 6 feet, 27 years old, "macho." He has an 8 inch cock and the head, when he has a hard on, is very big. He loves to fuck my mouth. Boy, did he ravage my mouth. At first he was reluctant—perhaps because of my graying hair—but he was horny enough to go ahead. He laid down on the bed and took out his cock. It was still soft. I started to lick it. He is not circumcised and moves his foreskin easily over his cock head. He was clean, but I would not have cared even if he was not.

I took his cock head in my mouth and used my tongue, licking around the head. He reached with both of his hands, grabbed me by the ears and pushed his whole cock in my mouth while he pulled my head down. I felt his cock head hit the back of my throat and I swallowed hard while he pushed it even deeper.

Then he started to buck his hips. It was a little painful but I loved it. He fucked my mouth and throat and soon I felt his body go stiff. He arched his hips upward while his hands kept my head tight against his crotch. Then he let go a load.

I kept his cock in my mouth. It tasted sweet. He made me roll over without pulling his cock out. Then he started to fuck my mouth again, this time on top of me. He belly crashed on my face while he fucked slow but hard. It took him a long time to come again. He almost crushed my nose when he did.

Afterward he rolled off my face and told me that I was better than any younger men he fucked. He told me that if I did not mind being fucked often, he would like to have me again. God was I excited. That's when I told him that I would love to be his slave. He told me that he had been looking for someone like me, a cocksucker who

enjoyed being submissive. He asked many questions, some of them very personal. I told him all about myself and my needs etc. He told me that I was perfect for his needs.

I told him about my friends and he said that he did not care what I did and with whom I slept as long as I did what he told me when I was with him.

Subway jammed with people (and cocks).

I was waiting for a subway and a guy about 22 years old was standing right behind me. It was a busy hour. The train pulled in and I was practically pushed in it. It was jammed with people. I was in the middle of the aisle. When the train started everyone lurched and I felt a body fall against my back. He said "Excuse me." It was the guy who had been standing behind me while I was waiting for the train. I told him it was all right.

It was so crowded his body stayed pressed against me. As the train lurched and swayed I could feel his hard on pushing against my butt. Again he said, "I'm sorry, I can't help it."

My left hand was jammed against my side but I moved it just enough so that I could feel his bulge with the back of my hand. He twisted just enough so I could feel his cock pushing against my hand. He didn't speak but his cock spoke clearly enough.

I twisted my arm around so that the palm of my hand was now pressed against his cock. I gently moved my finger tips up and down over his hard bulge. When we came into the Park Street station, he leaned close to my ear and said, "I'm getting off." He was just a little taller than me.

I felt hot and weak in the knees, a sign that I was hooked and will do whatever he wants. He was pressing hard against me and gently moving his hips, rubbing his hard cock against my hot hand.

The train stopped and I moved with the crowd, the guy right behind me. Once on the platform we faced each other. He looked very young but there was nothing immature in his behavior. "Let's go," he said and moved on. I followed. He stopped at the rest room and walked to the last booth, dropped in a coin and went in.

I looked around. There were a couple of guys loitering around the urinals but no one near by. "Come on," the guy said, and I got inside his booth and locked it. He was sitting down playing with his cock. God it was a beautiful stick, about 7 inches long. "Come on," he said, "suck my cock. You'll love it."

I was already defeated in the subway when I felt his cock pressing against me. I knelt down to take his cock. It was uncut. He had peeled the foreskin all the way back. It only smelled unwashed—there was

no visible cheese. It smelled manly.

He pulled my head down on his cock. He was brutal. I was not prepared for such a forceful guy; as his cock slid fast and hard all the way in, I grunted in pain and shock.

He whispered harshly, "O.K., cocksucker, I am going to fuck your mouth." He played his part well. He smashed my head hard against his belly. He thrust his hips in short, hard, fast motions.

I tried hard to swallow his cock. I kept swallowing. "Keep doing that," he said. "It feels good." I continued swallowing and swallowing. "Suck it dry, cocksucker," he said. "Get every drop."

After he came, I continued licking around his cock head. He pushed me away rudely, zipped up and walked rapidly away.

YOUTH SNIFFS TRUCKERS' SHIT-HOLES

FROM A READER–To my mind, there is nothing more important than a study of notable truck drivers' assholes that my nose and tongue have investigated. I think I have enough information to postulate that truck drivers tend to have more aromatic shit-holes than publishers and also that truck drivers' holes taste much better than editors'.

One of my very favorites in your books (I forget which one it was in) is an interview with a truck driver in which he reports on men who cruise truck stops because they are hungry for drivers' cocks. This is very true, but when I cruised truck stops I was chiefly hungry for drivers' shit-holes.

One of the many interesting facts I uncovered while sniffing out truckers is that though almost all drivers like to have their ass eaten (some are a little shy at first so it's best to start with the cock, move to the balls, and then zero in on the shit-hole), only half of the drivers I investigated wanted to get fucked. However, the ones who wanted it were most insistent on it.

An odd thing is that though truck drivers tend to be excellent at fucking, most do not prefer to fuck but would rather get sucked off or get fucked. I met very few truckers who were extraordinary suck-holes, though a number were competent at it.

Just because I have written cheifly about cocks and shit-holes, I hope you don't think that I am not interested in other things. I also care a great deal about feet, nipples, armpits, and articles of clothing (jock straps, socks, shoes, boots, etc.).

One of my favorite lines came from a truck driver. I was sucking on his boots while he was stretched out in his sleeper and he said, "When you're finished down there, suck my cock."

"HE WAS UGLY, WITH TERRIBLE ACNE."

SAN FRANCISCO–I've already written to you about the first time I saw another guy—my older brother—jack off. That happened up in the room I shared with him when I was a little kid. There's another fond memory of a time when I saw another guy do it and he didn't know anybody could see him.

I was working at a radio station in Minnesota and there was a big commotion during most of a week about a little kid who had disappeared. Teams of searchers looked through the woods. My boss sent me out to cover it and I spent a couple of days out in the countryside, checking with the sheriff, questioning local residents and scouring the ground for footprints.

The second day, I parked my car near the bank of the river that ran through the area and went down to the river-bank searching for any signs of life. As I rounded a sharp bend I caught sight of a guy of about 18 leaning against a big rock. He had his cock in his hand and was stroking it in a slow, steady rhythm. His balls were swinging to and fro as he stroked it and he had his head laid back.

I stayed out of sight and watched him and my own cock got hard. I heard him making soft moans and then he shot his load of cum on the ground. He paused for a long moment, still holding his cock, then shook the last drops of cum off it and stuffed it back into his pants, zipped up and started in my direction.

I gave a loud cough and he quickly looked my way. "Any sign of him?" he said. I said "No. I don't think he's around here." And I went on down the river to a place that was sure to be safe, took out my cock and jacked off.

One summer while in my teens I worked on a farm, helping to build a barn. The farmer's son, Jim, was a couple of years older than I was and he liked to act the role of a real tough guy. He was ugly, with terrible acne to heighten the effect.

One morning, Jim and I were hoisting rafters for the new roof. Down in the temporary corral, Topper, Jim's sister's pony, was tied to the fence. I noticed that the pony was getting a hard on. I'd never seen a horse cock before and it was a pretty remarkable sight. His cock kept getting longer and longer until it was the size of a man's arm. I sat on the ladder and looked at that amazing cock as it slowly swayed. Jim said, "There he goes again." He told me that Topper got hard ons frequently. I said, "If I had a cock like that I'd probably get hard ons all the time, too." Jim said, "Yeah, imagine what it would be like to have something like that."

We went on with our work. The sun was making us sweat. Jim had

his shirt off. I liked the sight of his chest; it didn't matter at all that he had such an ugly face.

After we climbed down Jim stepped to a pile of dirt and pulled his cock out to take a piss. He had a whopper. Soft, it was bigger than mine hard. After he was through pissing he gave his cock a vigorous jiggle. I was trying to think of a way of getting a closer look at the exciting cock but I couldn't.

When we finished work Jim suggested that we go down to the stream and take a swim. I said I couldn't since I didn't have a swim suit with me. He told me it didn't matter and that he swam bareass all the time.

As we walked to the stream, I was extremely excited at the prospect of seeing him naked. By the time we got there I had a hard on and I was shy about taking my clothes off in that condition. I did my best to keep my back to him but he saw my hard on and said, "Look what you got on." He jumped into the water.

When we got out, my cock got hard again and I felt like jacking off, but I was certain that Jim wouldn't like it. We sat on the grassy bank drying off in the sun. All of a sudden he reached over and took hold of my hard on. He stroked it rapidly and vigorously. I was excited as hell and I knew that he'd have me shooting in only a few more strokes.

His own cock was still soft but it was thick even when soft. I reached for it but he pushed my hand away. He brought me off in a short while and I shot cum all over myself. I washed myself off by the side of the stream and we got dressed and returned to the barn.

This was the only sexual encounter I had with him, but, simple as it was, it inspired me to jack off a good many times later when I thought of it.

"My nuts sure get sweaty."

I had various other summer jobs during my teens. One year I worked as a deck hand on a tugboat running grain and fuel barges on the Columbia River. We worked 20 days at a stretch and had ten days off before the next run. The boat carried a crew of two pilots, two engineers, two deck hands and a cook. I shared a cramped cabin with the other deck hand, a surly and unpleasant guy named John. He made it very clear the first day I came aboard that he wasn't into "messin' around." That was fine with me because John was not attractive sexually.

The chief engineer's helper, however, was. His name was Frank and he radiated youthful sexy energy. He had a friendly personality and a good sense of humor in addition to a good body and a well-packed groin.

During my first run nothing happened except that John got fired for getting drunk and calling the cook, Mrs. Cole, stupid. The pilot was so pissed off at John that he docked at Hood River and got rid of him. He radioed the office and told them to send another deck hand to replace John. I was glad to see him go.

On my second 20-day run, I had a chance to get to know Frank better. A lot better. One evening the steering engine broke down and we had to beach the barge we were pushing upstream. It took three days to get the necessary parts and make repairs. My roommate, the new deck hand, who incidentally had the same name as the one he replaced (John), left for a day to hitch a visit to a friend. I invited Frank to play cards in my cabin. He said he had a stash of beer we could drink.

It was hot and stuffy and we played cards in our underwear (Frank wore boxer shorts). I enjoyed my view of his chest and belly as we played a few hands of cribbage. I wished I could think of an easy way of just asking him for a chance to get into those white shorts of his. Frank made it easy. While studying his cards and making plays, he began idly fondling his groin. He was casual about it. "My nuts," he said, "sure get sweaty in weather like this."

Eventually I got up and moved over to Frank's chair. I told him to take his shorts off. He did, slid his chair back and spread his legs. I reached down and fondled his cock. He was uncut. I was almost drooling at the thought of getting that thing in my mouth. He had about seven inches, quite thick, and his piss hole was one of the biggest I've ever seen.

I sucked hungrily. He took several minutes to shoot his load. When he came he grunted and growled. His cream was tasty and I was thrilled to have it squirting onto my tongue.

Afterward, he told me that he got his first blow job from his track coach in high school. "There's nothing wrong about it," he said. "It's just a way of helping a friend have a good time."

For the rest of that summer, Frank and I had several more good times, usually when the boat was docked at one of our landings and we had the time to find some privacy.

He's been married for many years now and I've seen him a few times since that first summer. The last time was a couple of years ago when he came through town on business for a real estate outfit. I'd like to report that I sucked him off again for old time's sake but it didn't happen. There wasn't enough time for us to get together. One of these times, though, I surely will.

The joy of heterosexuality

That miserable bastard, Dan White, is now out of prison. But I hope that shit-head's punishment has just begun. Petitions have been filed to get him removed form the L.A. area. I feel sorry for his kids, but there's just no way they're going to be spared the agony of having Dan White for a father. He really fucked up by not blowing his own worthless brains out after slaughtering Moscone and Milk. If he had, his first kid, Charlie, might have had some hope of a decent life. The second child, Rory, was conceived during a conjugal visit while White was in the slammer. The kid was born retarded; it's enough to make me believe in Divine justice. Most likely White will find some remote place and spend the rest of his life wallowing in his arrogance and stupidity.

I don't think much about Dan White; he's hopeless and subhuman and his latent insanity was fully developed by Catholicism. I expect no more from these people than from a cobra. But I always expect at least some slight justice from the criminal justice system and it is this system—which gave White a slight punishment for assassinating Milk and Moscone—that is infuriating. In recent years, judges in Florida and Arizona have let murderers of homosexuals go free on the grounds that they, the murderers, were clean-cut American boys, good athletes and so on, and nothing could be gained by putting them in prison. What can I do but return to a more pleasant subject, the memories of the writer we have just been reading.
–B. McD.

"A first-rate cocksucker."

The other day I stopped at the Century Theater and saw a flick called *Pleasure Beach*. I was inspired by this fine work of art to haul out my cock and stroke it. A guy sitting just behind me leaned forward in his seat and reached over my shoulder. He took my hard meat in his hand and whispered, "That's a good cock; want me to suck it?"

I liked the way he grabbed my cock; his uncomplicated boldness. I said sure. He got up and moved around the end of the row to sit next to me. As soon as he was sitting, he took my cock in his hand and said, "I love cock." Then he leaned over and went to work. In the near-darkness I figured he was about 35. He definitely was a first-rate cocksucker and he played with my balls and asshole too as he gobbled and slurped on my dick.

While being sucked, I watched on the screen a gorgeous young black man wrap his astonishingly sensual lips around the cock of an Adonis who sat on the edge of a swimming pool.

Eventually the guy who was sucking my cock stopped and asked, "You wanna come?" I squeezed his head and said yes. He set about sucking me in just the right way to set me off. I was in ecstasy.

I'm sure you understand how much it affected me during the 60s when that amazing change took place in magazines, books and movies—the time when no-holes-barred erotic and pornographic materials began to be sold openly.

When I was a kid, I got very excited by *Sunshine and Health*, a nudist magazine that was sold at a regular magazine outlet. But there weren't many hot young guys in it, no hard ons, no overt hint that these nudists ever did anything with each other.

When I was in high school and college there were occasional "smokers" at which porn movies (straight of course) were shown. I was mostly interested in the male performers and especially in their big hard cocks. One of those old films had two "doctors" examining a young woman. One of the "doctors" takes out his big cock and unceremoniously shoves it into her pussy while the other, displaying an equally impressive piece of meat, sticks it in her mouth. I got so fucking hot from seeing those two young "doctors" and their magnetic cocks that I had to go to the men's can and lock myself in one of the stalls to jack off.

Then I remember when I was living in New York in the late 50s and I happened into a place just off Times Square and found some magazines that showed naked young men with fine bodies (but soft cocks). I couldn't wait to buy that stuff and take it home to beat my meat while looking at those guys.

It wasn't until much later, after I'd moved here to San Francisco, that I first laid eyes on a real sex magazine that actually showed hard cocks, sucking, fucking, etc. And then came the revolution in movies; it began in a safe way with *Pornography in Denmark*, which, though straight, was wildly exciting at the time. At long last I heard of a movie house in the South-of-Market district where I could go and see films of guys doing everything. I made a bee-line to the threatre and had a marvelous time for several exhausting hours. I must have jacked off four or five times and I was even thrilled to have a pleasant young guy step up to me as I sat in my aisle seat and offer his hard cock to be sucked. I remember that he had very small balls and that he made wonderful whimpers when he came. Another guy, sitting in the seat just ahead, turned around to watch and his right hand was flying up and down on his cock. He shot all over his clothes.

Japanese actor has "gourmet" ass.

A friend of mine has quite a lot of money and he has an impressive collection of homosexual videotapes, including copies of some fantastic movies made in Japan in the 60s and 70s.

One of my favorites in his collection shows a kid watching an older guy jack off by peeking through a crack in a fence. The kid pulls out his own big cock and jacks off too. He catches some of his cum and sniffs and tastes it.

One of the best items my friend has is a Japanese production called *The Man in the Mirror*, made in 1976. A very handsome young Japanese guy first appears in one of these student uniforms. There is a large, full-length mirror on the wall, and he stands there and regards his reflection in what seemed like a growing state of hypnosis. He moves his hands over his body, squeezes his groin and begins to remove his uniform. It's a fine strip number which eventually reveals a tight young body with only a small patch of pubic hair. His cock is straight out, about 5 inches and uncut, and he has a large pair of balls. His ass is really a gourmet item. As he caresses and strokes himself, another fine-looking young guy steps out of the mirror and they have sex. Using jump-cut trickery, the film shows a series of other men materializing out of the mirror and they all have very hot sex, very well performed. Finally, the "student" stands alone before the mirror and jacks off to his own reflection.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more thrillingly lewd than his orgasm. It was an exultant display of total ecstasy and the spasms and gyrations of his whole body as he shoots his wad are breathtaking. His facial expression becomes the very epitome of ecstasy and passion.

My friend and I jacked off while watching this. There's a wonderful, warm quality about jacking off with a friend. After the picture, I leaned over and spent a few minutes sucking his spent cock; he loves to have me do that after he comes. Like most guys he's extremely sensitive following orgasm, but I know just how to give him tender and delicate caresses with my lips and tongue. His cock is very thick and blunt, with a very large head.

MICHIGAN YOUTH LIKES FINGER IN HIS SHIT-HOLE.

ATLANTA–I discovered S.T.H. magazine when I moved here a couple of years ago and your books more recently. The accounts are horny and haunting and they call up memories from my 40 years of watching, handling and sucking men's cocks. I have had many thousands of experiences.

I'm retired at this point (early—I'm 55) with I suppose a "medium" case of muscular dystrophy. Very limited energy, which I happily choose to spend on handsome hard ons, my own and others.

Toilets, parks and other delightful sex arenas are out for me now, but I have a stable of studs. My most recent gimmick is ads in swingers' magazines and my respondents have been married guys and couples who want to "experiment" and, I suspect, don't feel threatened by an "older gentleman."

It's astonishing—many of these men are virgins, and I've been the first male mouth to touch their cocks. And some reciprocate. I've also been quite stunned when, with married couples in their 30s, I've been encouraged by the wife to give her husband his first male blow job or his first ass-fuck.

Unlike many gays, most of these swingers repeat and several have become good friends as well as increasingly satisfying and imaginative sex partners.

I have this curious feeling that I know you. I suppose the books give me the feeling that we've shared a lot of hot sex—and indeed we have.

Last summer I saw a kid through a glory hole in a K-mart toilet in small-town Michigan. He was about 18, short brown hair, round pale face with glasses, T shirt, and jeans around his ankles. His body was well shaped with solid arms and strong legs. He was seated leaning back, his fist loosely clutching a beautiful hard 7 inch cock, slowly jacking off. But the most arresting thing about him was his facial expression: bland, sober, absolutely joyless, eyes fixed blankly on his cock. He was not really a very erotic specimen, except that I can spend any number of happy hours watching any big stiff cock being jacked off, however unenthusiastically.

Though my eye was pressed firmly to the hole, he never glanced toward it; in fact he scarcely moved, except for his slow-pumping hand on his thick pink meat.

He just didn't look like a "participant," and I decided, well, I'll just memorize his pretty cock and watch him shoot some cum. However, he finally sat up and so did I, expecting that he was leaving; but no, a toilet paper note came through the hole "For five dollars I'll let you

have my load, I know a deserted farm house that's not too far."

I thought he was over-rating his charm and I wasn't enthusiastic about traipsing off into the countryside with a weird-acting kid, so I replied, "Haven't time."

He went back to his sad-faced jack off and I watched, of course, but wondered if there was a single calorie of lust in this kid's body.

About ten minutes later, another movement and he was on his knees, cock thrust under the partition. (His cock was too thick for the hole.) I went down on it and like all cocks, it was delicious. He quickly and routinely shot his load and left.

About two months later, at lunch-hour, eye glued to the same hole, I recognized the same kid. His dress was different: white shirt, tie, black pants, and a pen in his shirt pocket, but it was the same sad, unemotional jack off. I watched his beautiful hard cock for awhile and since I knew his routine, I beckoned under the partition. He knelt and thrust his thighs under. I got his cock nice and wet with my mouth, then backed off and started a juicy, circular hand job, enjoying the feel of his muscled cock. My other hand was rubbing his belly and thighs. Absolutely no response, and I thought, "Jesus, can't I even get a twitch out of you?"

After a few minutes, I wet my left hand and started kneading his balls, my fingers just brushing the skin behind them. At that point his hands appeared, gripping the underside of the rusty partition. "Ah hah!" I thought. I started jacking faster and eased my fingers backward until they were tickling his asshole. His knuckles turned white and his thighs tensed and started trembling. I rested my wet finger on the magic spot, then shoved it hard up his asshole. He let out a cry of pure animalism, lifted off the floor, and his cum arched through my booth.

"He started violently fucking my friend's mouth."

One weekend in the late 60s a young business associate visited Boston and we had dinner together. In the restaurant, over drinks, we got acquainted. I suspected he was gay but nothing was said. He was attractive and very good company.

After dinner we hit a nearby straight jazz piano bar where I had heard there was sometimes some action. It was crowded and noisy but fun, even though I could spot no gay activity.

We took turns using a single bar stool and drank beer. Sitting next to us was a masculine young guy, medium height, good athletic build, in a white T shirt, curly black hair, the face of a god. The three of us started bullshitting about music, politics, Boston. He was a summer college student, 18, bright, funny, irreverent and pleasantly drunk.

I had no particularly sexual thoughts, only that I was having fun and enjoying the company of these bright, handsome guys. The time passed quickly and we heard the bartender announce last call. We all groaned and nursed the last few sips of beer. The jovial mood was disintegrating. Without really thinking about it I said, "I've got almost a case of beer in my refrigerator." At once the party mood was restored and we took off in a cab for my apartment.

There was indeed a lot of beer and we drank it. The kid really enjoyed baiting us "older" guys (I was in my 30s and my friend in his late 20s) and we enjoyed putting him down. He was so damned good natured and attractive that it was all pure pleasure and I was completely taken with his charm and his beauty.

Naturally he made several trips to my bathroom. Well into the morning, as we were nodding, almost asleep, he weaved his way there again, only this time he returned in just his Jockey shorts; he was going to take a nap. I couldn't believe that I had here in my apartment the beauty of his tanned, muscular body. I pointed toward the bedroom and he disappeared.

My friend had fallen asleep on the sofa and I got a pillow and sheet, pulled off his shoes and pants, and straightened him out. In the bedroom, the kid had collapsed face down on the double bed, snoring.

I stared for a few minutes, then stripped and got in next to him. As I passed out from alcohol and exhaustion, I could feel the heat radiating from his body and I pressed my leg against his hot young thigh.

When I next opened my eyes it was light and I was fearfully hung over. There was movement in the bed and when I turned over I saw my friend kneeling over the kid, his mouth bobbing up and down on a hard 8 inch cock. The kid's eyes were closed, his mouth slightly open, breathing hard, but with no other signs of consciousness.

I moved close to him and started running my hand over his magnificent body. He was on fire. This must have gone on for ten beautiful minutes, then his knees came up sharply and spread. He grabbed my friend's head with both hands and started thrusting his ass and violently fucking my friend's mouth. I watched him writhe as he shot his load.

When the spasms ended, he got up with no words and disappeared into the bathroom. My friend just sat there in a daze and I was stunned and silent.

In a couple of minutes the kid reappeared at the bedroom door, dressed. "I've got to take off," he said. "Thanks a lot for everything." And he was gone.

My friend looked at me and said, "Did you see his face when he came?" I nodded and stretched out. He threw himself on top of me.

THE JOY OF HETEROSEXUALITY.

[The following review ran first in *Christopher Street* magazine.]
Mailer: His Life and Times by Peter Manso, Simon and Schuster, 718 pp. $9.95

Reviewed by Boyd McDonald

Caution: do not read this book if you are offended by people who are openly heterosexual.

Norman Mailer, to his second wife, in front of friends: "You're always worried about your fucking period. Let's don't talk about your period all the time."

The same wife, to one of their guests: "I like juicy, fuckable men; you're dry and unfuckable."

Guest: "Adele, if I were juicy and fuckable, the last person I'd want to fuck is you. You bore the shit out of me."

Adele: "Go fuck yourself."

Mailer wore boxer shorts—he didn't have the body, or, as he admitted (characteristically, on stage at Carnegie Hall), the dick, for Jockey shorts—while Adele wore Frederick's of Hollywood.

The fourth Mrs. Mailer, to Mr. Mailer, at dinner with friends: "You know why you need me? You need my cunt. If we keep arguing I'm going to hit you in your mother's cunt."

Mailer: "I'm going to pick you up and throw you through the window."

Mailer, to the dinner companion he was assigned at a party: "Now, what about you, smart cunt?" His companion was less beautiful than her name, Diana Trilling, and had perhaps never been called a cunt before. She enjoyed the novelty.

Shelley Winters, the movie star, charges that "Burt Lancaster was being unfaithful to me with his wife" and that "Louis B. Mayer was screaming at Katherine Hepburn that . . . he was going to tell Louella Parsons about her affair with Spencer Tracy."

As a joke, Mailer introduced his sixth wife to a friend as a woman who wanted to get into porn pictures. Mailer questioned whether she'd make it because she didn't have any "tits". "Oh, tits, what're tits?" said Mrs. Mailer, going along with the gag. "I got a terrific pussy." The joke backfired: the friend thought she really wanted to make porn pictures and encouraged it.

Mailer, to his four-year-old at dinner: "Susan, do me a favor. Shut up."

Susan: "Why do you say 'shut up?' Why do you not say 'keep quiet?'"

By the time Susan was 13 it was her thumb-sucking that Mailer objected to. "She sucked it in the most obscene way," he says, "jabbing it into her mouth. I said to her, 'Why don't you take your thumb out of your ass and go do your homework?'"

Susan's mother was more affectionate. When Susan "scratched herself," Mrs. Mailer said, "What's the matter, honey? You got sand in your pussy?"

Mailer's mother didn't like this sort of talk, nor did she like the hairy armpits of another of his wives. "She shaves her legs," a friend said to Mailer, "why doesn't she shave under her arms?" Mailer: "Cause it gets me hot."

She also had a moustache. "There you were," Mailer told her in recalling the night they met, "so beautiful, with this beautiful neckerchief around your shirt, and a moustache." Adele: "I guess I hadn't bleached it in awhile."

"Norman won't allow me to use cologne," his sixth wife says. "Once we were going out and I'd put on some cologne and he made me come back and take a bath."

"Get a whiff of this," Mailer said and held his fingers under the nose of his college roommate. Mailer had been on what heterosexuals call a "date" and had evidently scored a three (a one was for kissing, a two for feeling her titties, a three for "putting your hand up her crotch").

That Mailer may also have been fragrant is suggested by Sandy, his secretary. "Sometimes he'd wear the same T shirt for days without washing it," she says, adding, "or the jeans either." A writer, Alice Adams, once sighted him in "a dark blue blazer that was dirty and stained."

A lady would hardly marry Norman Mailer but at least one did: Lady Jeanne Campbell. But she turned out to be the least squeamish of his wives; she actually got into the conjugal fart-sack that had been used for decades by those two fag-baiters for the "conservative" press, Midge Decter and Norman Podhoretz. "They had a huge fight in my house," Podhoretz explains, "and Jeanne ran into our bedroom and jumped under the covers of our bed, literally hiding from him and refusing to leave."

The book is a monstrous anthology of comments by people who knew, and in many cases were married to, America's most obsessive exponent of joy through strength, virility through violence (he even supported young goons who killed an old grocer). As a boy in Brooklyn, he "knew more about masturbation than anybody else," which is no surprise to anyone familiar with his work. He "first got laid when he was 18," says a classmate. "He wrote me a . . . hilarious description

of going to a prostitute. She was an old bag but he figured he might as well get it over with." No matter how often I read that heterosexuals are anxious to have sex for the first time and "get it over with," it still seems strange to me. My own introduction to sex was earlier and pleasanter than Mailer's and hot rather than hilarious. Instead of wanting "to get it over with" I was sorry it had to end. Mailer seemed interested in sex as a test he had to pass, but women came to seem alluring for their harmlessness: "I can beat them up. Only with men do I act decently cause I'm scared they'll whop me. Isn't human nature depressing?" Mailer is too flaky to be interesting but the reasons why he is uninteresting are interesting. In his burlesque of heterosexuality he clarifies ordinary heterosexuals.

Having successfully seduced a prostitute, he found he could not just rest on his sexual laurels. Instead, perhaps from fear that he didn't really like women, he seemed to feel that heterosexuality had to be earned every day like money, and with everyone he met. He wanted to box many of the men he met or top them in contests of arm wrestling, head butting, elbow banging, or at least sexual insult. "What are you," he said in a typical troubled jest, "a faggot musician?" Though married, he prowled late at night; met, for example, two sailors (he insisted on wearing a sailor cap in the jacket photograph for *Advertisements for Myself*), and got into an inevitable homosexual brawl with them. "This guy accused my dog of being queer," he said. "Nobody's going to call my dog a queer."

Even his opposition to the Vietnam war seemed tainted by his inability to see that the war was just an inevitable outbreak of the same excessive heterosexuality he himself practiced. One of the main warmakers, President Johnson, was Maileresque in calling opponents of the war "nervous Nellies" and many of the men who went to Vietnam went for the Maileresque reason that they didn't want to seem queer. Mailer never saw that the Vietnam war was a heterosexual war.

To have married six times is never really to have married at all. His wives were a fairly hard lot; one was a boxing fan. One made fun of his masculinity and he publicly stabbed her (she lived). Even his sixth wife, the quietest of them all, publicly poured wine over the head of a man who proposed a toast to Gore Vidal, just as Mailer, at an earlier party, had thrown a drink at Vidal.

Mailer seemed unaware that there are men so sex-rich they don't have to earn their identity every day, like him; but he did have a coarse compliment for a homosexual poet who was free of all this. He wrote in *Ode to Allen Ginsberg,*

I sometimes think
That little Jew bastard
That queer ugly kike
Is the bravest man
In America.

Mailer's collaborator, Lawrence Schiller, evaluated his *Of Women and Their Elegance* as "a piece of shit," and Joseph Epstein spoke for many when he termed Mailer's *Ancient Evenings* "full of shit." Reviewers in general were aware of how shitty it was—it was a *tour de force* of advanced scatology in that one of its principal subjects was the faeces and flatus not only of humans but also of animals. But the reviewers failed to notice, or at least to mention, how homosexual the book was. *Publisher's Weekly* did cite a character who "has a strong taste for 'the buttocks of brave men,'" but in light of his ass-licking and ass-sniffing, it's the other way around: butt has a strong taste for him.

In fairness to Mailer, I should mention the possibility that his work may have turned out to be shittier than he intended; his secretary, Sandy, admits that her typing errors were "hard to catch because I'd turn one word into another, like 'the shit came into dock' instead of 'ship'." Sandy's error on this particular word is understandable in light of the frequency with which she had to type it, but so is Mailer's annoyance when she used it by accident. He was concerned that his shoddy concepts be dressed in just the right words, and once counselled Paul Krassner to use "cocksucking" in lieu of the more medical "fellatio." Where was Mailer when Krassner needed him most?—that is, when Krassner perpetuated probably the most preposterous pleonasm ever put in print, "male penis."

William Majeski, a detective who might be an arresting literary critic should he ever tire of police work, used Epstein's phrase, "full of shit," to depict the writing of Mailer's prison pen pal, Jack Abbott. Among Abbott's *oeuvre* is an article which perhaps gave Mailer and Robert Silver, who ran it in *The New York Review of Books*, stronger feelings of heterosexuality than they had ever known; the article called homosexuals "women." Acting butch is fun, but fraudulent; this particular time the fraud was exposed by Dean Brelis in *Time* when he wrote that Abbott visited a whore house and paid one of the women to just hold him. Typically, Abbott was a stud at the typewriter but not in bed.

It is easy to see why males like Abbott, Mailer, Silver, Podhoretz, and so on enjoy fag-baiting; it is this, not twat, that is the true joy of heterosexuality. But what can there be in it for the ferocious Midge Decter, who, born to be a boxer, somehow wound up as an editrix?

Perhaps she simply feels uncomfortable with men who aren't as hard as she is.

Let Chandler Brossard have the last word. He has an insight into Mailer's compulsion to box that never occurred to me and by God I think he's right. "It seems," Brossard says, "kind of homosexual to me."

"ONE OF MY FAVORITE SUCK-HOLES."

The Loading Dock bar in Orlando, Florida used to have a fairly active back room where I naturally spent a great deal of my free time. The chief activity in the back room was cocksucking and I particularly enjoyed servicing the straight cocks that would just happen to find themselves there. My own cock was well serviced by a number of talented suck-holes who seemed to live in that charming room.

My shit-hole didn't get much during these visits because very few of the patrons were into fucking. One night, however, a visit proved satisfying to my mouth, cock and shit-hole.

I had spent a considerable amount of time sucking cock and had gotten three good loads, one from a straight who just stood there like a statue and tried to pretend that he didn't know where he was and didn't have any idea that he had stuck his cock down a queer throat.

I had also gotten sucked off by one of my favorite suck-holes, an older queer who sat on a chair that the management thoughtfully provided him and sucked any and every cock that passed his way.

As I was about to leave, I felt a hand on my ass. Since I didn't resist, the hand gently pushed me to one side of the room, where there was a long table. Hoping to satisfy the urges of my shit-hole, I dropped my pants and bent over the table. That blatant act of sluttishness was rewarded. I felt a cock-head seeking entrance to my hole. I pushed back and my greedy hole swallowed the head. Confronted with such an invitation, the guy had no choice but to fuck me.

He had a fairly good sized cock and some experience in fucking, but this fuck is memorable because it was the first time I had my load literally fucked out of me. The angle of entry and the angle of his cock was such that it would strike my prostate on each forward lunge. Even though I had just shot off, I soon was hard again. And before long, as the stranger's cock continued to pound my hole, I came again. I didn't so much as touch my cock with my hand.

Soon he finished up in my ass and I decided to call it a night. I haven't met many men who fucked the cum out of me so I never forget those few that have.

–T. R. WITOMSKI

"HE ROLLED ME OVER AND ATE MY ASSHOLE."

NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA–Having read all of the S.T.H. Books to date and found them fascinating and unlike gay fiction, very convincing, I would like to contribute an experience of my own.

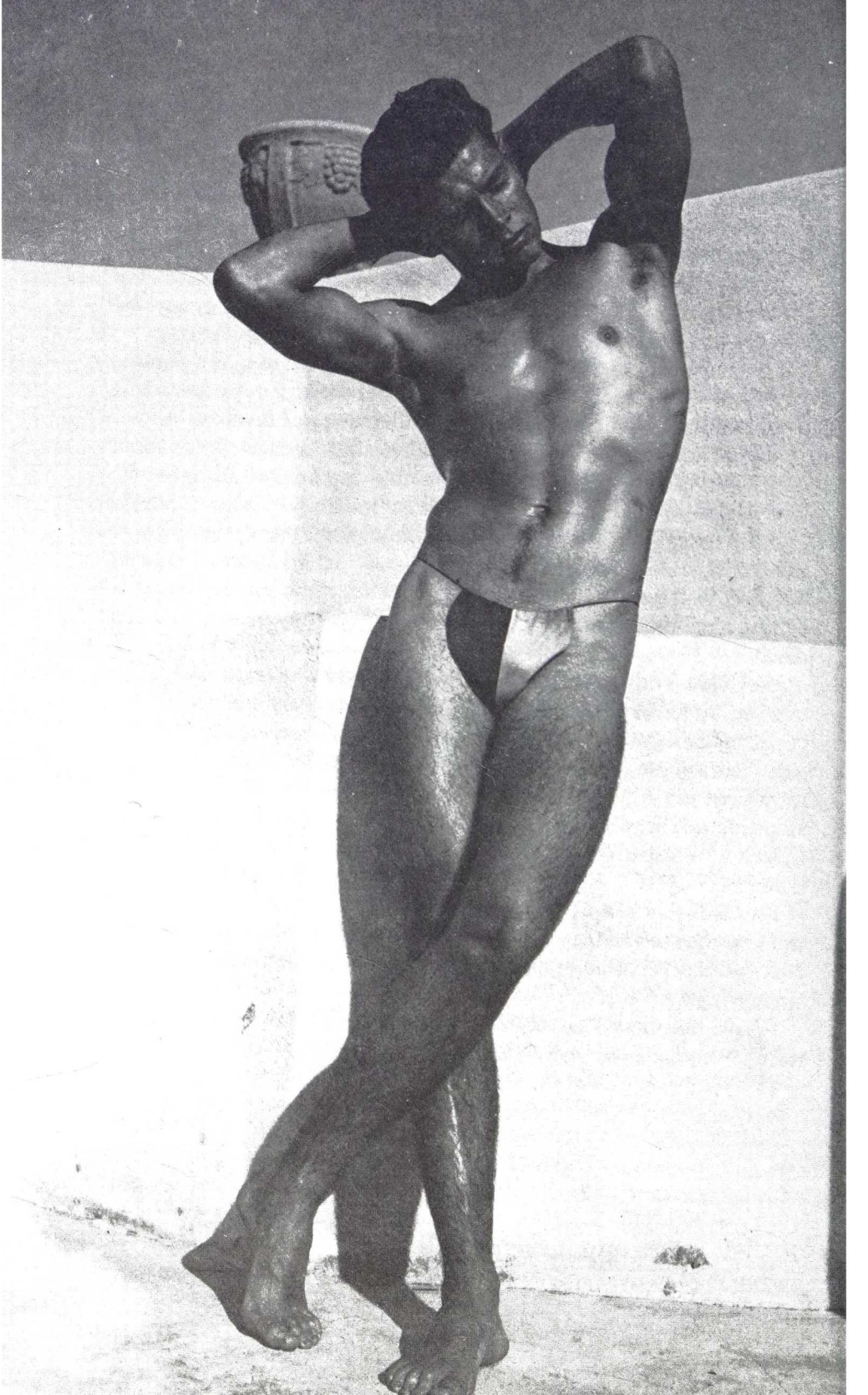
About five years ago I found myself with some vacation and went to the nearby city of Halifax to escape my lousy marriage (I'm now divorced) and the limitations of small town life.

I got a room at the "Y" and after unpacking went to take a shower. Just after I got under the shower, the shower room door opened and a good looking light brown haired well built man came in. He was about 30 and on crutches. After rinsing off he asked me back to his room where we talked for a while and he told me he was going in the Hospital the next day as he had been hurt in an industrial accident. As I got up to leave he asked me to stay awhile. But I was anxious to visit the bar scene in town. I returned to the "Y" at about midnight and decided to take another shower when I met my friend on crutches again. This time I asked him to come to my room where we had a drink.

We were both wearing only towels around the waist and as he crossed his legs I saw a semi-hard cock and nice furry balls. I couldn't resist reaching out to touch him and we were soon on the bed kissing with our tongues deep in each other's mouths. He worked his active mouth to my nipples which are very sensitive and soon had them standing up. He rolled me over and ate my asshole, chewing on my ass lips and forcing his tongue up as far as he could which really drove me wild.

I soon did the same for him and licked his balls and cock giving him the best mouth and throat workout I could. We finished with a mutual jack off and he came in a spray like I'd never experienced before or since which covered me like a refreshing dew.

I have had many gay experiences since but this one sticks in my mind although I never even knew his name.



HOT COCK PENETRATES LANGUAGE BARRIER.

LONDON–I'd had a few drinks one night in Prague, Czechoslovakia and really had to take a piss as I strolled back to my hotel. I went into an iron construction not unlike the *pissoirs* in Paris. I was halfway through pissing before I realized that standing next to me was a young Czech soldier. In the dim light I saw he had a wind-swept face and tousled hair, very much the country boy.

His arm moved rhythmically; he was beating his meat, as you say. I told myself I should get the hell out, but I stayed and started beating my own meat. Seconds later, a rough peasant hand reached round the divider and grabbed my pecker. I was about to do the same to his when I heard footsteps approaching. This was the time to quit, and quit I did

He followed me. Then he got in front of me, as though he was leading the way. Soon I realized that he was no longer in front—or behind either. The street, a side street between the cathedral and the river, was deserted and dark. I was passing the entrance to an old apartment block when I heard a hiss, and there in the unlit hallway was the soldier. I couldn't actually see his cock but I saw the arm movement. He was obviously jacking off. I knew it was insane but I followed him into the hallway.

He said something to me in Czech, which I don't understand. I said something to him in French, then English, neither of which he understood. But it was clear that he had a hot cock sticking out of his pants and was beating it. With his free hand he reached round me and fingered my butt.

I nodded my head in agreement. He stuffed his cock back in his pants and went to one of those light switches that work on a spring and keep the light on for a few minutes before automatically switching off. He led me up the stone stairs till we were near the top of the four-story building.

When the light went out I could just see his features in the faint light that filtered through a door on the lower landing. He was standing two steps above me and my head was level with his fly. He grabbed my hair and rubbed my face into the coarse uniform. I felt the solid meat inside. He unhitched his belt and pulled up his tunic, then ripped open the front of his pants and pushed down his underpants (the old-fashioned thick wool type, almost Long Johns).

His cock wasn't enormous but it was very straight and beautifully proportioned, with just enough skin to cover the head but leave the piss-hole exposed. His body was solid and smooth, his thighs like tree trunks. He was breathing heavily while I sucked on his dick. I didn't

suck on it long; he grabbed me roughly and yanked me up a couple of steps and got behind me. He would probably have ripped my pants if I hadn't been quick in releasing the belt and zipper. He had very definitely been looking for a fuck, and fuck he did. Rough and urgent.

He'd only been lunging at my asshole for a minute when I heard footsteps in the hall below. The staircase lights came on and I tried to break away from him to escape, but he fell over me, forcing me painfully over the stone steps, and went on fucking. I heard a door open and close somewhere below and the lights went out again.

There was a strong smell of boiled cabbage coming from one of the apartments. I will always remember that smell and the soldier's beardless face rubbing against mine as he dug his cock urgently up my rear. When he convulsed and started to unload, I realized I was sucking the thumb of his big right hand. He whispered something in my ear which I didn't understand; I hope it was words of thanks.

The action had lasted not longer than 10 minutes; he adjusted his uniform and left me to feel my way down the unfamiliar darkened staircase.

Cock-crazy communists.

I had a business date in West Berlin on a Monday and decided to fly in on the previous Friday in order to enjoy a weekend of debauchery in the gay bars. I decided to stay in East Berlin and commute by U-Bahn. It wasn't the first time I'd been in the Eastern sector but it was the first time I'd checked into a hotel there. It was modern, functional, two stars and second rate. On Friday night I did the gay scene in the Western sector and slept late on Saturday.

After lunch (good beer, lousy meat), I decided to explore the old parts of the sector; the show-shops and apartments spreading out from the Brandenburg Gate are too depressing. I wasn't dressed for cruising; in fact I was wearing a jacket and grey flannels. I accidentally came across a cottage [men's room] tucked away between a park and a section of overhead U-Bahn track. The moment I entered I got the scene; there was a lookout stationed near the door and three guys inside at the urinals. It was an old building, L-shaped, with four urinals near the entrance and four more round the corner of the L. There were two W.C. booths but these were out of action; metal bars were welded across the doors, suggesting that it was a trouble spot the police didn't want to patrol.

The guy in the doorway was making a pretense of buttoning up. He was dark haired, in his 40s I guessed, and wore cord pants and the kind of padded work jacket so popular in Eastern Europe. Near the door at one of the pissers was a young blond in denims and a Western

style jacket. As I took a urinal near him, I saw round the L bend that standing side by side at the other four urinals was a very hunky fair-haired guy, possibly in his late 20s, wearing very greasy mechanic's overalls (there was a metal tool box resting nearby on the floor), and a typical overweight German in a railway employee's uniform, balding prematurely, pink from high blood pressure. I felt some resentment from them, as though my arrival had broken up their action.

I'm usually cautious in a Communist country but on this occasion I decided it was safe. So I let the young blond see that I was giving my meat a few encouraging strokes. Immediately, he stood back from the urinal so that I could get a good view of his fresh young cock jutting from his jeans. Wow! I started drooling. It was big, fat, pink and moist and despite the fact that it was fully hard, his foreskin still fully covered the head of his cock till he eased it back and revealed the glistening purple splendor of the cock head.

"Are you American?" he asked in excellent English. My clothes told him I was not German, certainly not East German. I told him I was British. By this time the dark-haired guy had come in from the door and reached over the partition between the urinals to play with my cock. Satisfied that I wanted action, he nodded approval and returned to his lookout position.

I'd hardly got my hand round the youngster's pole than the fair-haired mechanic had dropped his greasy overalls. He was stark naked, his overalls round his ankles as he rested his arms on the urinal partitions and waited for the railway worker to screw him.

The youngster I was jacking off said, "He is here every day; he just stands there to get fucked by anyone who wants to fuck him. You want him?"

I was more interested in the young blond because, being cut myself, I am mad about foreskin. His was too good for a quick blow job at a urinal and I asked him if there was a safe plae we could go. He said, your hotel. I was doubtful but he assured me that in the afternoon it would cause no trouble. He said he had all the right papers and I.D. cards, even a Communist Party card. So I said yes.

As he had said, no one challenged us when I took him up to my room. His name was Kurt and he was 18, a medical student. He seemed comparatively prosperous and influential; he behaved toward the hotel staff with an almost adult authority, specifying the kind of Polish vodka and German lager he wanted sent to my room.

"A powerful stream of warm piss hit my face."

He wanted to get under my shower as soon as we were secure behind my locked door but I didn't want to miss the cheese under that foreskin. He was somewhat amused when I explained, and also flattered. I had him take off his jeans (he was proud of them as they were genuine Levi's) and sit with wide open legs on a hard upright wooden chair, still wearing his jacket. While he drank vodka and lager chasers I went to work on his splendid prick, squatting on the floor between his parted legs.

When his cock was fully hard, the foreskin still covered the swollen head. I inserted my tongue and began one of the longest and most enjoyable blow jobs I've ever given. I enjoyed the strong taste of cock cheese and the warm smells coming from his groin while he just sat there and moaned between gulps of beer. When I finally sucked him off, I told him he could have a shower. I stripped and followed him into the bathroom. He was about to piss. I've never thought of myself as a piss lover but his foreskin-covered hose was more than I could resist; I took hold of it as I dropped to my knees and sealed it with my finger tips, so that his piss built up inside his closed foreskin like a bladder. When I released it a powerful stream of warm piss hit my face. He'd had at least four beers. I wouldn't want just any guy to piss on me, but this one was special.

After we both showered, we returned to the bedroom. I don't remember exactly what else we did but I think I fucked him. I remember he apologized for not sucking my prick and said he would if I really wanted it, as I'd made him feel so good. But I hate compromising younger guys into doing things they don't want to.

He didn't ask for any money. We talked quite a lot before I took him out to dinner. He didn't say anything about wanting to "escape" to the West; he obviously had a good future as a medical student. But he did say he'd like to see the gay bars he'd heard about just a few streets away on the other side of the Berlin Wall. He had access to Western magazines and discs but asked if I could send him technical books about Japanese motorbikes. He gave me an address. I sent him several books and never got a reply. I'll never know why.

Arab Has "Huge" Piece of Meat— "I just couldn't believe it."

For many years, I've worked and fucked around the Middle East and North Africa, so I can write with authority about sex among Arab men and boys.

When I was at school, an older boy said that Arabs fucked a woman

for children, a goat for necessity but a boy for pleasure. It was several years later that I began to realize the profound truth of this analysis. Almost every Arab I've met has been bisexual. It is considered "normal" for boys and teenagers to provide sexual gratification for their elders, but when they themselves grow up and take a wife (or wives) their passive role is ended. It is not considered "normal" for a mature man to play the woman, but it is understood and accepted, albeit with a certain contempt.

This is where the Arab demand for money is often misunderstood: they are not by nature hustlers but they have to establish in their own mind when they have sex with men that they are men selling their services with the same honesty as a man toiling in the fields. As a result, a small sum will often "buy" the most gorgeous hunk of meat.

Customs change as they do in other parts of the world. The Mediterranean Arab is more Westernized than the Middle East Arab and the city Arab, particularly in international centres like Cairo or tourist spots like Tangier and Tunis, has all too often been perverted by Western ways. I wouldn't claim that the Arab has much sexual imagination—in the smaller towns and countryside and desert it is an insatiable desire to fuck young ass—but they are quick to learn and eager to please.

In Cairo, you can find any kind of sex with men and boys you may wish, at a price, and always with the strong probability of being mugged to add to the excitement. But the smaller towns of Egypt, Tunisia, Morocco and (before its present turmoil) Lebanon have much more to offer.

A major disappointment for me is that all Arabs are cut as part of their religion/hygiene thing,

It is not unusual for an Arab to keep *all* his body hairs shaved, while retaining a beard or moustache. I have often seen a man lying on a barber's couch, quite naked, with a young boy lathering his pubes while the barber hones his razor. The barber's boys are a good source of sexual supply.

Shaving was an important part of one of my most memorable experiences. It happened in Tunis about 15 years ago, before that city fell completely to the total corruption of tourism. I was walking down a wide ill-lit boulevard opposite the central wholesale market one evening. As I passed one of the palm trees lining the boulevard I saw a man pissing against the tree. Nothing unusual in that. But I stopped and looked at the huge, flaccid meat hanging from his denims. I just couldn't believe it. He saw me looking and a natural animal modesty caused him to move a pace around the tree trunk, out of my sight.

I just couldn't walk away; neither could I just stand there gawking,

so I walked over to the tree and unzipped and tried to piss while watching him. He wasn't particularly good looking—lean, tall, about 35. Pinned to his soiled shirt was a market porter's official badge.

When he realized my interest, he made no further attempt to hide that thick brown horse cock splashing out its warm piss. I reached out and felt the liquid coursing along the tube. He smiled and said something softly in Arabic which I didn't understand; the language is impossibly difficult.

It was impossible for my fingers to meet round his fat cock. I felt it begin to stiffen. We couldn't do anything there and to make matters worse I heard footsteps approaching. I zipped up and drifted away. I had gotten turned on and decided to head back to the centre of town and cruise Kennedy Park. I hadn't gone more than a hundred paces when I head a quiet voice behind me: "Chérie!" I turned to see the market porter, who had followed me. He struggled to communicate a few words of imprecise French. He wanted me to sit with him, drink mint tea, meet his friends.

Conversation was limited, but his friends didn't seem the least surprised that a foreigner should be sipping tea with them. He wanted to show me round the market; it was during the tour that he was called away by a foreman, and when he rejoined me he managed to convey that there was no work available for him tonight. We just drifted away together into the night.

I decided he was too great a discovery for a quickie behind the bushes. I was staying in a small Arab hotel, the kind you pay per bed per night, and as I wanted the room exclusively I was paying each day some four U.S. dollars for the four beds. I have never made a habit of taking casual pick-ups back to my rooms, but I sensed that this was different.

"I just worshipped that fantastic prick."

Aziz, as he turned out to be named, had a quiet nobility. He spoke for several minutes to the concierge in Arabic. There wasn't a trace of hostility, lewdness or guile from the concierge. He said, "Your friend asked me what kind of a razor you use. It is electric and it won't be suitable. I have what you need." He disappeared and returned with a barber's open razor, a soap stick and a brush. "Your friend would like you to shave him."

My room was the most unromantic imaginable. It had one harsh, uncovered light bulb and a hand basin in the corner with running water. This is a necessity in any Arab hotel; it was low enough for washing both feet and genitalia.

I began to wonder if Aziz knew what I had in mind; his desire to be

shaved, bizarre as it was to me, seemed so normal to him. As soon as I locked the door he took off his clothes. He wasn't really beautiful but he had the beauty of a perfectly healthy animal (and I do not mean to be derogatory in calling a man an animal). He hadn't an ounce of fat anywhere. He had well-formed but not over-developed muscles, and creamy skin. His main feature was his huge cock.

I saw that he had been recently shaved, because his pubic hair was not profuse, none of it longer than an inch. I wanted to sink down in front of him, but he fell on his back on one of the beds and spread his legs wide. His heavy, dark-skinned meat began to swell as I shaved around it. It dawned on me that I'd never be able to take his monster up my ass and that I shouldn't even try.

I undressed while he went to the wash basin and rinsed away soap and hairs and dried himself with a towel. He lay back on the bed in such a way that it was obvious he knew what my interests were and was not going to object. I just worshipped that fantastic prick. I used my tongue all over it and tried to get as much of it as I could in my mouth, but the most I could get was the head and that stretched my jaws so much they ached.

He turned off the harsh light and put me face down on the bed. He was sensitive enough to wait for me to reach for a tube of KY and he took a long, long time to ease that giant inch by inch up my hole. Never have I felt so totally had, before or since. He wrapped his muscular arms around me and began a slow fuck that went on and on. It was the most comforting fuck imaginable, and when his cum squirted into me his tongue was fucking my right ear. He eased his cock out slowly and went to the basin to wash.

I thought it was all over, that he was going to dress and leave me, but he returned to the bed and tried to make conversation in his inadequate French. I gathered that he had been taught the pleasure of having his cock sucked by a German tourist who couldn't take it in the ass on account of its size. He made no attempt to handle my cock; it was obvious that his was one-sided. I wanted to rim his asshole but he wouldn't let me, sensing, I guess, that I might want to screw him.

He stayed the night and fucked me again. When I woke up at dawn, he had gone. Hell, I thought, my cash and wristwatch have probably gone as well. Who was it who said he'd trust an Arab with his life but not with his billfold? Anyway, nothing was gone and I had just finished shitting out the night's cum when Aziz returned laden with fruit for breakfast. It was such a tender gesture—from such an animal.

I had an agonizing breakfast, wondering if I should offer him money, particularly as he hadn't had any work the previous night. He didn't ask for any and I decided it would be an insult. For the next few

weeks, every time Aziz had no work at the market he would come to my hotel for a shave.

Arab youth had "sweet-smelling crotch."

He must have sensed I was a bit disappointed that it was one-sided. One evening I returned to the hotel to see a boy sitting with the concierge behind the desk. This was Hoodah, the concierge explained, and he was "a very good and honest boy and Aziz had sent him to keep me company." Aziz had told the boy I was a friend, would not hurt him, and he was to make me happy.

I have never been a boy-lover though I love boys, if you know what I mean. Hoodah was very pretty, with black glistening hair and large eyes. As soon as we were alone he reached up and clung round my neck, inviting a kiss. I kissed him and slipped my hand under his ragged *jubbah* to fondle his body. He had a wholesome smell of some herb. His hands began professionally kneading my cock through my pants and it wasn't long before we were both naked.

He held my stem at its base and began to gobble. He did it well. We were soon sixty-nining on the bed and his sweet-smelling crotch, with its hard cock jutting out, was one hell of a new experience for me.

After I'd shot my load in his mouth I gave him some money and he put on his *jubbah* and scurried from the room. Moments later the concierge knocked to ask if the boy had annoyed me. I said no. I was not expecting him to return. He had money to spend; why return? The concierge said Aziz would be angry if he knew I had given the boy money, because Aziz had taken care of it as a present to me and he did not want the boy to hustle too greedily. Thank goodness I had given him very little money.

Anyway, he returned loaded with brightly colored sticky cakes and a bottle of Coke.

After we ate them, he suddenly stripped off his *jubbah* and fell back on the bed, displaying all his charms, beating his meat, giggling and rolling over to stick his butt in my face. Well, the light was soon off and I was sucking his ass like it was angel food. It had been sucked before. Often. His hole opened easily and eagerly and there wasn't the slightest strain of resistance as I penetrated the smooth warm hole with my tongue first and then my cock.

We didn't get much sleep; he was active in one way or another off and on all night. I only wished we had a language in common; I longed to know how he'd acquired his experience.

When Aziz came to my hotel a few nights later he asked the concierge if the boy had satisfied me. I had to leave Tunis at the end of the month and when I returned a year later was unable to trace Aziz.

Fucked by four in Oran Park.

Many years ago, when I was young and gauche, I saw a "donkey show" in Cairo. I was with several other guys—"straight" I think—in a tourist bar and the show took place in an ill-lit back room which was heavy with stale smoke and body odours.

At the time, the thing that struck me was how sexless it all was, even making allowances for my disinterest in the middle-aged, overweight, gruesomely made-up woman who was the human half of the cast.

The donkey tender and his boy masturbated the animal's black dong and, with difficulty, guided it into the woman's snatch as she lay underneath it on a straw filled sack. The man and the boy were both laughing—at themselves, at the woman, at us. They had no hangups; they found sex funny.

Before Algeria went Communist, I was in Oran. I got into conversation with a soldier in the park who could cope with my hesitant French. He was sitting with a group of three other soldiers. He was sending out vibes which said yes, yes, yes. The result was, he said goodnight to his three friends and we walked off together to find a secluded place among some bushes. He didn't want me to suck him or even to handle his cock, which I only felt through the thin material of his khaki uniform. He wanted me to strip and lay face down on the grass; then, in an urgent, unimaginative way, he fucked me.

When he finished, he pulled out and I began to get to my feet, but other hands restrained me. I felt another guy position himself where my friend had been, and another stiff prick went into my ass. Again, as the second guy withdrew, a third took his place. The other three soldiers he was with had followed us and, whether I wanted to or not, I had to satisfy them all. (I didn't put up much of a struggle.)

When they finished, they helped me to my feet. All four were grinning like children who have done something mischevous. As we walked back to the lights, I gave my friend, the first of the soldiers, a little "present" of some money. The other three put out their hands too. I said indignantly, "You were not invited!" My friend made the interpretation into Arabic and all four soldiers burst out laughing.

There was no resentment from the three. I told them they could earn a "present" if they let me fuck them. That stopped the laughter. No, they explained, that would not be possible, as they were men.

The "men" (none older than 20, as they were all conscripts) finally disappeared into a movie house, each with a "present," unearned, which I had volunteered.

2 Arabs, Englishman help U.S. Marine fuck boy's shit-hole.

Let me tell you about another military man, a U.S. marine. It happened in Beirut, which, before the present situation in Lebanon, was one of the most beautiful and relaxed fun cities of the Middle East. The U.S Navy was making a courtesy call and the marine had gotten himself separated from his buddies, had drunk too much (Beirut was one of the few Arab cities where alcohol was easily available) and had ended up in the old Moslem sector.

That evening I was with Ahmed, whom I'd known for several years. He was a projectionist in a movie house, 32 years of age, and had a boyfriend, Samir, who went everywhere that Ahmed went; so the movie house owner had a rewind boy for free.

A night in bed with Ahmed and Samir was always a night to remember. In order to avoid embarrassments all round, we would go out to the city suburbs, where one of Ahmed's friends ran a small cafe; he would let us use a room equipped with a bed which, if not clean, was at least large. The marine happened to be sitting alone in a cab when Ahmed, Samir and I descended on it. He couldn't understand why the cab driver was refusing to take him immediately to the landing stage where the Navy ship was docked. The reason was that he'd got in a "service-taxi," which only operates when it has three or more passengers, the fare being equally divided among the occupants.

The Marine was quite cute with his close-cropped hair, freckled complexion and southern drawl. Samir thought he'd struck oil and threw himself in the back of the car, pressing himself tightly against the marine while I climbed in beside him. Ahmed sat in front with the driver.

We'd hardly been going a couple of minutes when Samir pulled up his striped *jubbah* and pulled down his green briefs. He grinned at the marine and uttered one of the few English sentences he knew: "You like fuck?" The marine was scarcely more articulate. "Jesus!" he gasped.

And "Jesus" was about the only word he uttered the rest of that evening. Ahmed said something to the driver, who knew me from previous trips, and we headed in a different direction from the landing stage. Ahmed told me later that he mistook the setup, thinking that the marine was a friend of mine who'd been waiting for us in the cab.

Samir made a pass at the marine's groin but had his hand knocked smartly away, so he made a pass at mine and was soon jacking my meat while also jacking his own. "Jesus," the marine said.

"He only wants to be friendly," I said. Samir sat on my lap, and although my cock didn't penetrate his bumhole I got the exquisite feel of it with my cock.

"Don't you want to fuck Arab boy, sailor?" the driver asked.

"Jeez," the Marine said, "let me out of here." The only effect this had on Samir was that he made another, more determined pass at the marine's crotch and this time held on like a ferret to its prey.

A few minutes later, I wasn't surprised to see that Samir had captured his prey; the marine's pants were open and his meat hung out. Ahmed wrapped his lips around it.

The car bounced over a rough track and came to a halt. Ahmed and the driver apparently wanted to encourage the wanton Samir just for the the hell of it. Samir was deep-throating the embarrassed marine and I didn't help matters by reaching over and feeling of the marine's hard butt.

Ahmed said something to Samir in Arabic. The boy let the marine's dick slip from his mouth and, pulling his *jubbah* up under his arms, laid face down over the car. "I don't do these things," the marine said, but the two men positioned him behind the boy's butt. Ahmed held the marine's hard on in position and guided it into the boy's waiting hole. Once in, he didn't take it out, even though he said once again, "Jesus." He bucked to and fro and there was no doubt from his dripping cock when he pulled out that he'd shot his wad in Samir's hole. The marine wiped his pecker on his shirt tail and pulled up his pants.

"Gimme! Gimme!" said Samir, already asking for payment. The marine was in too great a state of shock to respond and we decided that Samir would have to regard his services to this particular representative of the U.S.A. as free.

We all got back into the taxi and drove to the landing stage. The marine reached for some money to pay the driver. "No charge," I said. The marine thanked me and staggered off to join his ship.

As he was driving Ahmed, Samir and me back to our bed of sin for the night the driver asked, "What happens to a guy like that if someone actually starts shooting at him?"

Airline steward shows beach boys how to suck their own meat.

A few years later I met a Pan Am cabin steward in Beirut. He was eating with the rest of the crew. I was at an adjacent table with business colleagues. Our eyes met while we wre both looking at the same young waiter.

I didn't see the steward again until the following afternoon. He was flesh-hunting on the same stretch of beach as I. He told me his name was Dean and he had a 48-hour stopover and he liked them young.

It wasn't long before we'd collected enough young meat around us

for a ball team. Dean spoke Arabic so that our conversations were not limited to boys who could understand my indifferent French. Needless to say, all the boys were hoping to make a score without letting their buddies know they were trying. The result was, no one scored. Their every diplomatic ploy was somehow defeated and neither Dean nor I managed to get a trick alone in the dunes.

One by one the ball team drifted away, leaving a hard core of four boys who refused to drift, none being willing to leave the field of play free to the others.

We were sunning ourselves, secluded by the dunes from the rest of the beach. Dean asked the oldest boy who had the biggest cock. The boy grinned and said he did. The others said no, he was older but his cock was smaller than theirs. This at least started things, because moments later all four boys had their bathing shorts off and, stark naked, were manipulating their cocks into hard ons.

The youngest appeared to have the biggest but he turned coy when Dean wanted to measure it, and refused to let us handle it. How many times a day did he jack off, Dean asked. Lots. Did he like sucking cock? No, but he liked tourists to suck his cock.

Then Dean made a big mistake. If you like your cock being sucked, he said, why don't you suck your own cock instead of jacking off? All four boys were fascinated; they were incredulous that a man could suck his own cock; they had never heard of it. The oldest boy challenged Dean and he had to give a demonstration. Dean was a well-built guy in his late 20s. His cock was uncut and long—not thick, but *so* long. He lay on his back, rolled up his beach towel and wedged it under his head, raised his legs over his head till his toes touched the sand, and sure enough the head of his prick slipped between his lips.

This raised a big laugh from the boys. They had to try it. So there were the six of us trying to suck our own pricks. The boys were laughing and if Dean had been hoping for some serious action with any of them, he was out of luck. At least we got some good gropes as the boys tried to eat their own dicks.

The youngest was able to get a good half of his cock into his mouth. Pretty soon the boys tired of the game and ran off to swim. When they came out of the water, the spell had been broken and they drifted off along the shore towards the city.

Both Dean and I had hot nuts. I don't think he approved of the idea, but I told him to up-end himself again and, while he sucked himself off, I'd screw his asshole. I found the position exciting, but we decided to cruise separately the following day. I often wonder if that Pan-American chicken hawk ever made out without reducing his tricks to helpless laughter.

Apprentices to carpenter have advanced shit-holes.

Late one afternoon, I was wandering among the narrow passages of Casablanca. I had no specific sexual purpose in mind. I passed a carpenter's shop, cavernous and dark. Two apprentices were at work. I paused to watch them. The older boy saw me watching. We exchanged fleeting little smiles and I walked on.

Presently, I realized that he was following me in the crowd. He was doing everything possible to make contact. I made it easier for him by pausing to buy some nuts. He hesitated on the fringe of the stall that sold nuts. I gave him some and we nibbled nuts together as we walked on.

He spoke a little English; his father made him spend the money he earned on English classes. Suddenly he blurted out, "You want *nikki* (sex)?" I said I always wanted sex. He said it was safe to return to the carpenter's shop, as his patron was away for an hour at evening prayers.

I asked what about the other boy and he said, grinning, that he liked to make love too, then added seriously, "We not *nikki-puts* (whores)."

He had a dark brown face, thick lips, glistening black hair and a muscular body under his loose-fitting white shirt and tight-fitting denims.

So there I was with the two carpenter's apprentices in the back of the cavernous shop, in the furthest store room, where wood of all sizes and shapes was neatly stacked.

They may not have been *nikki-puts* but the older boy made it clear he'd expect a "gift" towards his English lessons. He said fucking was "very good exercise," and it wasn't long before we all had our pants round our ankles and I was sliding my dick up the younger boy's butt while the linguist was screwing me.

"I was thrashing about under this welcome violence."

About a year later, I was on the beach at Sidi Bou Said, the delightful seashore suburb of Tunis. A youth was walking along the water's edge carrying a box of fish on his head. He was about 20, graceful, head erect, walking like a cat. The moment he saw I was looking at him, he turned and walked towards me.

He stood looking down as I lay there and indicated by a gesture that he wanted a cigarette. I don't smoke but I always carry cigarettes for times like this. I handed up a pack of cigarettes and a box of matches. He balanced the fish box on his head as he lit up, while at the same time thrusting his hips forwards and backwards to display the movement of his big piece of meat, which was laying down the right leg of his well-worn denims.

His French was almost as bad as mine. It is unusual for peasants and fishermen to speak anything other than Arabic. He said it would take an hour to deliver the fish in the village and would I still be on the beach when he returned. I said yes. As I reached up to take back the packet of cigarettes, he deliberately pressed my hand over his tempting meat. I was hooked and he knew it.

When he returned, he settled on the sand beside me and came straight to the point in a business-like but not objectionable manner. He opened his fly and exposed his cock. It was a splendid size even when soft; what might it be like hard?

He had to get back to his patron, whose boat was further down the beach, within the next half hour. If I wanted him to screw me it would cost ten dinars (only a dollar!). As there were too many people on the beach for safety, he knew a little park where we could go.

Like an idiot, with my tongue hanging out for it, I let him escort me a short distance along the beach till we came to a rough path that led up the low cliffs. Sure enough, at the top of the path was a park full of flowering plants, bushes, trees and lush grass. It didn't take me long to wrap my lips round his dick. He flipped me over for fucking. I kicked off my sandals and slid my swim briefs off, dropping them with my other things in my beach bag. I was stark naked. The boy kneeled between my legs with his giant prick and went to work.

I was thrashing about under this welcome violence when I became aware of feet to one side of me. I saw ahead of me a man running through the bushes and out of sight, carrying my beach bag. It contained my clothes and my day's supply of money.

I tried to get to my feet to chase the thief, but the boy was reaching a climax in my ass and for the time being wasn't in the real world. He kept pounding away and by the time he'd shot his load there seemed little chance of recovering my clothes.

"Give me ten dinars!" he demanded. He was standing over me. Why are beautiful cats so stupid? How could I give him ten dinars? But I wasn't thinking highly of my own intelligence either, because it was dawning on me that this was not the public park he'd implied, but a private garden; and in all probability the thief was not so much a thief as the owner's guard.

Then I thought maybe the boy was setting me up, that the thief was one of his buddies. But the boy wasn't that bright. He was obsessed with the ten dinars. His mind worked in a simple pattern: one load equals ten dinars and any deviation from that pattern would be abnormal.

I didn't relish the prospect of walking into the Sidi Bou Said police station stark naked to report a theft. The alternative was obvious:

borrow the boy's clothes. He had a tattered shirt, threadbare denims, old sandals and, for himself, striped swim briefs as underwear, surely enough for him to return to his patron down the beach. But he was loathe to part with his precious shirt and pants. I finally got it into his beautiful, dim head that he'd eventually get 20 dinars if he just let me borrow the shirt and pants and sandals. He suddenly showed a spark of intelligence. "How do I know you'll come back with the money?" he asked. I held his meat. "This," I said. "I promise I'll come back for another throw."

So there I was, without a cent, dressed in the smelly, tattered rags of a fisher boy, loping around the fashionable suburb of Sidi Bou Said, trying to find an English-speaking cab driver to whom I could explain my plight and get some service. I found three at a cab rank and got back to my hotel and to a bank.

Lays ten whores at one party.

I felt more at ease having clean clothes; I wrapped the boy's in a plastic bag for the return trip to the seashore. I found him my his boat with his patron, a leathery-faced man with several day's growth of black stubble. The boy must have told him the story; his decayed yellow teeth were grinning at me as the boy scrambled back into his rags. I paid him his 20 dinars; he gave his patron ten and said he'd walk with me back to the cab rank. I knew, and the patron probably knew, he wanted another throw.

As we walked, he said he was sorry for what had happened in the gardens, that he'd taken men there before without trouble but he thought the garden now had a new guard. It was late in the afternoon by now and the beach was deserted. We found a secluded spot behind a rock and I was soon working on his fat brown dick again.

Damn—he hadn't got it buried up my ass longer than a minute than I saw feet at the side of us. I reached out for my pants; I wasn't going through all this again. As I twisted under my fucker, I saw that our visitor was his patron looking down at us as we fucked. In his hand was my beach bag. I tried to break away from the boy on top of me but he'd gone too far to stop and he kept at it till he shot his wad. When he at last drew his cock out, the patron said he'd gone to the new guard at the villa on the cliff and explained that I had not intended to trespass. The guard returned my beach bag intact; even my spending money was there. I returned to the city by train.

One of my regular tricks in Tunis was Mohamed, a postman's son. I'd known him since he was 18. He'd done his two years of military service and was now 20, and with the increased number of tourists he was returning to hustling. Every year he became more aggressive at it.

I wouldn't guarantee that he was totally honest with all his clients but he was with me and had been from the first time we met. He was obviously delighted to upgrade our relationship from "client" to "friend."

He'd asked me to bring him some sex toys from London. In fact, I'd picked them up in Amsterdam. I knew I could usually find him hanging around the station where the little train leaves for Sidi Bou Said or else whoring along the main road near Kennedy Park.

The evening I delivered his toys was a rainy one. I found him in the shelter of the station forecourt and suggested he return to my hotel which, being a small two-star establishment, would present no problems. But he had something else in mind. We trailed through the wet streets from cafe to cafe, picking up a motley collection of young hustlers, Mohamed's friends, and we ended up in a two-room apartment near the wholesale market owned by a grossly overweight queen named Raymond, who was half French and half Tunisian and who had a young trick by the name of Wafi living with him.

In all, there were nine or ten young whores. Mohamed handed Raymond a fistful of money and asked him to go out and buy what he needed to fix a *cous-cous*. Then he opened his packet of sex toys and the fun began. And I do mean fun; they were really toys to Mohamed and his friends. Vibrators, dildos, cock rings, a collection of rubbers. It was like giving deprived kids an electric train set. There was nothing seriously sexual about their antics; with no inhibition they experimented with the vibrators, showed off their cocks encased in decorative rubbers, adjusted cock rings and chains. Raymond and his boy, Wafi, prepared the meal as though there wasn't a cock in sight. It takes some concentration to cook a meal while a young whore is jacking off in a brightly-colored rubber with a vibrator up his butt.

From time to time one of the young whores would lead me into the bedroom; Mohamed expected me to service them all before the evening was over. Finally Raymond took me to one side. "Wafi is unhappy because you have ignored him," he said.

"But he's your boy," I protested.

"He'll be very disappointed. He thinks you don't like him. He'd so like you to blow him, but you won't screw him will you." So I went into the bedroom with Wafi and blew him. He was as proud a a soldier receiving a medal when I gave him a packet of candy-striped rubbers.

At last I staggered out into the street, having taken care of all of the youths. It wasn't an orgy—we discreetly went two by two into the bedroom. "You're one of us," Raymond said as I left; it was one of the nicest things an Arab friend has said to me. I shall always regard Tunis, Beirut, Cairo and Tangier as my real home; and if you should

come across a hustler in Tunis with a cock ring and brightly-colored rubbers, thank me.

"You're degenerate, man. Degenerate."

My father, a law-abiding mouse, never seemed to have an opinion on anything—except blacks. He hated them. He'd never met one and he went to his grave never having met one. The day of his funeral there were riots in Notting Hill (West London), with blacks bashing white cops who'd been hassling them. At the time, a black guy was renting a room in my London apartment. We'd had each other but it wasn't an affair, just a friendly business relationship. I came back from the funeral to find this black guy had cleaned up the whole apartment, bought groceries and fixed me a meal. I wonder if my old man twitched in his grave.

I've always been switched on by blacks, ever since I was a kid. At first it was for all the wrong reasons: in the town where I grew up there was not a single black, then the war brought the American G.I.s and swabbies, many of them black, and after the war a Socialist government welcomed black immigrants from our former West Indian colonies. Chasing black meat was a new experience, a novelty; if Britain had been a black country I'd be chasing hunky white Southerners for a change.

When you're 16 and offering your mouth and asshole for the satisfaction of a nigger, you find it hard to understand why they play hard to get and, having been got, react with a combination of guilt and resentment.

I was walking home one night in the wartime black-out from the YMCA when I saw a black U.S. sailor stand against a tree to take a piss. I paused to watch. At first he wasn't sure I was watching. When he saw me he made no effort towards modesty, but in fact moved a pace so I could get a better view in the darkness. When he did that, it was all I needed to encourage me to come close and watch the long, rubbery hose hanging from the open flap, splashing warm piss against the bark of the tree. He didn't say a word and I didn't either.

When he finished pissing, his hand gave his meat a few strokes. I could see the head emerging from the foreskin. We both looked round to make sure no one else was near and a moment later my white hand clamped round his black dick. It swelled and I got down to gobble it. I was still licking the last drops from his piss-slit when his fist crashed into the side of my head and he spoke for the first time: "You shouldn't have made me do that, Whitey." I was dumbfounded; it wasn't the way I'd seen the situation at all.

A couple of years later I'd left school and found a job in London;

Hitler was having his last fling with doodle-bugs (flying bombs). I was cruising the toilet at one of the smaller railway stations, which was usually good value, and saw a really hunky black G.I. go into a booth. I immediately took the one adjacent and I was in luck: there was a glory hole, small, but a hole nonetheless. When I looked through, to my delight the soldier was laying back on the toilet, pants round his ankles, shirt rolled up, slowly beating his meat.

I made hissing noises through the glory hole, but his only reaction was to block the hole with a wad of shit paper so I could no longer enjoy watching his solitary hand job.

In desperation, I scribbled a note reading, "Let me do that!" and slid it under the gap at the bottom of the partition. The guy completely misunderstood because he passed the girlie magazine he was looking at to me, assuming I wanted to look at it while I jacked off.

I left my booth and tapped gently on the door of his. At last he opened the bolt. "What do you want now, man?" he asked from behind the partly-open door. "Let me show you," I said. He hesitated, but let me push open the door and bolt it behind me. I reached down and got a firm grasp of his meat. I wanted him to lay back on the toilet so I could work on him better, but he refused; he just stood, leaning against the tiled wall, while I got to my knees and gave him head. I guess he was thinking of the white tits and cunt in his magazine while I blew him, but I didn't mind. His cock was so hard there was no play on the foreskin. While I was sucking the last of his cum out, he roughly pushed me away. He didn't actually beat me but I could tell he was mad. "You're degenerate, man. Degenerate." He hitched up his pants and was gone.

"I stuck my face in his sweaty butt."

The West Indians began arriving in Britain in the early 50s. At first, there was no white backlash and the gay community welcomed them with open assholes. But careless abandon of our holes to them was not enough to cement race relations. It never occurred to my innocent white mind that a black could show contempt for *me*.

I was cruising the underground and railway stations round the dockland area of East London, which was always good for rough trade. There was a black porter cleaning up one station toilet with a mop and bucket. It was a non-sexual night and this particular toilet was a dead loss, and probably always had been.

I stood at the urinal longer than was reasonable, hoping the porter would show some interest. He did. I was still young enough to look like a boy and "boy" is what he called me: "You playing with yourself, boy?" I said there was no one else around for me to play with. He

asked me if I was thinking of his black dick while I was jacking off. For reply, I reached behind me and groped the front of his thick uniform pants.

He walked away and for a moment I didn't know what he was doing. He went to the cleaning cupboard, produced a "Closed" sign which he hung on the entrance door and beckoned me to one of the booths.

I realized as I joined him that he was quite an elderly man, very black, with lips thicker than I had ever seen and a small moustache.

He dropped his pants and I stuck my face in his sweaty butt crack. Then he turned to face me and I opened my mouth to gobble his cock.

One night at speakers' corner in Hyde Park, I picked up a teenager named Khalik—or rather he picked me up with a plausible story. He needed a place to stay for the night and I couldn't resist offering him my bed.

The best thing about Khalik was the way he treated sex as fun. That was the only moral thing about him.

Naked on white sheets, he was a big piece of chocolate ready to melt in my mouth, but his hair, poor kid, was a mess; his mum had been trying to straighten out the kinks with some dangerous preparation. But his butt—two gorgeous black mounds—made up for any shortcomings at the top and his dick, though not particularly big, was almost constantly hard.

He was an appalling cock-tease. He laughed a lot, first at my attempts to get him to lay still long enough to be blown, then at my efforts to screw him. He let me stay up his butt for a good ten minutes, only to wriggle away just before I shot. He finally agreed to screw me, but here again he withdrew at the vital moment and stood at the side of the bed and splattered his teenage cream over the telephone.

By dawn, he was asking for money and threatening to tell his ma and pa that I'd abused him and I should be put in a stinking British jail. I'd reached the stage of development where I was impervious to such blackmail and I threw the little cock-tease out of the house with a warning of my own—that I'd tell the cops he was hustling if I had any more trouble from him.

One night about three weeks later, he had the gall to ring my doorbell and ask if I could provide him with a place to sleep for the night. I was about to throw him out but he said, with a cute smile, "I promise to behave this time."

"Why didn't you last time?" I asked.

The reply was simple and somewhat devastating: "You laughed at my hair." I hadn't realized how sensitive blacks could be about such things.

Then he said, "You will pay, won't you?"

I told him I was not in the market for a hustler. The little bastard had an answer for that: he had a customer waiting over a cup of coffee nearby but neither he nor the customer had a bed for a quickie. I succumbed to his youth and beauty and let him use the bed with his customer. It *was* a quickie, about 30 minutes in all, for which, he said, he got five quid.

"I guess you like this bit best if you're queer."

True to his word, he was a good sex partner when he wanted to be. He really enjoyed homosexuality; it obviously wasn't only a business. I think I convinced him it was best for him to ignore his mother's attempts to straighten his hair.

He wanted to use my apartment for other customers but it was too great a risk, and I decided not to let him.

I think the main reason I've always enjoyed sex with blacks is not the size of their cocks (they are no better endowed than whites on average), but their good humour (with which they are considerably better endowed than whites). I have happy memories of one night in particular. I've always shared my home-base with a lifelong friend and lover. Our working lives and travels keep us apart for long periods. He had a black friend I'd never met and I had a black friend he'd never met. We invited them one night for dinner. Mischa was a refugee from South Africa and George was a Jamaican who'd apparently deserted his wife and kids. Both were about our age, late 20s or early 30s. The moment they met they sparked a high camp game of verbally abusing each other. They loved using every foul term against blacks used by white bigots.

After dinner, they had their choice of white mouths and asses. It was one of the most *happy* fucking scenes I can remember.

Then there was Joe. I picked him up in Hyde Park late one night when I was cruising speakers' corner. He was enormous, drunk, staggering around in his skin-tight denims and polo-neck sweater. He was too far gone to respond to any eye work. I knew the unwritten rule: never pick up a drunk, particularly a black drunk, especially a big black drunk. But I was sick with desire for this handsome brute.

I managed to get Joe into my apartment and on the bed. I pulled his clothes off and put them in the washer. When I returned he was asleep. He was a vast muscular hulk, somewhere in his mid-30s and not, as yet, physically the worse from alcohol.

I crept into bed by his side, too scared to even touch him. I hardly slept, waiting for him to wake. He didn't come to till about ten in the morning.

"Where the hell am I?" were his first words.

I told him I'd rescued him from possible arrest for drunkenness, his clothes were drying out from the wash, and I'd fix breakfast.

He smiled. "I don't know who you are but you're sure a pal."

He got up to shower and I was awed at the sight of his superb body. I found myself moving away from him, like he was royalty. Over breakfast, I gathered that he was looking for a job. He said, "I suppose you couldn't lend me a couple of quid to see me through the day." I said I never lent money but I'd give him a couple of quid. He swore he'd pay me back. I hadn't the courage to try anything with him and wished him luck as he left.

Early that evening he rang my doorbell. He'd got himself a job, starting the next morning (one of many jobs he held briefly). He needed a place to sleep till he got his first wages. I almost dragged him into the apartment.

I fixed a meal and while we were eating he said, "You've been a real friend. I wish there was something I could do for you."

I said, "I'd like to have sex with you."

Firmly, but not unkindly, he said, "I only go with women."

He insisted on helping me wash the dishes. Suddenly he said, "What would you like me to do, to have sex with you?"

I told him, quite truthfully, "I wouldn't want you to do anything you didn't get pleasure from doing."

"You don't want to fuck me, do you?"

It was such a ridiculous idea, me fucking a vast man like that, I had to laugh (not that I haven't known vast men who have wanted nothing more than to get screwed.)

I offered him a massage to get things started and he fell for the idea. I was excited as I watched him take off his clothes. When he got to his white briefs he said, "I guess you like this bit best if you're queer." He said it without a trace of malice.

"I buried my head under the covers to find it."

He lay face down on the towels. I used baby oil and started polishing his dull black flesh into a silky sheen. I was scared to work my hands too deeply into the crack of his hard butt for fear of offending him. I turned him on his back. When I'd seen him strip I had been a little disappointed that his cock was somewhat on the small side, but I realized now that it had only seemed small because his body was so large. It was well up to average, and coming up nicely.

I started on his shoulders and chest. "You enjoying yourself?" he asked.

"Sure."

"That's good. I want you to enjoy yourself." He closed his eyes.

By the time I was massaging his inner thighs, he was moaning. As my hands slid firmly up and down his thighs, from his knees to his crotch, his meat put on more length. I let my hands lightly touch his balls once in a while and this brought his black stem up to full size. Joe was moaning freely now and his right hand instinctively grasped his meat and began playing with it.

Still anxious not to spark a violent outburst, I asked, "Can I do that for you?"

"I can manage, thanks, pal," he said.

I tried again. "I'd enjoy doing it."

"If you really want to, then go ahead."

I got between his thighs and took his gorgeous meat in my hands. I waited for him to get used to it and when he was obviously enjoying the steady rhythm I sank my head over the juicy red head of his dick. He bucked up and said "Christ." Too soon, he shot his wad down my throat.

"You really liked having it in your mouth?" he asked later.

"Yes."

Some hours later, I awoke with my face buried in the pillow. I could scarcely breathe. Joe was very cautiously inserting his cock in my asshole. I shall never forget the weight of his body as it folded over me. Slowly, so very slowly, he began to fuck me. He went on with that slow, heavy fuck for a long time. His solid arms held me tight. He could have taken as long as he liked as far as I was concerned; that pole going in and out of my ass was total relaxation to me. Or so I thought at the time. But the pain came to be too much. I was aching under his weight. I rolled him off my back. I felt his prick slip out of my ass and buried my head under the covers to find it. I clamped my mouth on it and played with his balls. I kept sucking even after he shot, drawing every drop of sperm out of him.

Then there was Reggie, another Jamaican who'd left his wife and kids. He was in his mid-30s, a few years older than I at the time. He picked me up at the old Metropolitan turkish baths. He was standing near the entrance in just a towel and I assumed he was a new masseur. I realized later he was looking over the arrivals while they were still clothed so he could pick prosperous-looking targets. Reggie wasn't a whore, nothing as simple as that, but he needed to acquire something of value nevertheless. He needed to move in white circles and he needed to have a white boy as a show piece in the West Indian community.

He was lean and well built and he made sure I got a good view of his meat under his parted towel. He had a convincing line of conversation

indicating that he wasn't "rent" but he was adaptable—very adaptable.

I went home with him. He had his own car, albeit a jalopy, but even that was rare in those days for a black living in Notting Hill. He had a better than average apartment too. It was full of men and women drinking and dancing. I realized that the black lips he'd promised would be wrapped around my white cock weren't his own when he pointed to a teenage black and said the kid just loved to suck white cock. Minutes later, Reggie had us in one of the bedrooms and the good-looking teenager was on his knees working on my cock. He was good at it too.

Reggie watched, rather like a proud matchmaker. I don't think he intended to take part himself but I reached out and felt for his meat through his pants.

"You're a greedy little number, aren't you," he said. After I came in the teenager's super-wet mouth, he scurried back to the other room.

"I got my hand in his overalls."

Reggie said what was my drink because he wanted to talk. He said if I hung around with him he would fix for me to have all the black cock I could handle. He said he was a used car dealer, selling the whites' left-offs to blacks who couldn't afford new; and it would help to have a swank white around. He had a black mechanic. I don't think the poor guy had had any gay sex but, anxious to keep a well-paid job, he did everything Reggie told him to do, so that when Reggie told him I liked black cock he just stood there wide-eyed at the back of the workshop while Reggie said to go ahead, what was I waiting for, I liked it didn't I?

I wasn't sure I did like it that way, with Reggie lurking in the background and the mechanic just standing like a glass-eyed doll as I got my hand in his overalls and muttered something inane like "Do you do this often?"

I pulled out a pleasing piece of soft meat from his overalls, quite lifeless in my hand. Even when I used my mouth on it it took ages to start pulsing to life. It was obvious the mechanic didn't want to do anything so I settled for mouthful of cream.

I wondered if Reggie would have liked being set up in such a blatant way himself.

A few weeks later, Reggie's mechanic got some revenge. Reggie had asked me to meet him at the workshop but Reggie wasn't there when I arrived. I didn't make a pass at the mechanic this time, and perhaps out of gratitude for that as well as contempt for Reggie, he warned me about him.

Another warning came from a very campy young waiter Reggie had

flung at me. The kid insisted I go back to his bed-sit. Blacks can be embarrassingly effeminate at times and this one wasn't really my type. He wanted me to rim his asshole and screw him. But his whole body was smooth, delicate and wholesome, and I went to it with a will. I found I really enjoyed working my tongue round his black sphincter till it opened like a petal to reveal a delicate moist vermillion interior.

He was a hungry little cocksucker, too, with a small head that seemed all mouth and an ability to build up a suction such as I have seldom experienced; so that when he spread himself out waiting for a fuck I was more than eager to give it. After the screwing, I rolled him over on his back and got to work sucking his far from effeminate meat.

Then he asked if I smoked pot. I didn't. But he did and he said if ever I wanted it, I could always get it from Reggie. I decided Reggie was too dangerous to hang out with.

There's another black I've known on and off for years. He's been grey-haired since the first day I met him, or rather, fell over him. I was cruising the dunes behind one of the Tangier beaches and tripped over him while he was sleeping in the shade behind one of the tufts of esparto grass. He was obviously a beachcomber.

I tried to apologize for disturbing him and he gave me a toothless grin. I found myself a spot near the beach in the shade of some tall grass and took a nap. I was awakened by the unmistakeable sound of piss hitting the sand. The old black was taking a piss and making sure I saw him doing it. His white cotton pants, though torn and stained, made an ideal background for the black prick which hung from his fly. When the piss stopped he shook the foreskin free of the last drops; and when the last drops had gone he went on shaking, jacking it up to a really magnificent hard on, taunting me to do something about it.

What I did was to put my index finger in my mouth. The next moment he was straddled over my chest mouth-fucking me and I'd pushed down my briefs to beat my meat. He gave me a beautiful load, really thick and strong flavored.

He didn't ask for money but buttoned up and drifted along the beach.

"His cock was visible under the clinging fabric."

A couple of days later I saw him walking along the seashore. His pants were wet and the outline of his cock was clearly visible under the thin, clinging fabric. He saw me looking on it and motioned me to follow him, which I did, to what was evidently his home, a dilapidated fisherman's hut just beyond range of the tide.

He wasn't rough but he was demanding, making me shed my briefs

and then making me take his big prick in my ass in a variety of positions. He ended up laying on his back and making me sit on it, my back towards his head so he could use his hands to part my butt and really spike me. I beat my meat with my left hand and used my right to reach between my legs and play with both my own balls and his.

I was really switched on by his assured and demanding manner and saw him often when I was in Tangier. The beach boys soon caught on to the fact I was having sex with him and not them. Was it because he didn't ask for money, they wanted to know? It needled them that he was black and, therefore, even to an Arab, inferior. It needled them that he was old and they were young.

Once, while I was prowling through the old part of town, I heard a voice call out, "Let me buy you a drink, amigo." It was my black friend, seated under an umbrella at a boulevard cafe. It turned out that he was American-born. After our drinks, I suggested he spend the night at my hotel but he refused; instead, I spent a very damp but enjoyable night in his beach hut. He hadn't had sex for several months and he certainly behaved like it.

I've had him many times since. He never seems to change: the same grey hair, the same soiled white pants, the same strong prick. Once I asked him if he got enough sex while living the life of a hermit and he said I wasn't the only whitey who liked black meat; he made out with lots of Germans and Scandinavians.

"HE LIFTED MY LEGS AND TOOK MY PANTS OFF."

FROM A PRISONER (FLORIDA).–I just received your most welcome letter, and enclosed you will find my first sexual encounter. I put it down just as it happened, move by move, word for word.

I didn't receive the maximum sentence as I expected, I only got 50 years! Gee, I guess I'm lucky, but that's a lot of time. I'm sure I will eventually find some pleasure and satisfaction in the system, but as it stands now I'm at a receiving station, in transit. I've kept a low profile as to my sexual preference but of course told classification.

At 13, I was a late bloomer. Ignorant to the world of sex. I lived a very sheltered life and the subject of sex of any kind was taboo in our household.

But, being 13, I had arrived at puberty. My inexperienced cock was erect frequently. Not being able to ask questions at home, and embarrassed to ask my friends, I was on my own to learn the world of sex.

At the time I was working after school with a neibore [sic]. Jeff was

18 years old, 6 foot 2 inches, 180 lbs. and was always very nice to me. Every day after school I'd go over to Jeff's and we would go mow lawns and do yard work.

One hot afternoon, we were working on a big yard. The owner was away so we had the secluded yard to ourselves.

The day being so hot Jeff went to the store for some cold drinks while I finished off the front yard. Upon his return, Jeff and I went to the back yard to find some shade, and cool off.

Jeff bought a six pack of Budweiser (a special treat for me), and handed me one of the icey beers. My being so small and not much of a drinker, I chugged down 2 beers as fast as I could. I was soon at the verge of being drunk, and beer being beer, I soon found myself having to "piss like a Russian race horse," as they say.

As I sat there looking for a place to relieve myself, Jeff just stood up, whipped out his dick and started pissing. Jeff solved my problem and I followed suit.

I pulled out my 13-year-old peter and started pissing. I looked up at Jeff's face, to find him watching me. I turned 12 shades of red in embarrassment. Jeff was playing with his longer cock, all the time staring at my dick. He finally broke the silence and said, "Let's go over there," indicating a grove of trees. As we reached our goal Jeff dropped his pants down to his ankles and undid my jeans and slid them down to my feet. I was putty in his experienced hands as he lifted each of my legs and took my pants off. I was scared to death and shaking like a leaf. But Jeff knew what he was doing.

He asked me if this was my first time. I croaked out "yeah." He said, "Don't worry." I was so shaky my knees were ready to fold. Jeff realized this and led me to lay down on a soft bed of grass. We lay there side by side. I just lay there, letting Jeff feel of my body. I lay there, my heart racing, my breath coming in gasps, and sweat boiling out from every pour [sic] of my hot body.

I was watching his every move. Nothing could have felt better than Jeff's octopus hands that were gently squeezing me.

I had no idea what Jeff was going to do. I would let him do what ever he wanted with my young virgin body.

He looked at me with his bedroom brown eyes and said, "Do you want a blow job?" I had heard of blow jobs at school but didn't know what it entailed. I just shook my head yes. My dick was so hard it hurt. I felt his hot breath on my cock. I watched in awe as he slowly let my hard dick enter his mouth. As he closed his mouth, I gasped. My attention was only on the head that was now bobbing up and down between my thighs. Nothing, nothing could feel so good, I thought to myself.

Jeff took my cock all the way until his nose was buried in my peach fuzz. I felt a build up coming on. Something was happening. I got scared and reached down to Jeff's pumping head and said, "Stop." But Jeff brushed away my hands and kept sucking. I got really scared then and starting squirming trying to get out from under the mouth that made me feel so strange.

The pressure was unbarable [sic]. I started to gasp and moan. It felt as though my dick was about to explode. It was too much. I couldn't hold back any longer. I came for the first time. There wasn't much cum but it felt as if a gallon had come from my small nuts.

As the feeling slowed and finally came to a stop, I was covered in sweat, breathing like a steam engine.

Jeff at last stopped sucking and said, "Did you like it?" I still couldn't speak but shook my head yes.

I watched Jeff, wondering what was next. He just sat back and started stroking his hard cock. I watched in wonder as this was the first time I'd seen anyone do this. He started to breathe heavy and got to his knees. His hand gripped his cock in a tight fist. He moaned, making the noise of someone about to die or something. I was watching the head of his huge dick turn almost purple as a stream of white cum shot from his dick.

Jeff and I never finished the yard that day. We talked for an hour or more. He was afraid I was mad at him and would tell my parents. But I told him I would never do that. We came to the understanding, what happened was not wrong, but right. Not maybe to society but it felt right to us.

I guess everyone falls in love with their first sex partner, and I was no exception. Yes, I loved Jeff. He taught me all I lacked in sex, how to suck dick, masturbate, and to love. Jeff and I had many sexual encounters after that. And there have been a few other "Jeffs" over the years to love in my life..

MAUPIN WENT TO "OSCAR" PARTY.

Armistead Maupin went to an "Oscar Night" party in Hollywood in 1978, he wrote in the July 2, 1985 issue of the *Voice* (New York).

The article also revealed that Christopher Isherwood had sex with W. H. Auden and Tennessee Williams.

PRIEST WANTS PREPPIE TO TALK DIRTY.

NEW JERSEY–I think that my exploits in Prep School warrant examination. I was chiefly interested in cocks; as I matured I came to place equal emphasis on shit-holes. A full examination of my nasty teenage years would take many volumes, even though for every cock I actually sucked there were a dozen I wanted to suck. Also, there are many shocking details that I am hesitant about publicly revealing—for instance, I was all of 18 years old before I first tasted piss.

In the Jesuit prep school I attended, there was a great deal of speculation among the students about which priests were the most notorious cocksuckers. Father T., for instance, was a fat, hairy, ugly bastard whose job it was to interview students about their masturbation habits. He was a "guidance counselor"—but rather than guide students to jerk themselves off as often as possible, he sought to try to dissuade them from the "sin" of masturbation.

Father T. certainly showed a great deal of interest in my cock and what I was doing with it. Every time I was summoned to an audience with him, he had three questions on his mind:

1) "Do you masturbate?"

2) "Have you committed impurities with girls?"

3) "And now, my son, a question which you may find shocking, but which I must ask you as your spiritual advisor: Have you committed any indecent acts with other boys?"

Because Father T. was both boring and ugly, I never wanted to spend much time in his company so I learned to say "no" to all his questions. I learned from other students that if you said yes to question Number 1, Father T. would want to know how often you did it, what you thought of while you were doing it, etc. These questions are significant when they are asked by a serious researcher (such as you) and they are fun to answer when one has the time, but 13-year-old boys certainly have more interesting things on their agendas than talking dirty to a priest. I couldn't waste my time talking about my cock to Father T. when a walk downstairs would bring me to the locker room, where I could study cocks in the flesh.

Perhaps if Father T. offered to suck me, I would have tarried in his office. But since these "interviews" were always scheduled during "free" time, I thought it more important that I hang out in the locker room and be educated by the sight of Marty Bodtman's hairy chest or John Stine's cock or Jim Sweeney's asshole than to entertain a horny priest with intellectual discussions of my meat.

If Father T. happens to be reading this volume, I hope he will understand why I did not discuss my cock at length with him during my prep school days.

–T.R. WITOMSKI

SWALLOWS COP'S PISS.

MASSACHUSETTS–I'll give a brief history of my pissing. I can't remember any of the toilet training period. My earliest memory was walking to the beach and saying, "Mummy, I've got to go the bathroom."

"Wait till we get into the ocean—you can do it in the water."

Then, in the water, "No, you don't have to take off your bathing suit. It'll all wash away."

It really felt *great*, the warm piss flowing around my balls in my bathing suit in the comparatively cold water. I always timed it so I'd have a good load of piss when I went swimming after that.

Once in my late teens I woke up with a throbbing, jumping hard on. My belly was wet (I thought I'd had my first wet dream even though I jacked off just before I went to sleep a couple hours before). I had to piss—it was a piss hard—and I discovered it was piss on my belly. Not much, but it felt good. Without regarding the consequences, I let the whole load out onto my belly and chest under the covers.

I've read many times and M.D.'s on TV have said many times (heard one say it last week) you just can't piss with a hard on. Don't believe them. I could and did. Can't now. I lost the ability at about 40 I think.

Anyway my mother made a few remarks about the wet bedding. With glowing red face I totally denied everything.

About a week later I wanted to do it again. I thought of the consequences but then I said fuck it. Go to do it. I hadn't jerked off yet and nothing could stop me. I did it.

This time my mother was more than a little upset. She started telling other people (outside the family) about it in front of me. This cut it off completely.

With the first trickle of porno in the early and mid 50s they started releasing all the "medical" literature on "perverted" things. I ate them up. One series—"little blue book," I think it was—was little pamphlets on individual topics. One was on piss. The "case history" was a straight married couple who laid a blanket on the linoleum floor to play their piss games on. It turned me *on*. The "doctor" who wrote the pamphlet said there was probably no danger or problem to it, but the whole house smelled of stale piss and he couldn't wait to get out after the "interview."

I couldn't wait to get into it. I had an apartment in Philadelphia then. I went hog wild pissing in my clothes, in bed, in my face and in my mouth. I loved it. I couldn't get enough. Then I started wanting other guys' piss.

After moving to Philadelphia I did see a cop friend back home a few more times when I was home on vacation. He's a cop I'd drive to the woods with for sex once in awhile. He always had a routine—after we put our pants back on and before he got in his car to go home, he always walked about 20 feet away and took a *loud* piss. From the beginning this had excited me but it wasn't up front in my mind. After moving to Philadelphia and getting into it, it was. So once when I visited home I walked over with him when he went to piss and I hadn't put my pants back on. He'd often said is there anything else you want to do or try? So what the hell, I said to myself. When he started to piss I simply got in front of him and said, "Will you piss on my balls?" He said "sure" and did. He didn't seem upset.

A few months later I got home again and met him one night. This time I really got into the stream of things. I took his cock in hand and sprayed that piss all over my body, in my hair and straight in the face. I opened my mouth and took the head of his cock in my mouth and swallowed like mad till I got the last drops.

Plump P.R. Prick Has "Perfect Proportions."

One night, a couple years later in a booth—Connecticut Turnpike T room. Large glory hole, full view. Young *very* handsome well built Puerto Rican standing playing with beautiful but not large soft cock in next booth. My desire for piss overcame my shyness. I put my mouth to the opening and in a low voice (the joint was jumping) said "piss in my mouth." Looking back on it, I'm sure he thought I said, "Psst—in my mouth." His cock sprang to life. It came through the hole and no sooner was it in my mouth than he started to shoot. I thought at first it was piss but realized it was cum. God was he hot. He came and came. Anyway he pulled it out and started putting it back in his pants. I realized it was now or never so without regard to volume I said in a clear voice, "Can you piss in my mouth for me?" He stuck it back in. I took it and as it got softer and he grunted a minute or two I got a small stream and it didn't last long but I was in heaven (beating my cock fast).

I said "Thanks that was good." He said "Thank *you*. I liked it too." (I didn't expect that.) Nice kid—one of my fondest memories. I'd guess he was in his early to mid 20s. I was in the 35–40 range.

I had a second cousin who some other kids said could pull his cock out, go hard and shoot without any action at all. So that first part, the Puerto Rican coming right away in my mouth without any suction, didn't amaze me as it would have otherwise.

I'm not sure I emphasized how beautiful that Puerto Rican cock

was (to go back a ways). I didn't have a tape measure. 6 to 6 and-a-half maybe. Nice and plump but not fat. Perfect proportions—head to shaft. Cut but lots of loose silky skin over a super hard shaft. Really yummy. As nice as I've had.

Bare-assed Boys Jack Off in Tent.

I don't know why I was always fascinated by my cousin Bob. He was always "straight." If I had to be "straight" I'd want Bob for a role model.

My first memory of him: he was visiting and stayed overnight. Slept with me. I don't know the age—very young. Bob: "Let me feel your pee wee." He'd try to grab my cock. I wouldn't let him. I had a very hard hard on and at that age I wasn't sure other boys had hard ons and I didn't want him to think I was a freak. This lasted for an hour or more, over and over—"Let me feel your pee wee."

Next memory: a two-hole "out house." Bob jacks off in the standard hand pumping method. No words were spoken, but I was fascinated.

Next: we were sleeping in a tent behind the house well out of sight of prying eyes. We were in the grass bare assed and jacking off. Suddenly in the moonlight I saw a white pearl-like "object" shooting out the end of Bob's cock. Then another and another. I had no idea what was going on. I knew whatever it was, it was about the most exciting thing I'd ever seen. The next morning, alone, I went out and searched for those "pearls." I finally gave up. Couldn't find a thing. Bob was 6 months younger than me but he started shooting at least a year before I did.

Bob had no interest in my cock. I had a lot of interest in his. He'd let me play with it sometimes; a little later, maybe 14, he wouldn't. (Then he'd let me if I gave him a dime to buy cigs with.)

At about this time I guess his mother caught him jerking off several times and the doctor suggested circumcision. Within a week after it was cut, he'd chew licorice candy and spit the syrup on his cock head to lube his jack off. He used to continue beating long after he shot and you should have seen the frothy black foam the combination of spit and licorice and cock juice makes.

Bob was a *bad* boy. He'd go out at night (alone) and do weird things. One night I was with him. We (or rather he) broke into the minister's barn and spread a barrel of chicken feed evenly all over the floor. Stuff like that.

At age 16 Bob got a job driving a cab. It was during World War II. It wasn't legal but all the cab drivers were drafted and it was a common practice. Bob became the talk of the town. He was screwing the hard-up housewives in town. They were calling for him by name. He

wasn't talking about it. He didn't brag about it to anyone. He just did it.

He then joined the Navy. They wouldn't take him because he had a bad tooth so he pulled his own tooth there in the recruitment office. While his ship was in Plymouth he got a girl pregnant, married her and had 6 more kids in rapid succession.

This made life a little too complicated for him. He took off for Florida. He's an outlaw in Massachusetts, so has never returned. His wife's father was quite well off and she wants for nothing.

The last info I had was he owned a fishing boat and was drinking heavily. I realize I haven't drawn too graphic a picture of Bob or why he excites me (even though I haven't seen him in 40 years). I can't seem to get to the essence of him (which may be why he fascinates me). I'll never know what that licorice cum tasted like. He had an average sized nicely shaped cock. The outstanding feature was *very black* cock hair which made his white cock stand out in contrast. I remember nothing at all about his underwear (except that it was frequently lowered).

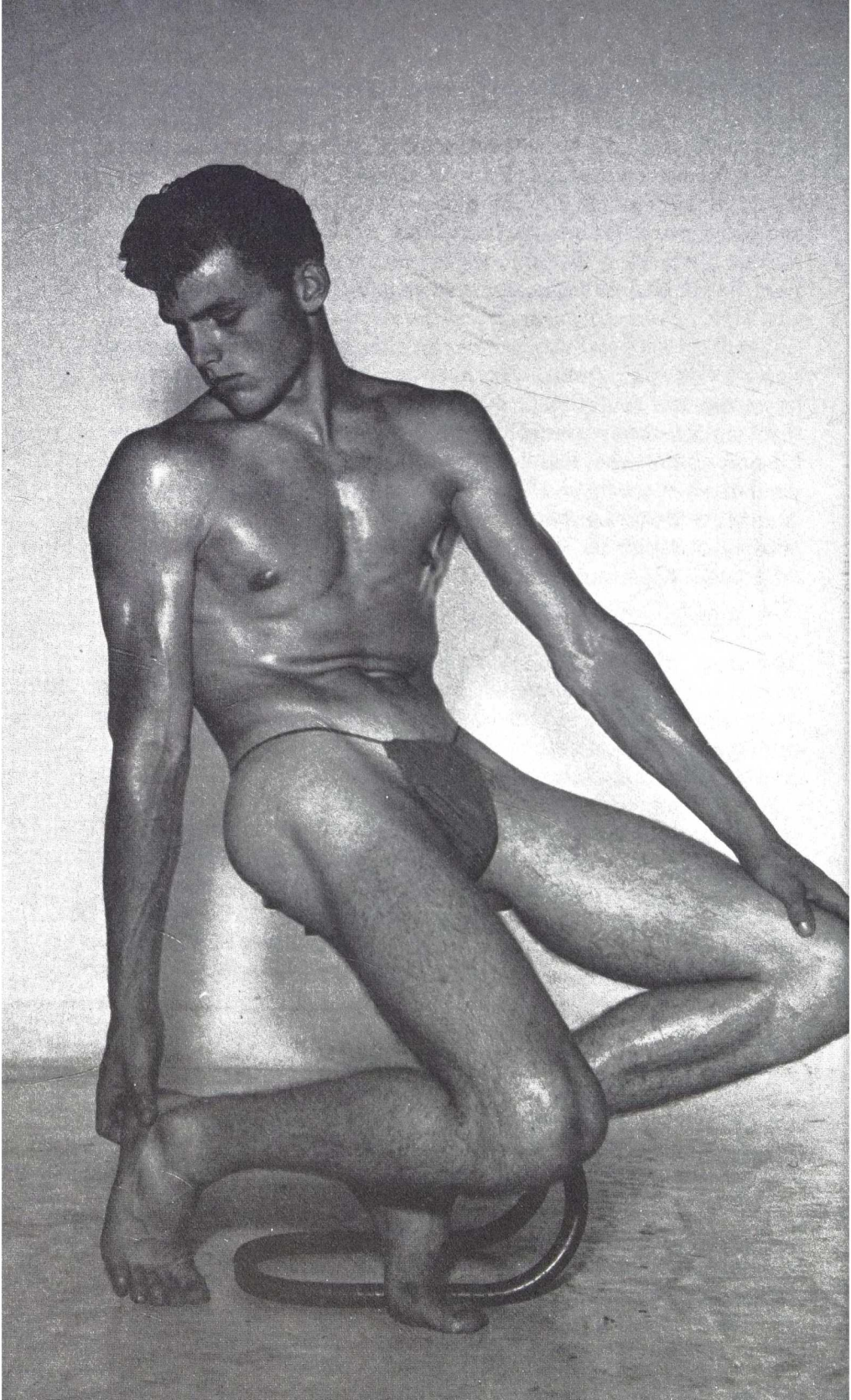
Six schoolboys wait for blow jobs in town hall toilet.

The town hall T room is free standing, in the parking lot. It's only open from 9–5. I've sat outside in my car occasionally and observed the traffic patterns and noticed that after high school lets out, boys were coming in from all directions, staying too long to just piss. I decided I had to explore further.

When I entered I noticed one older guy at the extreme right urinal and 6 teenagers loitering at the wash stands. First booth unoccupied and the last two were being used. I went to the extreme left urinal and tried to act the part of a "straight" pisser. However, the other guy at the urinals quickly moved to the urinal beside me and tried very hard to see my dick (he didn't even have his out). I found him very irritating because I wanted to see the action at the booths. Otherwise I would have zipped up and left.

The boys were not interacting. They were just standing, waiting for their turn. They were all good looking, yummy types. They "stood tall," unembarrassed and sure of themselves. When the center booth opened and a youth walked directly out, another quickly went in. There was no apparent recognition or acknowledgement. At this point the guy on my right was becoming obnoxious trying to see my dick so I zipped up and left.

Anyway, I think these bad boys came there to get blown. Why did booth one remain empty? Why would they wait so long if they had to shit when they could have gone home or elsewhere much quicker?



ENGLISH DANCER SHAVES SHIT-HOLE.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN BUREAU–On Sunday, at one of London's few baths and at that a bath where you cruise the meat by eye but seldom by hand and lure the more succulent cocks and bums [butts] home, I got hot for a truck-driving type with large thighs and Herculean bottom. I waved my erection at him until he came over and lay on the bunk beside mine but he seemed reluctant to display his own growing erection. Instead his thighs were parted and I glanced up them to his slit. Later, in the sauna, I sat opposite him nude and gazed between his hairless thighs to his parted cheeks and his roseate, hairless and obviously shaved hole. It was a magnificent gash, fleshy and obscene, a tight little oval surrounded by pinkish anal flesh.

Though he seemed hot to trot, it wasn't easy getting him out of the bath to my home. Something held him back. When I asked him if he liked shaving the hairs of his armpits as my opening gambit, I wanted to ask him about his crack and hole. When he answered that it was a little kink of his, what he really wanted to talk about (he admitted later) was shaving his hole. The only thing holding him back was his longing for asshole admiration which is what I wanted to lavish on him.

On the way up to my place in his car, he confessed that, despite his truck-driver looks, he was a dancer. He was largely in erotic dance work and loved to dance in het. cabarets nude but for G-string with similarly nude females. What most excited him was to hear an obscene remark being made about him by a man at one of the tables. An Arab is supposed to have murmured "What an arse" as he thrust it very close to his face deliberately in one performance. He longs for obscene letters complimenting him on his fullness of butt flesh and hairlessness of asshole.

As we talked in my flat, we were both becoming wet and excited, our pants sticking to our piss-slits with pleasure. His need to strip and show off was urgent. I played the admiring audience with ease, and—myself naked as the day of my birth but hairier—sat just below his chair as he pulled his tree-trunk thighs up to his chest, exposing every detail of his carefully shaved hole. I kissed his anal lips lovingly, boldly forcing my tongue up his hole when I found how clean and deodorised he was. He gave himself to closed eyes and deep moaning and masturbation while I ate his hole and acres of bum-flesh.

When the first load came, he called out in warning and I drank the lot. Soon, by verbal and oral stimulation, he jerked another load out of his not very large uncut prick. This time I was deliberately careless and let the greyish-white spunk gush over his prick hair (which he

never shaves) and slop around in his loose foreskin, after which I slurped it up into my mouth and swallowed.

He ended the evening by consenting to piss for me. I knelt like the devoted admirer I had by then become and he unleashed savoury-smelling piss from his by now tiny prick, the steady stream sometimes dividing into two, ending with repeated and staccato dribbles. Good stuff and so glad to have met a bum-fancier that he longs to see me again. I have granted an audience next Friday night after his show when his arse should be well worked out in dance and the sweat should be gathering in the crack.

"I had a copper myself."

I used to think your correspondents' experiences with cops might be wishful fantasy. However, I had a copper myself in December. Not just a copper but a lovely piece of English meat fore and aft. Short-haired, young, hung, smooth-cheeked and almost hairless in the crack, he was unabashed in his enjoyment of sex, rimming me as mercilessly and tirelessly as I performed in his peerless pink valley, sucking me as lovingly as I slurped and slobbered over his rigid prong. We talked dirty to each other ("Get your fucking arse over my mouth, you cunt" and "Stick your tongue up my shit-hole") and ate, chewed, and sucked nipples, cocks, assholes, feet, and armpits. In mid-orgy, he admitted that he had seduced a 19-year-old police recruit in a police car one night but largely has kept his awesome homosexual talents hidden from the others on the force.

An Iranian has just telephoned me to tell me that he has at last been granted an American visa and is off to your country next week and also begging for another date. The thrills I gave his plump brown bottom on his last visit have obviously lingered in his mind. This is one Iranian you should be glad to welcome to your country, married but undeterred by the fact from offering his mouth, cock and tight hole to me.

Though I am having a regular turnover of good meat, including that of a beautiful English upper-class dentist with outsize cock, a dentist who despite his shyness of manner admits gladly to a joyous incestuous relationship with his brother and gratefully accepts deep fucking as he has since he was fucked by a school teacher at the age of 13, I have had some of my greatest thrills in London lavatories. There is one in Hampstead Heath where there are two shit-cubicles side by side with a large hole cut between. I dropped my pants and briefs and sat my arse down on the dirty plastic seat waiting for some fun from next door. Soon, a man of no great attractiveness came in and displayed his cock. I tried to act uninterested but saw through a spyhole in the door

that a Greek or Turk of considerable promise was lurking outside and I wanted some of that. I discovered that the only way to get my Greek was to suck the cock next door off. When it came through the hole next time, I started sucking and gave my best efforts to getting him off. When he shot bolts of cum into my greedy mouth, I was enjoying the taste and smell of his cock immensely. I learned my lesson then—that to have a good time in such a toilet I had to be willing to take any cock that was offered and make the best of it to keep the men coming in fresh and hot with lust.

In fact, the next visitor was the Greek Cypriot. His large cock had such a tight foreskin that it would not roll back an inch even and the smell was overpowering. I squeezed and jerked the fat, dark, smelly pole but then he turned his ass round to me and I poked my finger through the hole to tickle and then deep-probe his remarkably clean shit-chute (proving that he would not have had a smelly cock had he been able to manipulate his foreskin more easily).

When the smelly prick came back through the hole I jerked it off and really grooved on the gobs of sticky cum flying from his erupting, painfully shooting prick.

My next was a deaf Negro with a beautiful young pair of butt cheeks and a cock worthy of the black brothers. I sucked it till he filled my mouth with spicy cum.

Next I had a rather nervous Englishman who kept bobbing away from the hole to check (for police?) through the hole of his door, affording a heavenly view of his bare butt. I got him off easily and quickly despite his interruptions.

My next was another Negro with a very fat belly and prick of no special merit but, true to my decision, I sucked him off expertly and must say that the taste was unusually delicate and worthy of gourmet cocksucking when he spewed his cum. Cocks I would never have sucked normally became beautiful when I could concentrate on just them rather than the sagging bellies or nervous twitches of their owners.

"A very handsome and lewd movie actor."

I was the star of Gruneburgpark toilet in Frankfurt as well. Seething with lust, I made for it in the depth of a German winter last week on a Sunday afternoon and found I just had to wave my erection about for a moment or two in the urinals when a man was on his knees asking to suck it and another was pulling my jeans to my knees and rimming me. An English queen with a red fist-fucking hanky in his arse pocket directed proceedings, little realising his English was much more understandable to me than any equivalent German. "Suck that hole,

man," he told his companion and started lusting after the sight of German tongue working on my crack. "A hot little number," he told his German companion, who replied, "Christ, I'd like to taste his shit." I tried to look as dumb as possible, enjoying their discussion of my charms.

The German came close to my ear and whispered in German, "Let me eat your shit, darling." I didn't go with them but teased the spunk out of the German by sucking him between rim jobs (he rimmed me) and then sucked off two voyeurs who'd come in to watch the fun. I liked exposing my bottom and cock to complete strangers like that and hearing the English queen invite more people to come and watch. I held off for a long time but was unable to retain my spunk a moment longer and shot my load.

I could write to you every day; you are one of the few who can appreciate the nuances and who can get your pleasure from a turn of phrase almost as surely as you can from the curve of a buttock. British baths are always havens of voyeurism and exhibitionism, since no sex is permitted on the premises and furtiveness is the order of the day. Camp commandants rush in on tiptoe every so often to throw offenders out or at the very least to enjoy the spurting cocks on view. I find that this atmosphere suits me admirably, as I can show off my cock to some admiring gentlemen, my bottom to others, and can usually incite not only voyeurism but competitive cock-jerking from some of them.

Last Friday afternoon I encountered a very handsome and lewd movie actor. He is succulent. I pretended not to recognise him, so as to encourage him to more salacious activity. Indeed it did. He had the temerity to give me a sample of his expert lip-and-tongue action albeit at top speed, and whether it was nervousness induced by the possibility of our being interrupted or just sheer excitement of the sort I felt to be blown by such a beauty, he shot off a puddle of white in about three minutes. He then slept, then woke, and we conversed. He wants to see me again in the privacy of his flat or rather the flat which he is sharing at present.

I'd better tell him eventually that I have recognised him since the suck-off, in the hope that he will still sit on my face as he promised to do last Friday. I had a skillful grope of his nude body under his blanket and found his cock to be rock-hard but of medium size, his buttocks to be firm and smooth and fucking beautiful, his shit-hole to be hairless, tight, smooth, everything an arse-sucker could want.

McEnroe scratches shit-hole on TV.

My copy of *Cum* got through without any problem. I was surprised to read that the book was confiscated in quantity by our Customs men,

who intercepted a shipment to a book store.

In all the times I've had smutty lit. sent to me from the USA, I have never had anything confiscated. The one time I did have things confiscated was when I sent myself some items from Holland and Germany. Not only did I have a formal letter telling me that I could challenge the seizure in the courts, but I was given a full list of titles. Since I did then and for that matter continue to find ostensibly hetero hard-ons and butts as alluring as anything I could hope to find in "gay" porn, the titles were things like *Juicy Cunts* and all of these were carefully typed out, presumably by some stenographer. "Could you repeat that title, sir?" "While you're about it, you need to brush up on your spellings. 'Come' indeed—it's 'cum'. Any more of this and we'll have to let you go, Miss Liversausage."

I'm staggered by the news that a friend of yours was in a restaurant men's room when William Hurt came in to piss. This prick has not been displayed on screen, but at least his fleshy butt has found its celluloid immortality in the Ken Russell picture which is a model of quiet good taste, *Altered States*. You infuriatingly make no comment on Hurt's piss. A mere report that William Hurt pisses is not enough; what I want to know is the volume and colour of his piss, the girth and length of his dick, whether any pubes showed through his fly at the time of pissing.

I lay around the past four weeks on the beaches of St. Tropez and Mykonos quite naked, with many others equally naked, and yet the never-ending display of often sumptuous butt and dick flesh proved maddeningly wholesome and unarousing. The fully nude body cannot provide that extra dirty thrill that one gets from watching a man undress. I did get a certain titillation from the following view:

In St. Tropez, the perfect Nazi couple, she a white-fleshed, big-breasted, hefty-slabbed Titaness, he a living Fascist sculpture, both snarling German at one another in which I took to be a facsimile of tenderness. At one point, he massaged oil into her fair skin and as he worked on her stupendous buttocks his cock began to rise and beat, to his embarrassment. His way of protecting himself from view (a hopeless task as far as I was concerned, since I had no intention of sparing his modesty and stared all the harder) was to pull his thighs closer to his body as he squatted at his work, trying to cover his shame-producing cock; but all that this achieved was shit-hole exposure. His hole was brown and dry and nearly hairless.

I want to hear more about your love of Ivan Lendl. Lousy-personality crushes like that are the most rewarding, I think. I still remember the joy of seeing John McEnroe scratch his shit-hole in closeup on our Wimbledon cameras.

"He had the nerve to strip."

One of my most perverse bouts of exhibitionism lately was effected in the company of a chubby older man of undoubted effeminacy and suitably disgusting moral character. He had been sent a nude photograph of me by a friend and had then written to say that he would be pleased to capture my charms on colour slides for himself and pals. I jumped at the chance and found that he was a man I used to see at the baths and whom I had found revolting enough not to consider even as a *possible* seducer. The masochistic pleasure of undressing and being probed by this paragon of tastelessness and his camera hit me as soon as I saw him. He turned out to be a writer of no great fame, but sufficiently famous for me to have heard of him. He had made dinner for me and indeed looked as if he would probably have eaten and drunk both trayfuls if I had suggested I wasn't hungry. Throughout the meal, I was treated to his asinine opinions on art, travel, and photography (decent, in this case), and he talked frequently about his "boyfriend" here, his "lover" there, as if he were desired on several continents.

I made no attempt to establish my own education and intelligence; he'd have paid little attention to it in any case, being used to dazzling brainless bodies with his wit and wisdom. I would have found his conversation intolerable were it not for the heightening of my masochistic pleasure by the knowledge that I would soon be naked before him. Not only did I have to strip for him and put on all manner of leather accoutrements of his choice, but he had the nerve to strip to his well-stuffed (with belly and sagging arse) briefs, which were also wet with fresh piss residue, to photograph me.

I found erection and masturbation easy, as he kept flashing slides of my predecessors on the bed before my eye to keep me in heat. Some of these models were quite beautiful, and what amazed me was that model after model, as well as tossing [masturbating] himself stupid, consented to fuck himself with an oversized black dildo. However muscular and masculine the model looked, shot after shot was taken of his arse split voluntarily by the giant prick. I was excited to see one of my former conquests, a truly beautiful young man with outsized cock and a smooth white bottom, an ex-soldier and present businessman suffering from the after-effects of an operation for a brain tumour, most willingly stuffing himself with this superbly exaggerated prick. I've seldom seen legs so willingly spread to show off cock and balls or an arse to willingly poised over and then swallowing a plastic prong. When I sprayed my belly with my cum, knowing that my host was snapping away furiously at his camera, I felt no shame, only delight

that I had submitted so fully, and in such an honourable tradition.

Other than that, my exhibitionist sessions usually involve anal worship by my visitors, the display of my parted bottom to the point where I feel breath on my ring, the certain knowledge that nostrils have come close to my shit-tube, that a warm loving tongue will soon be tickling my hole. I am eager to shit for one of these visitors, a nondescript but excitingly lusty Englishman who yearns for that sight, having watched me cum, piss and fart (not, alas, all at once), but who has been disappointed that I have not shit. It hasn't been unwillingness, just bad timing.

One of my most ardent correspondents lately has been an 86-year-old married man. I've never had an older admirer of photographs of my bottom, or a filthier writer (the more miraculous in a gentlemanly ex-army officer and tennis pro of the 20s and 30s), and I simply revelled in his smutty, shaky fan letters, but it really was too good to be true. Suddenly, he realised the terrible error of his aged ways, to write so disgustingly to the first homosexual with whom he had made contact since his early manhood and Christ reclaimed his loyalty. I had a complete volte-face letter, in which he renounced his evil ways, reminded me that he was a dedicated Christian, enclosed a vapid little Christmas card somewhat early and assured me that he would always be willing to "help" me if I saw the error of my ways. Such a tragedy that a man who discovered ecstasy should snuff it out so soon in the interests of hypocrisy. I have not argued with his religious re-conversion and I would not be surprised if one day he repents and writes once more.

Meanwhile, I enclose two of his trembling-handed missives. As you can see, he slipped far and quickly for such a disciple of the Lord. And at 86 it was admirable of him to let himself slip into sin, however briefly.

"You can feel my tongue up your shit-hole."

"My dearest ———,

"I read and re-read your letter every few hours. I would adore to contact your erotic body, particularly your gorgeous buttocks, which I should love to idolise in every way possible to please both of us. I really do desire your cum and large prick. I would stretch your arse so my tongue could penetrate deeply into the interior of your fantastic bottom. I also want to tongue your balls and enjoy the aroma between your arsehole and prick. You can feel my tongue up your shit-hole while I am softly caressing your stiff cock.

"We will both shoot our sperm, which I will rub over your bum and

prick and again lick you to ecstacy. Is there any chance of your coming here to see me? Could you give me your phone no. so that we can perhaps arrange a most enjoyable home evening.

"If not perhaps you know some gay like yourself who lives in my district of Surrey. I simply must have gay relief, my desire is enormous, my prick is ready and very moist with my spunk juices.

"Please write and tell me once again all about your bottom charms and desires. I want your beautiful arse, please, so help me to enjoy your sex parts. What a delicious experience it would be to sleep with my tongue embedded in your arse crevice. I am coming now!"

"My dearest———,

"I wrote again yesterday but this is just a short letter to tell you that I have just come most beautifully; I simply lay contemplating the beauty of your bottom on reading your letter ref. some people finding your bottom very edible. I then imagined my lips somehow enveloping your whole bumhole by sucking the hole between my lips. The sensation became so erotic and strong that you actually couldn't prevent yourself shitting into my mouth while I was fondling your stiff prick nice and softly. Then I put a finger deep into your arse to experience even a more sensuous thrill, culminating by tonguing and sucking your gorgeous cock and swallowing your spunk, which was truly tasteful.

"Please write to me again soon with a truly hot and degraded letter. Must close as I feel like coming once again. Coming will work wonders.

"I want your beautiful bottom so very very much."

"Acres of arse, some of it succulent."

In St. Tropez again. The weather was erratic. "No sun, no bum." When there was sun, however, acres of French arse would appear, much of it male, some of it masculine, and some of it succulent in the extreme. Cock was on show, but to a lesser extent; the French are sometimes protected by that most irritating and coy of devices, a cache-sexe. If they sold the little things after a day's wear, with the thong that divides cheek from cheek and protects their shit-holes, I'd probably buy quite a number for the rich anal odour they'd have after a day in the sun; but I saw no such trafficking.

My favourite ass was glimpsed only once, when the hairless young Frenchman whose ass it was changed from underpants to swimming trunks deftly and hurriedly, but not so quickly or cleverly as to prevent my gazing on his milky smooth cheeks and crack. I go berserk over hairless, muscular, masculine legs, nipples, belly and, inevitably, ass. He was an outstanding example of the hairless type, muscled, with

full curving buttocks. I had prayed for a glance at his naked nates for many days.

At present, the wettest dreams of all are being provided by Tom Cruise in *Risky Business*, a hymn of Dionysiac ecstasy to the appeal of his Jockey shorts, exquisite garments in themselves but beyond price once in contact with Cruise's young nuts and heavenly shit-hole. Cruise could retire now and live in gracious luxury if he simply resorted to selling his underwear after "use." I would eat his Jockeys, savouring every thread.

There is nothing in the whole cornucopia of fetishes to compare with Tom Cruise's underpants, but I still rate at least two British bottoms as among the finest in the world. They are those of two starlets, Simon McCorkindale and Nicholas Clay. They are the perfect antidotes to the damage done to the reputation of British nates by American exposure to the puny [Mick] Jagger and [David] Bowie physiques. McCorkindale has extreme buccal beauty; an early sequence in *The Riddle of the Sands* permits the audience for an all too brief instant to gaze at his sensational back view, quite nude, before he jumps into the water for his morning dip. The fact that he never takes another one in the movie is just one of the reasons why moviegoers should leave immediately after that sequence.

Clay's sumptuous bottom lends distinction to *Evil Under the Sun*. Intimations of faggotry are already ubiquitous in this movie, since Maggie Smith plays her scenes with Diana Rigg for the connoisseurs of drag queens; but for the more genital members of the audience there is a succession of scenes in which Clay appears in trunks that would have have impossible at the time of the movie's action but which provide masturbatory fodder for the butt-craving audiences of the 80s. The trunks are black and are cut so high on the rump and so tight in the crack that the effect is more pornographic than a bare ass.

My impression from that movie that Clay's backside is one of the glories of British cinema is confirmed by its appearance as Mellors' stunning rear in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Clay plays Mellors as pure AMG [Athletic Model Guild], his full fuckable cheeks emphasised by the languid soaping of his no doubt richly aromatic crack.

"I've always envied whores."

I am displaying myself to as many queers as ever. I find that advertising my cock and arse as blantantly and crudely as possible brings in the right kind of voyeur—the kind that eat and sniff as well as ocularly feast on shit-holes. I have great appreciation of the older gentlemen who light up with happiness at the display of stiff prick and parted

bottom, but find that happy voyeurism is not a prerogative of the elderly. One 26-year-old Irishman was in ecstasy to view and then tongue my shit-hole, and I am taking turns butt-sucking with one of the smooth-bottomed Englishmen (no more than 25 years old) that restore one's faith in Britain as purveyor of rectal joys.

I've always admired and envied male whores. My love for some of the rough trade beauties of AMG and the trashy young men who wave their pubic jewels and much-abused arses at audiences of seedy old men is profound. So is my envy. I would love to appear every two hours to be pawed and slavered over by any queer with the price of admission to a fleapit cinema in his pocket. But my perverse need to experience the delights of humiliating, casual voyeurism cannot, alas, be satisfied by enlisting in a raunchy cabaret. My job forbids it. However, there is nothing to stop me offering viewing rights of my body entirely free to anybody with the energy to reply to a box number. I found a small circulation queer advertising paper in which I explicitly offered my cock and bottom to all interested parties of any age. I also offered to allow other perverts access to soiled briefs or to smutty correspondence. The last two offers have been difficult, because I have so little time for correspondence what with so many "regulars" to enjoy and keep satisfied, and I shower so often for visiting voyeurs that there is little chance of soiling briefs in any normal way.

However, the offer of cock and butt has been eagerly snatched up by many. I know that I am a good exhibitionist. I rub my groin through my trousers like a cheap hustler. Once I am nude, I exhibit and toss myself shamelessly, keeping my thighs well spread to show how the balls bounce in rhythm, and after they have drunk in the penile display I climb onto the arms of a large chair and bend as far forward as I can to let my crack open fully. If my hole is still not visible, I reach back and pull my cheeks apart. I have never met a voyeur yet who did not at this point come over and kneel at the shrine of my shit-hole. I invite them to feel of it and sniff it and finally I have the supreme joy of feeling a warm tongue titillating it.

I generally sit on their faces. If I feel the need to piss, I invite them to watch. Nobody refuses.

Some of the voyeurs are young and I let them strip and toss. Some are old and unattractive and these are specially heady material for my exhibitionism. The thrill of displaying myself to a genuinely old man with no illusions about his desirability is strong. I love to hear their paeans of praise of my cock and hole and feel their kisses on my nakedness.

I had a fairly hostile old visitor last week. He had the contempt that an unattractive old man might well feel for a queer willing to show

himself off to anybody who happens to express the desire for cock. His hands were very rough as he pulled my buttocks open to scrape around my twitching hole and his tonguing was as near to fucking as he could make it. He dropped in a criticism of my greying hair and a warning that I wouldn't be able to toss myself off as long and vigorously when I reached his age, and then just settled back to watch me humiliate myself with an unaided jack-off. When my sperm hit my belly, he openly sneered and said, "I bet you feel a bit foolish now." I did, but it was a thrill; I felt like a whore and it's thrilling to feel like a whore.

A car-crash victim has written to me from hospital. I would dearly like to strip for him and have him use my body whatever way he wishes, but I suspect there will be some problem about that in hospital despite his disclaimers.

Another young man who has been crippled by polio wishes to see my jerk-off and I long to show him.

"I love pornography. I have heaps."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of these reports from Europe enclosed an invitation he received from an exhibitionist. He accepted the invitation and liked the performance so well he sent the exhibitionist a review of it. Following are the invitation, which is a lucid statement of narcissism, and the review.*

Dear ——,

A long time since we were in touch. I really don't know whether it is any interest to you now.

I was going to suggest that you might come over, if you are still interested in being a voyeur to my tossing off.

I have been having a pretty wild session this afternoon. Working away at my drawing board, I became conscious of my warm, slack genitals inside my jeans. So I set up the mirror, sat back, and did a slow strip tease in front of it. Legs opened wide. Briefs full of hot goods which were stirring in their anticipation of the loving and skilled hand shortly about to descend on them. Down came the briefs. Hand to my genitals, prick still not stiff. A few manipulations of the still slack shaft, then wow!—the overflow, which so often happens, as though I am so over productive of spunk it comes out at the slightest provocation. Drops of it, one, two, three, ooze out and trickle slowly down the now stiff shaft. I sit back and look in the mirror. It is too much—massive, thick prick all slicked in juice. I gasp with masturbator's lust, close my hand around the rigid pole (ah, what bliss to feel the embrace of two lovers, prick the beloved, hand the lover), and slowly start to toss off. I am overcome with narcissistic lust: the sight

of my genitals drive me wild. The balls leap up and down as I frenziedly wank away, up, down, oh boy I want it so much, what a sight to behold! For two hours I am in ecstasy of self abuse and prick-adoration, showing it off to myself.

I didn't come off though. I want some more tonight. I have played with it four times today already; tonight I will shoot off.

Want to come and see it? To watch me toss off for ages? Let me know.

/s/ Your master masturbator.

Dear ——,

After a cock show as splendid as yours was last Friday afternoon, it seems only fair that I offer you a review of your equipment and performance.

Your cock is quite amazing, more like one of those rubber pricks that countless sluts and male devotees of anal stimulation must buy and use, never dreaming that there are cocks in London of such dimensions and beauty. The colour and thickness and veins on your hard on kept reminding me of the rubber-prick version. If I'd seen a photograph of you in a magazine, I might have suspected trick photography, since your prick is so rubbery and huge, so all the more credit to it for being so genuine and all credit to you for enjoying showing it off. It should indeed be shown off, to as wide and appreciative an audience as possible.

I have replayed your display of self-abuse—the latest act in the love affair between your hand and your tool—many times since Friday afternoon and get especially excited when I recall certain things: your description, calm yet with a sort of controlled urgency, of your feelings as you knew you were going to have an over-spill and then soon after a full-scale cum; your anal prodding and fingering; your ball caresses; your wide-open thighs as you admired your magnificence in the mirror. And that final gush of copious drenching spunk as your cock erupted and your balls were drained of the built-up spunk.

I thought your sex equipment was marvellous and your performance was splendid, especially as you started off uncertain whether you would get hard and whether you would feel comfortable. I very easily take on the role of cock-worshipper because I do love to watch a cock being tossed off, and a cock that is as huge as yours drives me wild. Without being a size queen, I love huge fat cock. Even without being normally fucked, I felt my arsehole quivering with tension and lust as you confessed your pleasure in ramming your monster up a willing rectum.

Since seeing you display your masturbation, I confess that I have

used you quite obscenely as my toss-stimulus and one scene I have put you through is that you have to take a normal-sized but worthy prick into your arsehole as you toss. You then watch yourself in the mirror masturbating your prick but also riding up and down on the rigid prong of your anonymous lover, who sits impassively knowing that his function is only to provide anal stimulus for your extra masturbation thrills.

Another fantasy is that you put a vibrator up your over-heated and thoroughly excited fuck-hole to increase your toss fun. In both situations, it is important that you watch yourself being rammed, whether by a real or an imitation prick.

My only suggestion for making your show even more intolerably pleasurable to this particular audience is to display more arse. You have a nice rear which always adds piquancy to my voyeur activities and I'd like more obscene display if possible, as it complements rather than competes with your cock and ball show. I'd like to see you piss as well.

Would you like to get a BBC cameraman to make his own personal video of you exercising your prong? He is mad on cock and mad on masturbated cock. It's a favorite scene with him and I'm sure we could get a video out of it that would be delightful for him to replay in the future and for you to appear in, showing your all, from erection to orgasm.

I also want another chance to be your voyeur. As I'm a dedicated wank artist myself and love pornography (soft, hard, as long as there is beautiful nakedness to lust after in photographs), I would specially like to arrange a temporary swap. I have some great wank moments on camera, heaps of American and Swedish magazines, and feel sure I can provide you with marvellous wank fodder. I'd love to look through your collection.

By the way, you obviously couldn't wait to get rid of me after the excitement of the spunk-off. This is exactly how you should behave, I feel, and I had no wish to linger, since the show was over. I'd come for a cock show and got what I wanted. Staying around after that would be like staying after the movies to look at the decoration of the cinema. So, believe me, you have nothing to reproach yourself with in wanting to terminate the meeting. Give me another look at your privates on parade when you get a chance. Let me know if you want to appear on video shaking your mighty prick at the camera.

"I have done my best to destroy their masculinity."

I hit upon a new sort of challenge earlier this year. Reading a heterosexual trash magazine filled with whores (female) waving their fannies

at the camera, I came across some charming photographs of erections and sometimes their owners with sweet little appeals to women to get in touch. I wrote to three, saying that I was a frustrated horny housewife who had very little chance of meeting them but that I yearned for the stimulus of correspondence with such beautiful cock-owners. Two of the three have now become devoted to me in my female role. I have done my best to destroy their masculinity by insisting that their bottoms have more appeal to me than their cocks and by making it clear that I have only contempt for men without homosexual experience of some kind.

One of the three I allowed to lapse into silence when it was obvious that he had no perversity in his nature, but the other two have come on very nicely. One is a married businessman who was slightly shocked, he said, by my keenness for men's bottoms, but he did satisfy my desire for his rear by posing with his underpants at mid thigh, his charming little bottom bared and himself smiling coying over his shoulder like a latter-day Betty Grable.

I have induced him to tell me what goes on in men's lavatories and, thanks to my insistence, he has now twice allowed himself to be sucked off by an unknown male on the other side of a toilet-cubicle wall. His descent into casual homosexuality is delightfully sordid. On one occasion, he claims to have been invited into the attendant's little office and there forcibly jerked off by him while he read a pussy-and-tits magazine.

I have also persuaded him to send me a contraceptive full of his sperm. Though he does sometimes write of his longing for my pussy, I manage to keep him talking about his own masturbation and his occasional queer follies.

He did tell me too about a youthful experience with a now famous racing driver—both of them were clearly going through that wonderful stage which some of us have the good luck never to leave.

My other correspondent is a 19-year-old of lovely countenance and delightful limbs. He has sent me photographs of his beautiful self in shorts. His desire is for older women. Because my letters are so hot, he is completely under my spell. He sounds hopeless as a fucker and has a list of unfortunate experiences to relate. He seems to have achieved orgasm only about twice in his life with a woman, but he soldiers on. He now regularly encloses a sample of his sperm, which I drink. Today the rubbery taste was off-putting but the first batch was totally delicious. Under pressure from me, he admits to having drunk his own sperm frequently and loving the taste, and also—today—he admits to having sucked a man off for money and (for money also?—seems unlikely) to have swallowed every drop of cum. He found the

taste less delicious than his own but seems to have no regrets.

I was fascinated when early on in our passionate love affair he confessed that he had once sat around in a park to play the teenage whore for a queer, was indeed picked up and did indeed get paid and play the whore perfectly. But men are not what he is after, he assures me.

I enjoy writing endearments to him and describing what nude poses I wish to see whenever he finds somebody to photograph him. I emphasize how eager I am to see his heterosexual asshole fully exposed. I tell him I want to see him piss as well as shoot his load. He writes that he has never known another woman as exciting as I am. His innocence and eagerness to please are splendidly exploitable, but I shall probably not reveal how hoaxed he has been unless of course he ever becomes abusive about queers. Then the shock of his correspondent's true nature could be salutary.

"I wish to do his laundry."

When I am not luring young men to their downfall or parking my shit-hole on a pushing, dripping tongue, I lust after the new batch of students. Steve, the dumb beauty who lifts weights and swaggers around in shorts, had a marathon shit today. I sat two cubicles away listening to the steady rain of turdlets and piss and enjoyed listening to him groan and grunt in a way that he normally reserves for weightlifting. His hole-wiping was lengthy and vigorous. He prefers to do it while still on the toilet, by the way (I looked along the floor to check).

Once he had left, I got along quickly and was simply horrified and disgusted by the lack of smell and the comparative coolness of the seat when I laid my cheek to it in adoration. There is a ravishing young Greek under my care now. His jeans are subtle. With work, you can see the shape of his bottom and crack, but the jeans are not tight, and you have to work hard to get the full effect, looking at vital moments in his walk for the clear impression of youthful arse. What I most desire from him is simple. I wish to do his laundry. After sucking the underpants and socks, I might consign them to the washing machine reluctantly. After inhaling the perfumes captured under the armpits in his shirt sleeves, I might reluctantly consign the shirts to the same place. I would willingly drink his piss and, if his arse is as lovely as his jeans give promise of its being, I might at least permit him to shit on me even if I don't eat the splendid offering of his bowels.

Let me praise a young English architect with a quintessentially English bottom which I eat regularly and whose specialty is to cum copiously over my face, then lick all the cum off and deposit it in my mouth. He likes to taste his own but also to share it. He licks arse and

sucks cock beautifully but his cum is the specialty and it's delicious.

Let me also praise a violinist in a famous orchestra for the intense beauty of his bottom-cheeks and hole. He surrendered these works of art to my hands and mouth last week and intends to humiliate himself again tomorrow. Does he know when he scrapes his violin strings with such earnestness that he is sitting on a fortune?

"I prey on straight men."

I am continuing and expanding the cruel ways in which I prey on straight men by playing the part of a kinky and deeply unsatisfied housewife in correspondence with men advertising for sluts that the heterosexual world could never produce in actuality. They do so want to be fooled, these "straight" gentlemen, and never seem to doubt my female identity when I ask for photographs of their bare bottoms, condoms filled with their most intimate juices and confessions of homosexual incidents in their rather dull pasts. I am enclosing some of their letters to me.

/s/ Your hot-cocked twitchy-holed correspondent.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *While I cannot officially approve of misleading men into thinking that they are writing to a woman, the results of this practice are so irresistible I'm using below some excerpts from their letters. I've numbered them to separate individual men. Their experience of writing to my correspondent in his guise as a woman cannot but permanently alter their attitude toward women; in any future meetings, for example, the poor men cannot but wonder if the women, like that "woman" they used to write to, are interested in assholes, piss, scumbags, and men's room blow jobs. I unfortunately cannot show the Polaroids the men enclosed with their letters. They're good looking and obscene as they obediently supply poses specifically requested by my correspondent.*

1.

As you will know by now, I went round to a photographer's. He took some photographs which you have doubtless seen. Although I was a little nervous about the meeting, it all panned out quite nicely as I hope you realise from the uninhibited nature of the photographs. The entire hour and a half was quite relaxing. Anyway, I leave it up to you as to whether we meet or not but I hope we do.

2.

I really must thank you for your exciting reply to my advertisement. By the end of the first paragraph I had a great big hard on. I have since read it several times and it always has the same effect. Your letter is in

front of me as I write this and I have a good 7 inch erection jutting out of my trousers—so that I can play with it between sentences. Let me have a wank for a minute. I am sending some photographs of myself which I hope you will enjoy. My cock is 7 inches long and 5 1/2 inches around. You will see that it is uncircumcised. It is very sensitive.

I toss myself off a lot and I wish you could be here to watch—indeed help as well. Usually I do this lying naked on an easy chair watching a blue movie on the video. The sight of all that bare female flesh and sexual intercourse really gets me up so I can pump away almost to climax then let it go down, then pump up again. This can go on for as much as two hours. I wank up and down as slowly as I can to prolong the ecstasy. As I come I shoot creamy spunk onto my stomach where it wells up in my navel and drips over my sides onto the chair and down into my pubic hair. Enjoyable but no substitute for having a real girl.

I wish you were here so that you could suck on it and lick it all over while caressing my balls and arse with your fingertips. Taste it and feel its firmness. I hope you will read this lying naked on your bed playing with your boobs, squeezing your nipples and fingering your clitoris so that you really get wet with excitement. Close your eyes and imagine my hands running up your legs and parting your thighs and opening your cunt, which is already wet and glistening. See my prick enter. It fills you right up. You can feel my warm spunk spurting into you. I withdraw. Your cunt drips semen down your thighs.

As a single girl do you wank yourself off often? You could photograph me anytime. Do you like prick teasing such as wearing a short skirt with no pants on underneath? Please tell me all your innermost sexual desires and fantasies and I will tell you mine. We can both be very open. I jerked myself off at the top of page three and will now do the same again. I hope you will also wank yourself silly to my letter.

I look forward to receiving some pictures of yourself naked and will send you more of me if you wish.

3.

Thank you for sending back my photo and underpants. I'm sending yours back as requested. I hope you will send me some nice frilly black ones or even a G string. I don't know why but black underwear really turns me on, especially black stockings. Have you any?

Please send some photos of yourself I can wank over. You have such a lovely body. How about sending me some of your pubic hair. Some from your cunt and some from your arse. If you could keep them separate that would be nice so I can savour the smell.

I'm sending you some more photos. The one of me pissing is not very good as it is out of focus but I hope you can see enough. If you get

a good wank off these photos why not put your finger up your cunt and smear the end of your letter with your juices. That would be lovely and what about a finger up your arse and a smear of that. You say you like the smell of piss. Have you tried W.S., drinking a man's piss, having him piss in your mouth. I've never tried it but your openness about it makes me wonder if I wouldn't like it. How would you like to piss in my mouth. I think that might be a real turn on.

You say about going further in photos. I assume you mean shitting. If that's what you want I'd gladly do it for you. How would you like to be there and take the photo.

Please do not be afraid to tell me what you like. I am very open minded and believe if it feels good do it.

As we are being so frank I also have another fantasy. I always wondered what it would be like to be fucked up the arse by a woman with a strap-on dildo. I saw it in a magazine once and it looked delicious.

About meeting you. I can't wait, you sound too good to be true. I assure you I am a very amiable and kind person. I get as much pleasure out of seeing a woman enjoy herself as I do myself. I must admit it will be very strange sitting next to a woman that you've never met and knowing all her darkest secrets and vice versa. I'll bet I'll have a raving hard on. I wonder if you will juice up as well. I tell you what would be nice is if you could take off the knickers you were wearing in the loo and give them to me in the pub. I could do the same if you wanted. Especially if they were still wet from your cunt. Please arrange a date soon. I can meet you any night after work about 7:00 p.m. at any pub you like. Just give me instructions how to get there. I'm sure we'll enjoy each other's company.

P.S. How about a lipstick kiss in the shape of an "O" at the end of your letter.

P.P.S. You must think I'm mad by now.

P.P.P.S. How about pissing into your knickers and sending them in a plastic bag so I can enjoy them.

4.

I am glad my feelings on sex are much the same as yours and that my photos arouse you so much. I will try to take some showing you as much of my bum hole as I can when I get a free day. You say that when you see the photos of my bum and of my stiff prick shucking out its spunk you have to give your pussy a good seeing-to and that you use a vibro. Well, please, please let me have some photos of this, if possible with your legs and knees pulled up to your tits showing all your bum hole and a vibrator stuck in your bum and a finger teezing [sic] your clit.

Could you please tell me more and perhaps describe one of your wanking sessions. I would love to see you as I have described (on your back knees pulled up to your tits) working the vibro in your pussy and when you get close to cumming I would love to be able to teeze your bum hole with the tip of my tongue.

No, I cannot suck my own cock I'm sorry to say. I wish I could then I would know what it's like for a girl when she is licking and sucking a hard dick. I have often wondered about that. I saw a film once where a girl could lick her own clit to get herself off but I reckon she must have been a bloody gymnast or double jointed.

Yes, I have tasted my own spunk, by lying on my back and hunching up so my dick was pointing at my face and I spunked all over it.

I will try next time to send you a french letter filled with my spunk or how about a photo from a girlie mag that I have spunked over? I don't think I can send you any underpants or my girl that I live with (I am not married would ask where they went to!!

Have you ever used a shower hose in your clit to get yourself off. I have seen lots of films of girls doing this and they seemed to like it very much. That's what got me to thinking, I wonder what it's like on my dick, and now I have become good with it and I can get my stiff pole into a right state with the water spraying on it and when my dick is rock hard and my balls are tight and hard (I use cool water) and aching to spunk, I teeze my cock with the water and it starts twitching and trembling and after a while of keeping my prick on the point of spunking I will get a really violent twitch in my spunking muscle between my bum hole and my balls that not only makes my dick shudder but also makes my bum hole twitch too (I do all this with my cock standing on its own without holding it at all so I can watch it jumping) and I keep this up for as long as I can until my balls are screaming to loose their milk then I keep a section of the spray just teezing the bloated head of my dick. That way when it twitches it moves out of the line of spray and then back into it again and that in turn makes it twitch out again, and so on. This way (through gritted teeth) I can feel the spunk start to leave my balls then stop then start again until it is too much for them and I feel some spunk coming up my dick and see it trickle out the top and down my pole, then in seconds my balls grip themselves tight and I feel all my milk rushing into my dick and with a groan from me I watch it squirt out and then my dick is bobbing around madly squirting spunk all over my belly and legs.

Tell me some of your variations sex wise. I would love to hear about them.

Look forward to hearing from you and perhaps even meeting (you look fantastic).

"You love sucking and I love getting sucked."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As a bonus, my European correspondent sent the following two letters from homosexuals. They will take us out of the sordid heterosexuality his other correspondents are mired in and back to the more refreshing world of homosexuality.*

BELFAST–I'm enclosing my photos so you can see I'm not lying about them. Old Sam showed them to some other bloke and he expressed a wish to meet me so I'll drop him a line and see how horny he is to suck my cock. I'll keep you informed if I decide to let him orally worship me. Sam took six photos of me. Two you see. Two of him sucking me off. One of me in my white briefs. One of him bending over a chair and me standing behind him with cock between his arse cheeks. The two oral ones are not bad. I had a really super cum. He sucked me and groped me for a long time and then when he asked me if I wanted to climax he fitted a "Penisator" on me and sucked as well. I felt it starting in my toes and working its way up. I honestly thought my balls were going to explode before I could shoot my load. It was one of the best cums ever for me. I'm sitting here with a hard on just thinking about it, so you can guess where I'll be shortly.

It's nice to know you love sucking cocks. It's just too bad we couldn't get together—you love sucking and I love getting sucked. It really turned me on to think of you sucking your own rod. I would love to be able to do that. I remember trying it in my lustful youth. I nearly broke my neck. I had a photo too of a lucky lad with his own tool in mouth and I wanked over that photo until it fell to pieces with use.

Sam called me "Denis." I gave him a false name when I first wrote to him just in case he turned out to be my next door neighbour or my father even (you never know).

LONDON–I can assure you that I am quite reasonable looking with a quite reasonable body and adequate prick especially when I have a compelling hard on. Like you I wank every day and have been doing so for quite a time and often several times a day when I have a real fucking horn and it doesn't take much to produce that especially when I read porn.

A friend of mine whom I used to see quite a lot of when we both lived in London, but whom I now hardly ever see since he has gone to work in Aberdeen, was one of the keenest wankers I have ever met. He'd often do it three or four times a day and I have often watched him on the job either stripped or in tight-arsed jeans. He had a fascinating

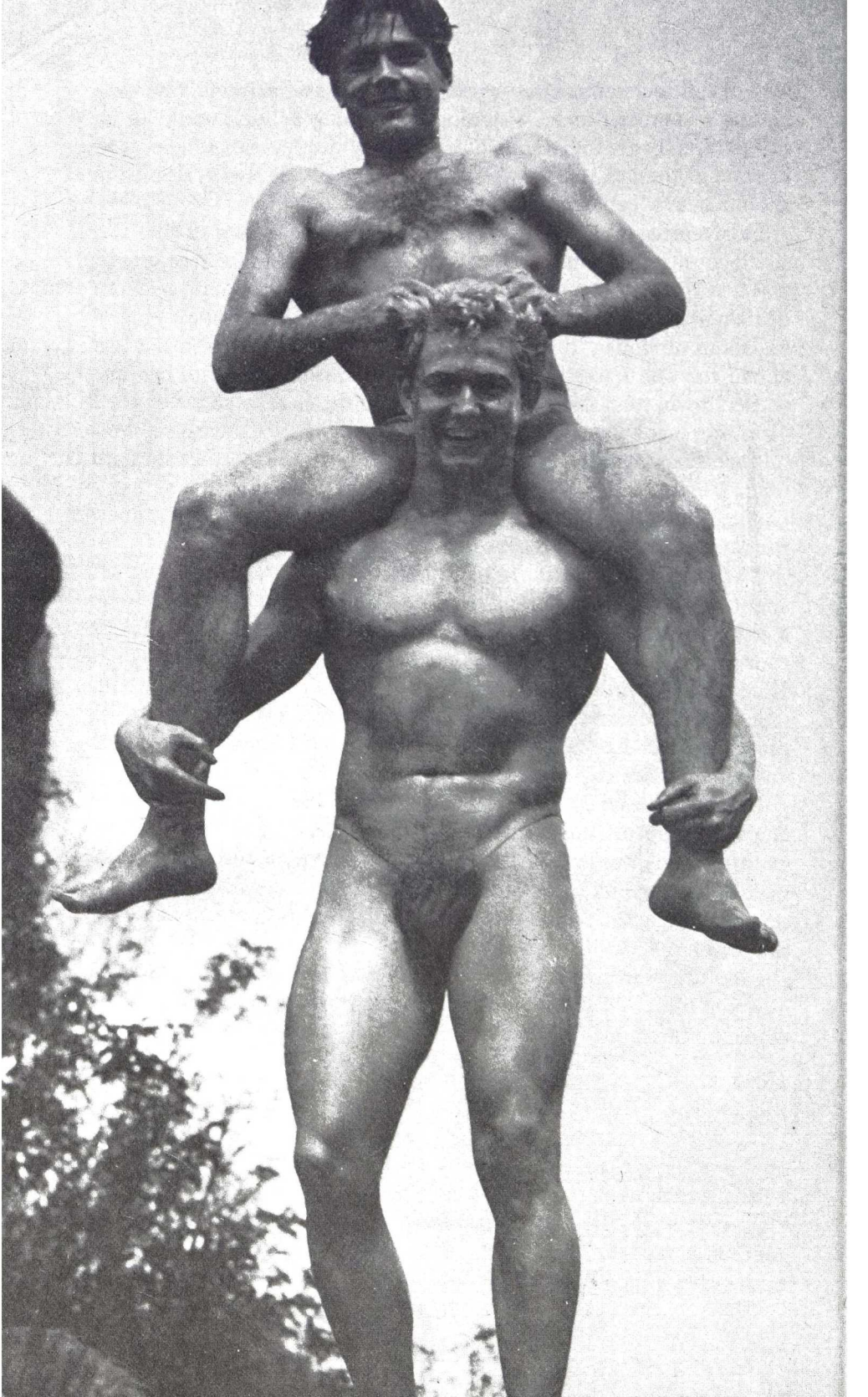
way of doing it sometimes working his body and prick as if he were having a standing fuck. Watching him having a "fuck wank" as he called it really got me, seeing him on the job from various angles, and in spite of the fact that he wanked so frequently he always seemed to shoot a heavy load of spunk.

Fairly recently I had an interesting experience while staying in a small country hotel in Herefordshire. I booked in and the receptionist was a very attractive fellow whom I appraised but soon forgot about until when after having a late bath I saw this young fellow enter a bedroom obviously turning in for the night. The bedroom was just above the one I was in on the next floor down. I got into bed and settled down for a short read when I heard the obvious sound of a bed vibrating just above my head and I very soon realised that the fellow I had seen was wanking himself off. This gave me the most terrific hard on as I listened to the alternating slow then quick vibrations, then a pause, then more vibrating until there was suddenly quiet and I knew the randy sod had shot his load. I wanked like fury after this.

Then the following morning at about 6:30 he was at it again. He spent a far shorter time on this one, wanking fast and furiously for just a few minutes. I must say that this sound of wanking from another room was a real turn on and I wanked again myself at the thought of it. It amused me rather when paying my bill after breakfast to be confronted by the same young man smartly dressed, braving it out in the most business-like manner, little realising that I knew only too well what he had been up to on his bed.

I have had one or two other experiences like this, seeing young chaps tossing off imagining themselves unseen. One exceptionally exciting scene was in the Lake District when looking through my field glasses I turned on to a couple of young chaps both with their shorts down wanking each other off, thinking themselves unobserved among the rocks.

I look forward to hearing some of your wanking experiences and how you like to go about it on your own or with others. You can go the whole hog with me. The randier the better.



CONNECTICUT MAN LICKS JERSEY YOUTH'S SHIT-HOLE IN NEW YORK THEATRE.

NEW HAVEN–I went to an all-night gay theatre in New York. There was one young blond around 19 who went all over the theatre sucking. He did the guy in front of me about 5 times.

I also went to the Eros, which I left at about 5 A.M. It has gay films and a stage show. The stage show consisted of 4 young strippers who, at the conclusion of their act, while the film was again in progress, came into the audience, shaking hands with the men in the audience and propositioning them. They were completely nude. They asked me if I wanted to have a good time, as I was sliding my hand up and down their back, thighs, buttocks, etc. without any sort of objection from them, but I told them due to my being on Social Security it would have to occur at a different time later, and they agreed and left. They came into the audience waving and proffering their cocks to each prospective partner. They left the audience with their partners through the exit for their rendezvous lounge.

There was some sexual action in the audience, but not that much. There was quite a lot of the audience leaving for the toilet, lounge, etc., though, many times. One good-looking youth of about 18 years of age or so would do so quite often and then be followed by others. I went to the men's room quite a few times myself for both duty and sexual action. While I was in the passageway near the entrance to the men's room a fellow of about 19 years of age, from New Jersey, he said, was standing there, I believe seeking sexual action, which proved to be true, as no one else was around at the moment and he dropped his trousers, with no sort of underwear visible, and began rubbing his cock, and then he proffered it to me, so I went up to him, and quite boldly, and also bravely, put my arm around him, rubbing his back, then his leg, and then buttocks, without any resistance, and so I then licked his buttocks and arsehole. Later I took out my cock and rubbed it between his buttocks and as he was trying to guide it into his rather tight arsehole with his hands, someone was coming, so we desisted any further such action. Our interruption was by that other young fellow with another fellow as his sexual partner. There were others also at different times. At one time there was a fellow in the toilet booth, standing up alone masturbating. There were many with their sexual mates in there also at different times.

I went horseback riding at a dude ranch. Beautiful social director, 26 years of age, named Ray, who was always on the move and never

seemed to close his mouth and appeared to be hypocritical concerning gays. I believe that was a mere act. While instructing us in horseback riding, he said our clothing should be loose fitting and that he wore no underwear. I believe him to be a male prostitute. He wore very worn jeans and a white cowboy hat. He very often spoke with his hand grabbing his groin and arse area.

When I was urinating in one of the men's rooms, he entered and urinated in the urinal next to me. His cock had a bluish color to it, was about 6 inches, and beautiful.

There were many youngsters employed there and many were cooking school students. One tall 6 footer, a Jamaican whom I thought appeared to be a Puerto Rican, offered me a female sexual partner, which I refused, and he said he's always sexing with. I did give sexual hints to quite a few of the male employees, including waiters, ranch hands etc., but got no action, but did get one dirty look and one almost got violent.

There were 2 different bands. Both good. Ray vocalized with the band for one number and was quite good. I'm quite certain you'd like him.

Yes, I think I would; I always enjoy young men who grab their groins and butts while they talk, and the chances are, in light of Ray's attempts to seem "straight" by making anti-homosexual remarks, he's available.–B.McD.

YOUTH GAGS ON CLERGYMAN'S COCK.

CHICAGO–Finally I have put in writing my initiation experience with clergy. Of course there have been many more in the course of life and I have become a confirmed cocksucker to say the least and now participate in all forms of sex as long as it is male.

When I was about 16 I had a wonderful experience with a clergyman. It was truly a learning experience and helped me in my formation. The assistant in the church my family attended was a very personable man, late 20s or early 30s, and I was very attracted to him. He perhaps was to me too. My parents were delighted with the wholesome influence I was under and were quite tolerant of my frequent visits with him, even allowing me to spend the nights with him frequently. My parents must have been very naive, thank God.

Unlearned in the ways of the world and the facts of life, I saw nothing wrong with staying with him in his small room in the parish house—a huge structure otherwise uninhabited at night except by the reverend assistant. My first visit with him proved to be my indoctrina-

tion into gay life. We slept together and of course the first night was quite proper at the outset—pajamas and all.

But he did seem to be very friendly and considerate (affectionate?) and slept very close to me, fondling me from time to time and eventually putting my hand on his hard and huge cock. In due course I discovered that it was "leaking" and he said not to worry—this was O.K., but we might be more comfortable if we took off our pajamas so as not to get them wet.

He now really started to fondle me and kiss me all over and I got a roaring hard on. I knew what a hard on was all about and what it meant to cum, as I had played with myself for quite awhile, but I was a total virgin as far as being with another male, much less a female.

As he kissed me all over my body, I squirmed with delight as it tickled so much. Then he took my cock in his mouth and I had never had such a *glorious* sensation. It blew my mind and I came very fast and he swallowed it. He then jacked off and that was that for this part of the night.

In the middle of the night he woke up and started playing with me again, which of course woke me up in a state of delight. He taught me the wonders of 69. This was my first experience of cocksucking and what a huge dick it was that I took in my mouth. Of course I gagged for awhile. But he was a patient teacher and I began to learn the art of being a cocksucker. We played around for perhaps a half hour and then got into the action seriously and eventually we both blew our loads and I swallowed my first load of cum. How sweet and thick it tasted, and I have to say I was not put off at all but really liked it. Then we fell asleep relaxed and refreshed.

In the morning life went on as normal but a new vista had been opened in my life. He cautioned me about secrecy, which I could readily appreciate. I did not want to take the chance of spoiling future contacts with this swell guy.

Our visits were not so frequent as to arouse suspicion and so all went well; my parents just seemed to be glad I had an interested young clergyman, still unmarried, to help me develop into a fine young man. But how fine all this was is a matter for others to decide, for I soon discovered that he was what we call today quite a swinging parson.

As time went on I became a confirmed homosexual and have always thoroughly enjoyed it. There have been many clergy in my roster of tricks. And they are just as interested and interesting as any other type. Once that round collar is off and you are dealing with a hard cock, it has no conscience, thank God.

"JOHNNY HAD HIS FIRST BLOW JOB AT 14."

MANHATTAN–Last weekend as I came out of my apartment a young man wearing running shorts passed me on his way from the park to one of the new high-rises. He was tall and blond with the bland good looks of the upwardly mobiles who are filling up the neighborhood, all looking and talking alike. What made this one interesting was the sweat still pouring over his body from his jog; soaking the flimsy red substance of his shorts, explicitly defining his sex in front and sucking the crack of his trim young ass. He returned one of my admiring glances with one of disdain and proceeded back to his apartment alone to shower.

The incident started me going back a few years when all the good looking boys on the street were neighborhood boys. They would have returned my look with an obscene remark, thrown a punch, or made a date. For them, having grown up in the streets, the cocksucker was a fact of life and the blow job often a way of life.

Although I was not the only slut in the neighborhood in time I acquired a following, a sperm bank against those scoreless days or nights when I would have gone hungry. These lads ranged from about 18 to 22, sought me out when they needed me and otherwise left me alone, free to roam unharmed through the area.

Ray was an exception. Slightly older than the rest and living with a married sister, he was not interested in getting sucked off but liked to work out in my shit-hole, having fantasies about knocking me up. I went along with this harmless conceit because it lent excitement to his performance. Although he never succeeded in giving me a baby he did give me as well as himself a lot of pleasure. Ray was a pleasant change from all the knob-jobs and I was always happy to see him when he stopped by.

Lenny was a chunky powerfully built 22-year-old with an ugly face but with the horn of plenty nestled between his legs. He was rude, crude, arrogant and demanding but his sexual equipment was awesome. He was an early bird usually calling me from a bar when I got home from work saying he'd be up in 20 minutes, often making me wait as long as an hour. He drove a motorcycle and if I wasn't home when he called he would come looking for me at the bar, expecting me to leave with him.

During the job he'd bark orders, mostly "stay on it." Since "it" was the only good thing about him I had no trouble following his orders. Only if I were freshly shaved would he let me nuzzle his dick because he said otherwise I scratched him. So it was a no-nonsense cock and balls head job.

Lenny was a braggart along with everything else. Crowing about his bike, his prowess with chicks, about me being his personal neighborhood cocksucker, his cock size (the last justifiably). And yet he was unaware of the one quality he had that was truly rare among men I have known, and the reason I put up with him for so long: he could come longer and harder and thicker than any boy I've had. Only one man, a cab driver, was his equal. After he'd quit giving orders and began to shoot he could cream my suck hole for as long as it took to get him off. I guess he figured all the guys came like that and I never told him different.

Johnny, lately out of the army, was 22, a slim handsome youth with beautiful eyes, a well-made body, a great ass, and a small dick. With Lenny's prong, even some of it, he'd be ideal, but even so he was my favorite. He was keeping company with a girl who was "saving it for the big day," and I was more than willing to help out until then.

Johnny had his first blow job at 14, a year before he got laid, and followed up the experience many times during adolescence and while in the army. He considered himself an expert on the subject and pronounced my suck hole the hottest of them all and "as good as good pussy." He not only indulged my habit of tongue-roaming, he encouraged it even when it led to the brink of his shit-hole. He asked only that I was back on his dick at shooting time because he said, "coming in your mouth is what it's all about."

What he lacked in size he made up for in imagination and there he could have taught Lenny a thing or two. Both boys were of the come-and-go school and could be fitted into a busy schedule when I was lucky enough to have one. Johnny didn't care how long it took me but when it was done it was done. Lenny was impatient until shooting time, a process he couldn't speed up. I took all kinds.

"He let me lick his shit-hole."

Danny worked in the local grocery store and lived next door to me where his old man was super of the building. This proximity made him well aware of my activities but it may have restricted him because when I would go into the store, he served me politely, making no references other than an occasional rubbing of his crotch.

This all changed one hot summer night around 9 o'clock when walking along the street Danny fell into step with me and, again rubbing his crotch, confided that he felt like he could choke a horse. I groped him in sympathy and we continued on up the street. His remark, exaggerated as it proved to be, had decided me as to our destination and I led him into the park and there in the shrubbery

along the bridle path I proved to him once and for all that what he may have heard about me was not idle gossip.

Danny was about 19, an ordinary looking young man with an acceptable body who seemed to enjoy the experience as much as I did. I gave him straight head that night but on subsequent occasions he let me lick his shit-hole. Like so many of his peers his main object was to get his rocks off. We continued meeting near the bridle path for the rest of the summer. With colder weather coming on his living so close to me was a problem since he was understandably reluctant to visit me at home. The problem was solved nicely by Billy, who to this day remains the most distinctive memory of Danny that I have.

Throughout that summer Danny would from time to time mention his boyhood friend whose family had moved out of the neighborhood but with whom he kept in touch. Danny had told Billy about me and Billy wanted to get fixed up. Billy's family had moved to Brooklyn where his father had a plumbing shop. Billy worked for him and was learning the trade. When I asked what he was like, Danny could tell me only that he was a regular guy and that the chicks seemed to go for him. I agreed to meet him sometime but it was a busy summer what with Ray, Lenny, Johnny, and now Danny interspersed with the scores out there in Cruiseville. I put the matter out of my mind until the night Billy himself arrived on the scene.

This was a night in early September. I had spent the evening involved with a couple of men of my own persuasion and was making my way home. On Third Avenue practically under my window was a truck and as I passed I heard a "Pssst!" and when I looked there was Danny near the right window. I walked over and he had a companion at the left window. This as it happened was Billy. Danny asked me to get in the truck. I did. He introduced me to Billy. It was immediately evident that yes, the chicks *would* go for this handsome lad with merry eyes and dark curly hair.

We three sat in an awkward silence after Danny said "This is Billy." Billy broke the silence with "Can we go for a ride someplace." I looked up and down the then quiet street and said, "No need. Here's good. We've got a lookout."

Danny and I crawled from the cab to the back of the truck and I sucked him off as usual, while Billy sat in the cab as though nothing was happening. I think I hurried through my treatment of Danny, anticipating young Billy. I got Danny off as I had done so many times before and he crawled back into the cab while I waited for Billy to come back to take his place. He soon did, his long body slithering through the opening, beautiful legs first. I lowered his work pants to discover that the black curly hair so attractive on his head was repeated

in adornment of a long cock that even Lenny could envy. I treated him to every trick my suck hole knows and I know a lot of them. He loved it and as I continued I realized that Danny, responsible for all this, had never had it so good. When I finished Billy he creamed his approval and when it was all over and he got fully back into his jeans he acknowledged that it wasn't bad.

Billy, after that session, joined my circle, a foremost contributor to the sperm bank and the provider in the winter that followed of warm quarters for himself, Danny, and me.

Those were the days.

TEARS WERE STREAMING DOWN HIS FACE.

I recently witnessed a blow job that merits reporting. Most of the times when I visit this establishment I see merely excellent cocksucking, but this time I saw extraordinary cocksucking.

The date: July 9, 1985.

The place: the "back room" (technically a side alcove) of J's, a bar located at 675 Hudson Street, Manhattan.

The cocksucker: 5 foot 10 inches, 160 lbs., blond, clean shaven. I'll call him A.

The cock: I'll call him B. 6 foot, 180 lbs. dark, moustached and bearded.

Both men are in their late 20s, early 30s. I first espied them as they were giving each other a heavy cruise while standing a few feet apart in the back room. They stared at each other for what seemed an unseemly long time.

My gaze was momentarily distracted by some average, normal cocksucking that was occurring in the opposite corner of the room. When I glanced back at the staring queers, their position was unchanged, though the bearded guy was fondling his crotch quite enthusiastically. From the bulge that was appearing in his jeans, I'd say he was three-quarters hard and his cock was a size that could be judged primo. All cocks are interesting, but his one was particularly interesting; the way it strained against the man's faded jeans made it especially enticing. The other man's eyes were riveted to this display, but would he ever suck?

I toyed with the idea of taking matters into my own hands and mouth, but I didn't want to create a scene. After all, the guy had zeroed in on this meat before I did and he should be permitted to eat it. But he sure was taking his time getting down to business.

Finally, he made his move. He moved over to B and massaged his

crotch. B pushed A to his knees. A started to fumble with B's zipper. B pushed A's hands away and undid his own pants.

His meat was as impressive as I had thought it would be—a good 9 inches, quite thick. It looked good enough to eat, which A proceeded to do. But he was only taking half of the meat into his mouth, so B locked his hands around A's head and shoved his cock all the way into his mouth. He started fucking it. Doing it expertly. He'd take his cock out only an inch or so before plunging back in again. A sure was a lucky guy. I longed to take his place.

After a few minutes of serious face-fucking, B gave A a break. He let him catch his breath. While doing so, A's eyes were open wide, studying the meat, now slick with his spit.

Faced with such beautiful meat, A couldn't resist licking it. B let him lick for awhile but soon was back to fucking his mouth. He kept up his fucking for a long time. A's face was red and tears were streaming down his face. But you could tell that he wasn't going to let that meat get away from him before he got a load of cum.

A held onto B's ass while B plowed his throat. About this time, I was again distracted, this time by a cocksucker wanting my meat. As I was getting my cock sucked, I noticed that B, who was still face-fucking A, was methodically chewing gum. The gum chewing lent the perfect touch of arrogance.

I assume B eventually dumped his load into A's suck-hole. My cocksucker was doing such a good job I wasn't able to observe the voyeuristic moment of truth. The next time I saw the pair, B was putting his cock back into his pants.

The blow job I got was passable but the one I saw was sublime. It is so infrequent to encounter a cock made for sucking matching up with a mouth made to suck. The example of those two men should inspire all of us.

Several years ago I spent a few months obsessed with an establishment known as a "dirty book store," even though its books and magazines were nowhere near as sordid as the works of Dennis Altman or *The National Review*.

But I was more interested in the movie booths. For a mere 25 cents, one could watch 90 seconds or so of movies in private booths. The movies were labelled "Gay" or "Straight," and even though they lacked plot, sound, and all but the barest minimum of production values, they inspired their viewers. Many "straight" men, after a buck's worth of movies, were prone to feed the suck-holes who were to be found in great number.

This pleasure palace contained the hungriest cocksuckers I have ever seen gathered in one place. Getting your cock sucked was simple.

The booths were equipped with glory holes; by simply sticking your cock through one of the holes, you could find an appreciative suck-hole. Not only were the cocksuckers in this joint hungry, they were talented. Every suck-hole I used there was enthusiastic and expert. I dumped many loads into many mouths.

I love having my cock sucked, but I also love to suck. I'm only human. But the minute a piece of meat walked into the place, the cocksuckers would descend on him. If the meat wandered into a booth, the cocksuckers would rush into the adjoining booth, place their mouths near the glory holes, and wait. When I wanted my cock sucked this type of devotion was satisfying, but trying to race a bunch of starving suck-holes to get my lips around a piece of meat can be exhausting.

I lost out on many highly desirable pieces of meat before I figured out a good strategy that all but guaranteed that I'd get to suck off the choicest cuts (and the choicest uncuts, too.)

"He undid his pants and sat down."

Most of my fellow cocksuckers, I noticed, rarely spoke. They'd run after meat but almost never say anything to the men whose cocks they wanted to suck. So I developed an aggressive stance. When I saw a likely subject wandering around trying to decide which movie he wanted to see, I would walk up to him and say, "Hi," a simple enough word but one which my fellow suck-holes seemed unable to say. After my "Hi" I would generally hear a "Hi, how ya doin'?" To this, I would generally give a pithy remark such as "Let me suck your cock" or "Wanna blow job?" I got more of my share of cocks this way than I did in competing head-to-head, so to speak, with the other cocksuckers.

Once I made a connection, we would retire to one of the booths. The piece of meat would sit on the bench. One of us would put in a quarter to start the film. While the film was running, a red light would turn on outside the booth as a signal that the booth was occupied. "Straight" men do not like an audience to watch while they are getting sucked off.

Some "straights" preferred to jerk off rather than be sucked off. Most of them were fastidious about where they left their wads and the management provided toilet tissue in each of the booths. A wad of toilet paper soaked with "straight" cum was a prize often found. Some cocksuckers collected these.

The "straights" I sucked off in this entertainment center were largely of the opinion that their participation in the act of being sucked should be limited to standing or sitting as still as possible while their

cocks were sucked. They tended to grunt when they shot, but were not given to enthusiastic displays of passion. Their loads were always tasty and though I enjoyed sucking, I occasionally like to have my mouth fucked. But alas, "straight" men seem unwilling to throw a fuck into a queer's mouth.

But once in awhile a "straight" would turn out to be surprising. I remember one in particular—a muscular, deeply tanned number wearing a tank top, jeans, and sandals. I asked him if he wanted a blow job. With the conversational ability that is often encountered in "straights," he sort of grunted and we went into a booth. He undid his pants and sat down. I knelt in front of him and popped his cock into my mouth. It hardened into a respectable, but not stunning, size. I sucked him easily, but I wished he would show some reaction. If not a face-fuck, at least a few romantic wordslike "Eat that cock, faggot," "All the way down, cocksucker," or "Make me feel good, fuckface." But instead he just sat there until he creamed in my mouth. A nice sized load.

I stood up to leave. Few "straights" want anything more to do with a suck-hole after they've gotten off. But this guy said, "Fuck me, man."

He stood up and turned his back to me. There wasn't much room to maneuver in the booth, but I managed to have him bend over a little so that my cock would have a good shot at his shit-hole. I slicked my cock with spit and shoved it into him. He just grunted. His shit-hole was real tight; he probably didn't get fucked much. I fucked him good for a few minutes before I shot off.

We both pulled up our pants. He said, "See ya around." And I said, "Yeah."

–T.R. WITOMSKI

"IT WAS THE BEST TASTING YET."

WEST VIRGINIA–I went to H_____ Monday evening and I was sitting in front of a gay bar thinking someone might come along that I knew and sure enough there was. I looked up and this black woman was coming toward my car and I thought I sure didn't want any woman, and when she came up to the car she said I thought I recognized your car. Then I knew it was Rocky. He dresses as a woman to pick up his johns.

He said his cock got hard when he saw me and he would like for me to get him off as I was the best on it that he had ever had. I told him I couldn't pay him and he said it was all right. I didn't really want him

as he turned me off dressed like that. He was really nice 20 years ago when I first met him as a nice young guy. Well anyway I decided that since he put it that way I would get him off as it had been awhile since I had had a nice black cock, so we went up the alley and parked and I emptied his balls for him as he kept saying how good I was on that cock.

I left Rocky and cruised on down the street where hustlers hang out and there I ran into Randy who I had been out with before and I knew he was a good pisser so I said let's go out in the car if you have any piss for me and he said he was ready. We drove out a side street in the warehouse section and we got out and walked behind a building in a secluded spot. He just had on gym shorts so he dropped them and he was completely nude and he had a lovely tanned body. I had left my shirt in the car so I was ready for him to piss on me and I got under his hose and told him to piss and I saw that golden stream coming out his piss-hole and I let it hit me in the face and run over my chest before I took it in my mouth and went to swallowing his good piss.

He had a half hard on by the time he drained his piss so I went on to sucking his cock and playing with his nice loose hanging balls and his nipples. He really got into the act as he fed me his nice hard dick and I deep throated it.

He shot a big load and then he said to wait a minute as he had a little more piss and he sure did and it was the best tasting yet (it left a good taste in my mouth all the way home). I took him back to where I had picked him up and paid him off and he said did I want a friend of his, and I said I could use another load of piss so he sent this other guy up to see me, but he said he would have to have some beer before he could piss.

I decided I had better get on home as it was getting late so I told him I would see him the next time. Randy told me I was one of the best cocksuckers he had ever had and he had had a lot of them.

I went over to the local roadside park a couple days later and picked up this 30 year old man. I was in the rest room and he came in and walked by me but didn't say anything but he looked interesting. I didn't hear any water trickling out his piss hole so I got up to leave and glanced over at the urinal where he stood but he wasn't showing anything so I walked on out and got in my car. He came out and got in his car and left at the upper entrance. I pulled down to the lower entrance and when he drove by he looked in at me and just a little piece past the entrance he pulled over on the side of the road so when I went past him I showed my tail lights to him a couple times and pulled off to a wide space on farther down and then he came along and pulled up beside me and when I got out and went over to his car he said, so you

have a place to go, and I said we could go on up the road on a little country road and park so he followed me on up and when we got there he got out of his car and he said he was trying to think of a better place.

In the meantime I was rubbing his crotch which was bulging. He said to follow him on up the road to his Dad's garden as there was a shed on it and we could go there and so we did. We went inside and he pulled down his pants and I went to work on a nice six inch uncut cock and I had a big set of balls to suck on and he had nice nipples to play with. I would have liked to suck them but he was afraid his Dad might come along at any time and he was in a hurry so I hurried up and got his big load.

"I FOUND MANY SAILORS."

NEW JERSEY–My Navy years were characterized by an almost total lack of sex with my fellow sailors. I never had sex with anyone I met on base. My only sex with a sailor when I was in service resulted from meeting him off base in a gay bar, blowing him at his apartment (also off base), and having him tell me the next day that he was in the Navy.

There were many men I wanted to suck, but life in the barracks was asexual. Everyone talked about sex, but all of the sailors wanted to give the impression that they were super-straight. At boot camp with 80 guys in a single large room, it was difficult to even jerk off. It wasn't considered "straight" to jerk off.

I managed to jerk off in my rack a few times, but as I had to be careful not to make a sound or create any movement that might be noticed, I only jerked off in my rack when I was especially horny. If I couldn't jerk off with enthusiasm (and I couldn't if I didn't want to be the subject of gossip: "——— was jerking off last night; he must be queer"), I preferred not to do it unless it was strictly necessary.

At boot camp, I lucked into a job as the battalion clerk (I possessed the rare skill of knowing how to use a typewriter and—*mirabile dictu!*—I could even take dictation), which gave me access to the Naval equivalent of the executive bathroom. Most of my jerking off was done in this lovely place.

After boot camp, opportunities for jerking off became easier. I shared rooms with only two or three other sailors so I could always find a private few moments to jerk off. Once one of my roommates caught me while I was jerking off, but he was super-cool about it. He apologized for walking in on me and even said, "I'm surprised you never caught me whacking off."

There was a good deal of exhibitionism in boot camp. The guys with good bodies and/or big cocks knew it and weren't shy about

showing themselves off. They exhibited themselves almost unconsciously, walking up to the showers naked instead of with a towel wrapped around them, soaping their cocks up a bit too thoroughly in the shower, or just idly sitting around the barracks in their underwear—we were issued Jockey shorts, not boxers. These guys didn't think anything of their actions; most of them were 18 to 20 and probably didn't think that their actions were a source of great interest to a cockwatcher like myself.

Though many of the sailors had meat worth sucking, I don't recall any with extraordinary meat. I can generally control myself around meat, but sometimes when faced with primo super-fine grade A cock, I *have* to suck. Had I encountered one of those cocks in boot camp, I would have wrapped my lips around it no matter what.

The sailors talked endlessly about pussy, but few of them were getting much of it. I'm not sure if they really, really liked pussy; I think that they were merely typical heterosexuals who thought that they *should* like it.

Everyone played it straight, but when I first went to a gay bar near the base, I found many sailors. Among the men, the Navy probably doesn't have a higher percentage of cocksuckers than any other branch of service. Out of a hundred sailors there probably aren't more cocksuckers than you'd find among a hundred lawyers or magazine editors. However, an astoundingly large percentage of the women in the Navy are lesbians.

The guys in the Navy make jokes about "fags" and thought that the word "cocksucker" was an insult, but I never heard of any of them beating up queers or indulging in similar heterosexual behavior.

Oddly, when I was out of the Navy and living near a Navy base, I did get the opportunity to suck many sailors.

"What a mean fuck he gave."

As dedicated as I am to cocksucking and as much as my cock enjoys a talented suck-hole, I also have an asshole that needs attention. This seems to be only human—a cocksucker cannot live on cum alone, sometimes he needs to have his ass fucked.

My asshole has been well fucked by many noteworthy cocks. I would like here to report on one such cock which I remember as being particularly edifying.

Several years ago, I spent a most important Saturday evening/Sunday morning being a brazen slut at the Club Baths in Tampa, Florida. I sucked many wonderful cocks, swallowed quite a few tasty loads of cum, had my own cock sucked by many great cocksuckers, and deposited loads in several extraordinary suck-holes. I didn't

neglect my asshole either, so at the time this parable opens, I'm in my room, wearing a stunningly nasty jock strap, feeling that my asshole and mouth have been taken good care of. I was pretty tired by this point, but I'm such a nasty queer that I kept the door to the cubicle open.

I was half asleep when I heard a voice ask, "You here to sleep or to get fucked?" "Get fucked" are magic words so I opened my eyes and saw a good-looking guy standing in the doorway, wearing a towel. About 30 years old, slim, with short brown hair and a brown-blond moustache.

"Well," he said, "what is it? You wanna sleep or you want me to fuck you?" I loved his attitude. How wonderfully rotten.

Never the type to say no to a fuck, I told him that I was ready for action. He walked into the room, closed the door behind him, took his towel off, and hung it carefully on the doorknob. His cock was already hard, not a huge cock but a better than average-sized one, about seven inches long, average thickness.

He walked up to me and held his cock out to me. I started to suck it. He didn't let me have it for too long in my mouth, just long enough to get it slicked with my saliva. He pulled me up and positioned me so that I was kneeling on the mattress, my head touching the wall, my ass touching his cock.

He grabbed me by the hips to hold me still and then shoved his cock up my asshole. My hole was a bit sore from the fucking it had gotten earlier in the evening, so I let out a yelp.

"Get used to it, man; this is gonna take awhile."

What a mean fuck he gave me. He really knew how to fuck ass. He fucked fast and kept changing the angle of his thrusts so that he was really stretching my asshole. The force of his fucking had me banging my head against the wall. I raised my head but he pushed it back down. My head and shoulders were on the mattress while he stood behind me giving me a royal fuck. He was holding on to my jock strap, practically ripping it off me.

As he started to heat up, he began to hit my ass cheeks. Good hard smacks. But he never lost the tempo of his fucking, just kept driving his cock in and out of my hole. I was moaning and groaning and jerking my dick and loving this attack on my ass.

He fucked me for a good half hour. I was amazed at his stamina. He didn't say anything while he fucked me but he practically roared when he came.

When he pulled out of me, I turned around. He was looking at his cock. "You got it dirty. What are you going to do about that?"

What else could I do but suck it clean.

Sticks finger in butt-hole to show he wants a fuck.

Thanks to the Everard Baths, my shit-hole has known many superb cocks. I was a regular patron of this sleaze pit for a number of happy years, though the present health crisis has forced me to curtail my visits.

The characters in this true drama area a shit-hole needing to be fucked, belonging to me, and a particularly well-formed uncut cock belonging to an Hispanic man. I am, as usual, in a room at the baths. My butt has such a desperate need for a fucking that I am signalling this need to passers-by by laying there completely naked, legs spread, and my finger poking my hole. The point of this display was not to be vulgar but to present my desires in as clear a way as possible.

This guy was well dressed for running around at the baths: work boots, grey wool socks topped with red stripes, a white athletic undershirt (tank top), a few gold chains around his neck, and a military cap. No pants, underwear, jock strap.

He stepped into my room and he got on the mattress. He started to rap, "Yeah, baby, Daddy gonna take care of you. Daddy gonna give you what you need. Daddy gonna give it to you good."

He grabbed me by the ankles and pulled me up so that his cock was lined up with my asshole. Keeping his grip on my ankles, he pushed his cock-head into my hole. The entry always makes me tighten up.

"Relax, baby, just take it easy. Yeah, you got a real tight pussy, nice tight pussy, Daddy gonna open you up real good."

That he did. He took it easy, letting his cock inch its way up my ass, all the while continuing his rap. I was enjoying both his cock up my ass and his talk. Recollecting his words makes them sound funny, but what can I tell you. Words sound different when you hear them with a hot cock up your ass.

When he started fucking me, he proved a real pro at it. I started moaning and he kept fucking and talking. "Yeah, baby, talk to Daddy. Tell Daddy how much you want it. Tell Daddy how much you like getting fucked. Oh, baby, your pussy is nice and hot."

My legs were extended and he had spread them as wide as they'd go to provide the best access to my asshole. I like good, long fucks, but this guy was a quick shoot. Probably only took him five minutes to dump his load. My greedy hole didn't want to let this cock go and seemed to try to hold onto it.

Once he'd shot, he lost all interest. He pulled out and left. For someone who had been so talkative when he was fucking me, his after-fuck silence was deadly. I guess some guys can talk only when they have their cocks in assholes.

"Connecting with a trucker was never difficult."

I am especially impressed by an interview with a trucker that appeared in *Sex*. This man had had sex with "easily 700" truckers when he was interviewed, whereas I have only had sex with about 100 truckers. In the early 80s when most of this took place, I thought it would be rude to inquire, whenever I was sucking a trucker's cock or taking it up my ass or eating out his shit-hole, if he was gay or "straight."

Most of the truckers I had enjoyed having their assholes sniffed and licked and tongue-fucked, but some were shy about it, so I usually began by paying homage to their cocks and balls before moving on to their assholes.

Much of my servicing truckers was done in the Orlando, Florida area. One rest stop along the interstate attracted a good number of truckers as well as a good number of hungry suck-holes. Competition for trucker meat could get quite fierce, though most of the suck-holes conducted themselves with decorum.

About 90% of my sexual adventures with truckers occurred in their cabs, some of which had a sleeper compartment that could easily fit two or three men. (The other 10% were quickies in the shit-house.)

Connecting with a trucker was never very difficult. A very brief conversation followed by my suggestion that I provide a blow job was usually sufficient. None of the drivers that I accosted was ever rude. "Sorry, man, I ain't into that" is the preferred way that a truck driver declines use of a suck-hole (or indicates that he has already dumped a load that night and isn't up to shooting again).

Most of the truckers that I had liked to have their cocks sucked, but a surprising number also enjoyed getting fucked. Naturally, a good number liked to fuck, too.

Few drivers were into anything "kinky"—though I did get to drink a number of tasty loads of trucker piss. Whenever I was thirsty for piss (which I usually am after swallowing a wad of cum), I'd either be crudely forward and say something like "You ever piss in someone's mouth" or else I'd be demurely silent and hope that the driver would announce, "Gotta take a piss." I which point I would mention that I drink piss.

A few drivers got nervous and couldn't give me their piss, but a number had a "what the fuck" attitude. My favorite load of trucker piss came from a wonderfully nasty driver who, as I drank his piss, kept saying how "fuckin' sick" it was.

Amazingly, considering that most of these guys were long-distance drivers and couldn't keep their bodies squeaky clean all the time, almost none of them had shitty assholes. Their assholes and crotches

were aromatic from sweat, of course, but never unpleasant.

I will never forget this one guy whose rotten personality perfectly complemented his succulent crotch. The rest area that was the prime location for my truckers came equipped with a few benches and picnic tables. I was giving the area one final cruise (having already been well fucked by a trucker that I had also sucked) when I spotted this guy sitting on a bench. He had long hair and a full beard and was about 30 years old. His jeans were well worn and could have used a good washing, and his loose-fitting white T shirt didn't disguise a slight pot belly. He had a sneer on his face that painted him to be an arrogant son of a bitch. He was, in short, the perfect man.

Though I try to avoid tired pick-up lines, sometimes clichés do come in handy. I asked him for a light. He acted like it was an exhausting task to hand me his lit cigarette. His show of disdain, of course, only further endeared him to me.

"I was very impressed by the odor."

I tried to bullshit with him—"Hot night, isn't it?" "You a truck driver?" "Where ya headin' for?" But his answers were either grunts or monosyllables until he decided to change the focus of the conversation.

"You here to suck cock?" he asked.

I said yes and such was my interest in his crotch that I would have sucked him right there. But he preferred some privacy (a tendency I've noted to be more often found in truckers who think they are "straight;" queers frequently like to put on a show). So without saying another word, he got up and walked toward his truck. I followed obediently.

He opened the door, climbed up, and moved into the sleeper compartment. I followed. I was no sooner in the cab when he said, "Close the fuckin' door" in so harsh a tone that I immediately thought what joy it would be to live with such a person.

When I was with him in the sleeper, I buried my face in his crotch. Foreplay for me means sniffing a crotch through the pants. My nose for news finds this an ideal way to "sample" the crotch before getting down to business. I was very impressed by the odor that I found. I half sucked/half chewed on his jeans. I could feel his cock hardening. He was laying down with his head and shoulders resting against the wall of the sleeper. I tried to get my mouth down below his balls so I could check out his shit-hole but he wouldn't move so as to accommodate me. In fact he seemed a bit bored that I was sucking his pants and not his dick. He unbuckled and unzipped his pants and pulled them down, half baring his ass.

I dived down on his cock. Since this is a true experience and not mere pornography, I have to report that his cock was not very big. It was semi-soft when I put it in my mouth and even though my sucking soon got it hard, its length was barely five inches and it was quite slim. But this was but a minor disappointment. Smaller cocks are easier to suck since they can be deep-throated on each downward lunge and don't cause gagging. I like to gag on cock but the gagging does slow down my sucking.

To my great happiness, this guy's crotch smelled delightful. Very strong; he'd probably been driving all day. I allowed myself to let his cock out of my mouth so that I could suck his balls. They were medium sized. I made several valiant attempts to get my tongue down into his asshole, but failed. He wouldn't move. I felt frustrated. His crotch smelled so beautiful that I imagined his shit-hole would be downright sublime.

Normally, when I find a tongue poking beneath my balls, I raise my leg up so that the tongue can reach my shit-hole. But such civilized behavior was completely foreign to this guy. He was just there, having a queer blow him, and showed no interest in anything else.

I returned to sucking his cock. In about five minutes he went off. His cum was not spectacular (other than the fact that all loads of cum are spectacular), merely average in quality and quantity. I swallowed his cum. I had no sooner let his cock out of my mouth than he pulled up his pants. Knowing a dismissal notice when I encounter one, I left the truck.

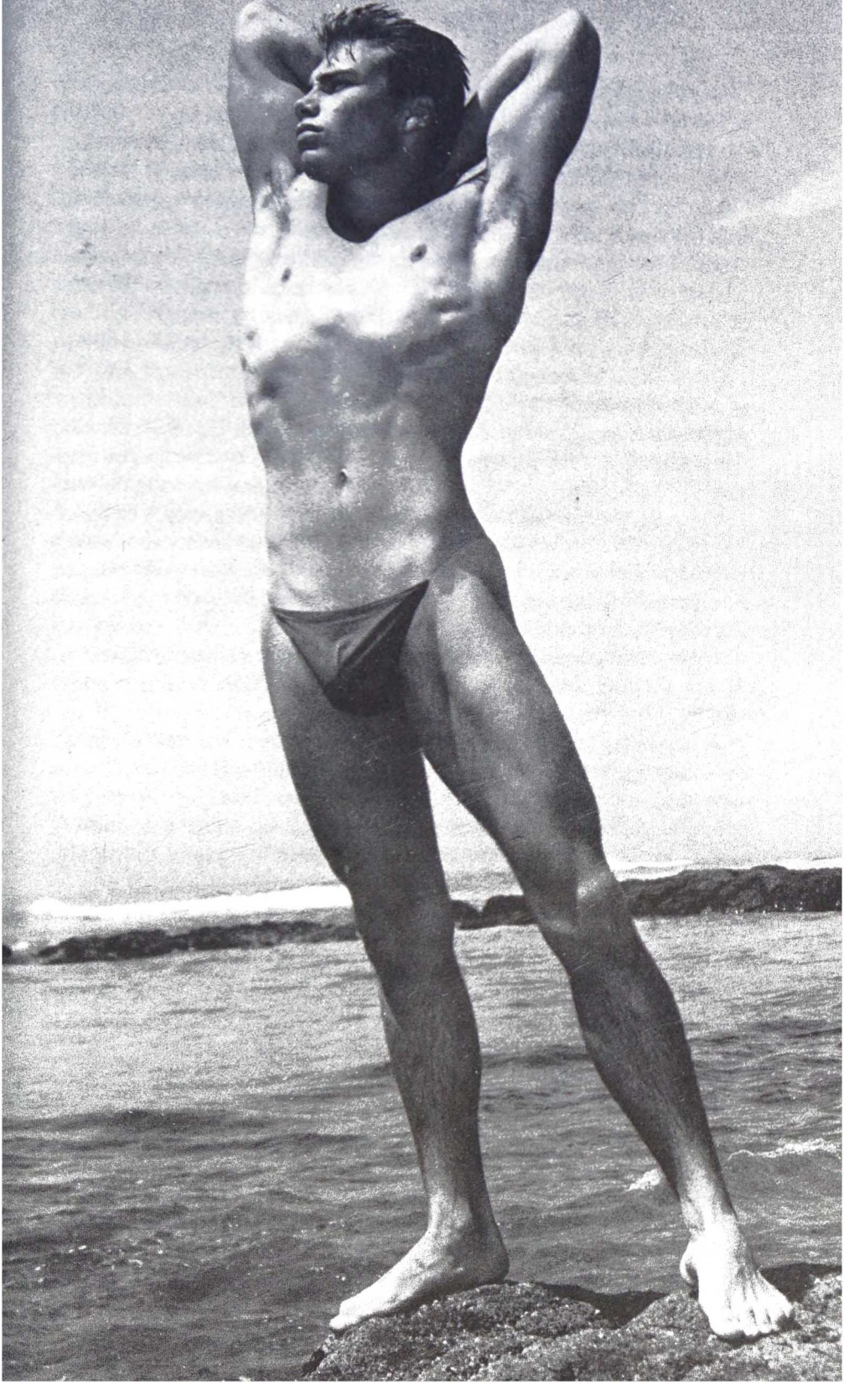
I'd be interested in reading about other queers who've had truck drivers. I think it would be of great value to do a comparative study of truck drivers.

"MEN LINE UP FOR A CHANCE TO SUCK ON HIS DICK."

NEW YORK–There are two dicks I want to tell you about, but I don't know if I can do it. I'm out of superlatives for succulent meat.

I don't know the names of these two men with master dicks, even though I've sucked off one of them dozens of times over the last six years. The other twice and hopefully more.

I met my black teacher at The Glory Hole but later I ran into him at Everard's. He found me kneeling in my room, supplicating. It was an incredible experience, one that I feel guilty about telling. He came in and offered me his 10–12 inch tube and I sucked it down my throat in joyous submission.



We then got stoned and he sat down on the bed, with me on the floor at his feet. Once I took his dick out of my mouth and held it in both hands. I rarely speak, but I couldn't contain myself. "It's beautiful," I said. "It's really so beautiful." I kissed it and shoved it back in. When he came, standing by now, I was in ecstasy. How trite a term that may seem, but cliches are riddled with truth.

My other teacher sits in the horseshoe balcony of the Metropolitan [theatre] holding court. Men line up for a chance to suck on his dick. He's the antithesis of the Everard man—white, young, lithe, fear-evoking. I wait a half-hour for a fawning unworthy drunken black man to finish his prayers at my god's altar. It's amazing to me, the amount of hatred, jealousy and envy I feel for the man who in reality is my brother, seeking what I am seeking, the joy of a big dick. Finally, the poor excuse for a cocksucker is done, and I am struck by how grateful and caring my man is toward him, and I am struck by my own petty inadequacies. I slowly move in.

I don't think you should publish this letter. Most people won't understand. His dick is bigger than I remember. Not as long as my black man's, but thicker. Maybe nine-and-a-half inches, but you can't get your hand around it. And huge balls.

I take off my leather jacket and nestle between his thighs. The floor of the theatre is filthy, but it could have been nails or fire and I wouldn't have noticed or minded.

When his dick is totally lodged down my throat, he strokes my hair and then my neck. "You got it." I groan in compliance. He lets me have his cock whenever I want it. When it's not down my throat, I lay my head on it and kiss it tenderly. When he's at his hardest and hottest, he stands up and fucks my face, taking more care than he should, afraid of wrecking my throat with his brutal thrust. I want him to let go, to fuck away, but he stops. He hasn't learned yet that his pleasure is my pleasure.

I have not tasted his cum yet. I've always worn out (shot my load) before he, but I am determined. I pray he's there tonight. I want to spend all night between his legs. I want to give that dick the pleasure it deserves.

"He wanted to shove his fat dick down my throat."

All the ad in *Drummer* said was: "9 inch fat dick; tall thin 34/man with huge ball wants to be serviced." It was enough.

He sounded sexy on the phone, British and seductive. He had received my imploring letter w/ photo and said he wanted to shove his fat dick down my throat. I said when?

It's a little scary going to suck off someone you've never seen before,

with only promises of hugeness. When he opened the door I knew I was in shit heaven. Good looking and hot.

After some amenities, he asked me if I like dick. I didn't answer, no need to; I just fell to my knees and grabbed his meat through his jeans. He apologetically forewarned: Don't worry—it gets bigger. A lot bigger. (He read me as a fanatical size queen.) I wasn't worried. I knew what I had in my hands was a prize that would swell into a masterpiece. I could barely contain myself and my good fortune. I stuffed it all in my mouth and he screamed out a gasp of pleasure that stung my heart. I was there to please.

The phone rang. He was sitting at his desk and he answered it. I withdrew, but he pulled me back onto his 9-inch wonder. He carried on a 10-minute business deal while I ate his meat.

When he got off the phone, he said I was exactly what he needed, and he let me have it. Four glorious hours in my throat. Two loads of delectable piss. I ate his balls, chewed his hole, licked, sucked, kissed and worshipped his god-piece; flying high on cocaine, poppers and his sweet perfume. Four fucking hours in my mouth! And when he came I begged him for four more. But he only wanted that one release, so I beat off with his soft meat in my mouth and came all over his floor. He left me wanting more. Wise man. He said he'll call this week. I'm gonna make it last even longer this time. I'm going for the record.

"TONY SAID FOR JERRY TO SNIFF HIS SHITTY ASSHOLE."

FLORIDA–From 16 to 20 I hustled in downtown Columbus, Georgia, but hardly ever did I take money. I loved doing it because it was fun. Then I went to college, which is what I am into now. I have moved to Florida and this state is hornier than a rhinoceros.

As far back as I can remember I have been mesmerized by boys, men, dicks, peters, peckers, cocks, schlongs, weenies and ding-dongs. I want to tell you about one time when I was 12 years old, in the sixth grade.

The sixth grade baseball team was playing a team from another school. This was in early summer just before school was out. It was hot as hell and by the third inning just about all of us had our shirts off. Nothing got me more steamy back then than boys and men doing everyday activities without shirts on. My best friend, Tony, who was also 12, got into an argument with the pitcher early in the game. They were bitching and biting at each other so bad that somebody's mother came over and had to calm them down. Anyway, the catcalling and fighting went on all through the game and by the end several other

team members had got involved.

One guy, Jerry, at one point told Tony he was a cocksucking faggot and would he like to chew on his dick? Tony said, "No, because I'd need tweezers to find it." That did it. About six of us ran into the woods near the field, where a creek flows through, and it's spooky as hell. Jerry was down there with his pants down, waving his dick in the air. Shit, it was about six inches, which is funny because Jerry was only about 4 foot 7 inches then. Jerry had lovely blond hair and excellent skin. Well, I had never known Tony to do anything with other guys but he went there and grabbed Jerry's dick and BIT it. Jerry screamed and started kicking Tony in the ass. Bill and I grabbed him (Jerry) and pulled his shoes, socks, and pants off. I held his arms and Bill grabbed his legs. Tony started pulling on Jerry's dick, twisting it and twirling it, not really to make pain but just I think to aggravate Jerry.

Then Jerry somehow managed to get his hand on Tony's crotch and just ripped his pants open. Tony had a weenie but it soon turned into a hot dog. Jerry kind of fell down and for no apparent reason, slugged this other guy, I think his name was Terry, and Terry fell on Tony. Tony turned around and started beating the shit out of me! I don't think, looking back, that we were trying to hurt each other, we were just having a disagreement and nobody was too serious about it.

But then Jerry, who had got dirt in his ear and mouth, really got pissed off and announced that he was going to cornhole (that word was still in vogue in that part of the country in 1975) all of us. Tony dropped his pants back down and said for Jerry to sniff his shitty asshole. Jerry picked up a handful of dirt and smeared it in Tony's crack—a sand grundy, I think it's called. Tony pinned Jerry to the ground and started rubbing down on him. Their dicks were poking at each other and then Bill (who has since opened a gay bar in Georgia) jumped on top of Tony and I jumped on top of Bill. Bill didn't have much to offer because he was still a child, really, but then Jerry rolled over and forced—actually forced—his dick into Tony's butt.

Tony slid down and was riding Jerry like he was enjoying it *(which we all were)* and then Jerry shot off. Tony reached around and tried to smear the sperm on Jerry's face but he missed and got me.

About then I had to come so I jacked off right in Tony's hair and it got in his eye. By this time we were all laughing so hard, it was so wrong, so degrading, so sinful, but everyone of us knew what we were doing. We were a mess so we went to the creek and went in the water.

Nobody had anything on and there was a lot of fucking around but after awhile we all got tired and went home. Nothing like this ever happened again although all of us remained friends all through high school.

High school student pulls shorts off in men's room.

Columbus, Georgia may be off the beaten path but there's plenty that went on, and you never read about Columbus in any of your books or magazines. I'll send you a report of my life as a hustler there. Meanwhile, I have some more recent experiences that your readers might enjoy.

I just finished *Smut* and I'm encouraged that someone has the chutzpah to print this filthy shit. The photos of Nancy Reagan and that fucker with the big tits at Wrigley Field made my day. You show no mercy on the rich, greedy Reagans, and God help us all while they're in power.

Quite recently I was a student at the University of Florida at Gainesville. I did three years there and I don't think New Orleans is any more sinful than Gainesville. At U.F. there is a classroom building with open air walkways and corridors, where the liberal arts professors have their offices and they teach all that artsy-fartsy shit. One Friday night last April I was strolling by the place when my eye caught sight of a lovely blond guy up on the 3rd floor balcony. Since it was about 2 A.M. I knew he wasn't up there studying.

I walked up the stairs and he was gone. I went into the bathroom and saw his grey and white Nikes under the partition. I went to the urinal and pulled out my wang. Pretty soon he cracked the door and I looked in. He was lying back, had his shorts all the way off and was pulling on this gigantic pole. It was every bit of 10 inches. (I swear).

He had an almost hairless body, just some peach fuzz on his face and I almost couldn't handle the whole situation. Since I hate public places (too risky to actually do anything completely—and the cops at U.F. are homophobes), I asked him to my dorm room. I had a private room and this worked to my advantage.

On the way he told me his name was Ronny and he was 18 and a Gainesville high school student. He was supposed to be on a camping trip with some friends but instead he was slutting around for the night. We got to my room and immediately fell on the bed. We fucked, sucked, licked, rubbed, devoured, felt, moaned, breathed heavily, and then we did it some more. Then we got in the bathtub and filled it with this bubble bath shit I had. Our crotches were entwined and I knew it was as good as sex can be, which is very good.

I preferred to study in the main library at U.F. It has six floors and the book shelves are so tall and close together that it resembles the maze found in most bath houses. One night in early spring I was there mainly to write a paper but also to do some cruising. I went to the bathroom but the janitors were scrubbing the shit out of it, so I went

up to the top floor, where very few people venture. I spied a guy sitting at a study carrell with his shirt off and his bare feet propped up on the desk. I discovered no one else was on the floor so I stayed and watched him awhile.

After about 15 minutes he got up and passed by. I recognized him as having been one of those guys who frequent the tearooms but are too chickenshit to do anything. Once I watched him cruise another guy in a tearoom but he left.

Anyway, he came back and resumed his studying. He knew I was there, so I left for a few minutes. Now when I returned, I couldn't believe what I saw. He had his blue jeans unzipped and was rubbing his dick. It was maybe 6 inches and looked excellent.

Usually I'm kind of shy, but I threw caution to the wind and just went over and stood by him. He didn't even acknowledge me. I figured he was a closet case or just plain scared. I reached down and took his dick. Well, his shyness went away as he reached under the leg of my nylon running shorts and pulled my peter down. He got up and led me to a private study room which until then I was unaware of. He hugged me and we pressed our chests and stomachs together. I looked him over and the thing that struck me was that he was so clean, so wholesome. He was about 20, 5 foot 7 inches, black hair, very neatly trimmed but not faggy, a small black moustache and a thin line of wispy chest hair. All we did was hold each other, rub our dicks together, and just feel each other. We ended by beating off together.

He left kind of abruptly but he did kiss me on the ear first. This was one guy I think I could have lived with indefintely. Too bad, as the semester ended about 4 weeks later and I never did run into him again.

P.S. We never spoke a single word the whole time.

"His smell was so nice I wanted it to linger on my sheets."

In Gainesville there is a whole city block of bookstores (non-"adult"), art stores, copy centers, etc. for the students. I was in one bookstore one beautiful day in March after riding my bike all over the campus. This was probably the first warm day of the season and there were some bodies to behold! Some of God's finest creations can be seen in Gainesville, especially on the tennis courts, the track, and on the lawn in front of the library.

Anyway, I was at a bookstore which was a textbook place but also had magazines, including gay magazines. I was leafing through one and watching the other guys out of the corner of my eye. This particular magazine rack was at times very cruisy, and sometimes even funny, as "straight" and closeted guys would start out at *Newsweek*

and gradually move down the line through *Esquire* and *People* and finally to the gay magazines, all the while trying to be discreet and actually believing they weren't being seen. Ha!

I had for some time been watching a guy to my right, going through this same charade. He caught my eye and we played cat-and-mouse all over the bookstore.

Finally, I left and walked across the street to the drug store. Sure enough, he followed although at what *he* thought was a safe, "invisible" distance. I made like I didn't see him the whole time. I went to another bookstore, back to the drug store, and then sat down on the wall by a parking garage. He came by a few minutes later, crossed back, and stopped.

I didn't know people actually used this line, but he asked, "Do you have the time?" I pointed out the huge clock with 12 inch high numerals on it, just across the street. We had a small laugh out of this and he said, "My name is Gary." I told him my name and we sat and shot the shit for awhile.

I soon pulled out one of the *vulgar* magazines I had bought and asked him if he'd seen it. This broke the ice and we wandered off in the general direction of my dorm room. I learned on the way that he was 18, in his first semester at U.F., and he lived with his parents way out in the country. He had a night class and so had 2–3 hours to kill before class. Well, once in my room, I showed him my huge photo collection (I like to select the best pictures from the various magazines and assemble them into one of those large 3-ring-binder photo albums).

After awhile a big thunderstorm came up and my room, having only one small window, got pretty dark. He lied back on the bed and so did I. We get our shirts off and then went down to our pants.

He was wearing those nylon parachute pants, black, which outlines the bulge nicely and practically everyone under 21 wears today. I had on Levi's and the feeling of our still-clothed dicks rubbing together created a weird sensation—nylon on denim.

Neither of us wore underpants and what I found was quite a treat. He had shaved his balls and dick but not his bush, and it was silky feeling, kind of like when you're 11 years old and haven't got your dick hairs yet.

It was excellent to suck, as no hairs got lost and my mouth glided up and down on this root. We worked into a 69 but mostly we lied on the bed during this raging thunderstorm and enjoyed each other's body heat.

He was one of the most passionate I've ever met, as he continually kissed and deep-throated me. He apologized for "spilling his seed" on the sheets; he was so polite. It didn't matter because his smell was

so nice and I wanted it to linger on my sheets for at least one or two days.

I ran into Gary again near the end of the semester and we had another meeting in my room—or is that meating?

"It was 10 inches and he was stroking it for all to see."

There was this little queen who, although I'm sure was a good person, had the bad and unkind habit of throwing her Attitude around. She practically lived in the Liberal Arts Building previously mentioned and was not above horning in on one's cruising pursuits. One night my friend Irving and I were fucking around. Irving is campy and sometimes even embarrassing. He will make up names for people we see. So I didn't like to be in public with Irving.

Anyway, back to the queen. She had installed herself on the throne in one of the tearooms, the best and cruisiest, and just would not leave. This irritated Irving no end, so he went in, flicked off the lights, and ran out. She left. Later we saw her cruising the bowling alley and she had so much Attitude emanating from her face, nobody dared approach her.

There was a certain music fraternity on campus that attracted mostly gay or bi music majors. I was taking piano and violin and knew several guys who were in the fraternity.

I managed to get introduced to this one guy, Pete, who was about 20 and was reputed to have a 10-inch dick. About four of us, all gay as far as I know, went out to a jazz club one night and before long we were all pretty well lit, tight, and shit-faced.

Pete began commenting on the waiter's butt, much to our embarrassment. We had to leave, as several "straight" professors from the music department were seated pretty close by. We piled into this guy's car, a Volkswagen, and went out into the countryside.

We had to piss badly, some of us, so we stopped by a pasture. Pete was staggering but there was a full moon and he was waving his huge cock at the moon, laughing, and acting absolutely silly. Well, what I had heard was right. It was every bit of 10 inches and he was stroking it for all to see. This got me very worked up but nothing came of it.

When I returned home I furiously beat off, thinking of Pete in the moonlight. I saw him often but never managed to get it on as I so deeply desired.

There was this dark-skinned guy who always ate alone at the student union cafeteria. I noticed him off and on all during fall semester, then one night in February he came in wearing extra tight Levi's with worn out knees. I saw his dick clearly outlined as he passed my table.

I played eye games with him but I wasn't sure if he was responding.

Once he reached down and pulled on his dick but I don't think he knew I was watching.

Right before he got up to leave, I got up myself and went out and around the corner to the restroom, which during the day is a very active tearoom with several glory holes. I made sure he saw me and I turned and gave him a strong cruise. Then I went in.

I took one stall and sure as hell, he came into the next one. I had decided by this time that he must be Spanish or Puerto Rican—he was not too dark, but definitely Latin, with straight short black hair and the inevitable moustache. I watched through the glory hole. Slowly, he began massaging his dick, as did I. With no fanfare he just stood up and stuck it through. I worked it awhile, then knelt down and stuck my dick and balls under the wall. He played with me and then pulled my legs and crotch under the wall.

As luck would have it, somebody came in, so we scrambled up onto the seat. I thought whoever it was would never leave—they had to piss, wash hands, use the blower, comb the hair, blow the nose, every damn thing. Finally, at long last, I slipped back under the stall.

By now he had removed his shirt and he had a really tight, flat stomach, as do most all cute young Latin guys (this guy was maybe 20 or 21). He gave excellent—no, superior—head, and I thank God the floor was clean beacuse I was wallowing all over it.

Then he sat on my dick and I was praying nobody would barge in. God, this was risky. I shot all in him and I could tell he was coming too. I felt his thick sperm on my thighs and it was too much.

By then it was almost 7:00 and I had to really fly to get to my night class on time. I hope he didn't get offended by my quick exit.

I saw him again a few times around campus, but for some reason I didn't really desire a repeat.

These are some of the highlights of my years in Gainesville. I was there just a few weeks ago and it is horny as hell, as always. Now I have a dismal job in a dismal small Florida city. I am 24, 5 foot 8 inches, 145 pounds and have sandy blond hair and green eyes.

"I HAVE NEVER BEEN IN ANY ASS THAT FELT SO GOOD."

NEW ORLEANS–One of the best pieces of ass I've ever had was a guy named Pedro who used to go to the Variety Theatre in New York every Sunday afternoon. I don't live in New York anymore but I sure have fond memories of this guy.

He was Mexican, about 50, chunky, reasonably attractive, and not at all femme. He didn't stand against the railing and let you fuck him without bending his body or looking back to see who you were like some of the guys there would do. He preferred to move to the back of the balcony where he could bend all the way over as if touching his toes so you could really get your cock all the way into him.

Just to be on the safe side, I always used a condom when I fucked there; but even with a lubricated condom I still had to use some additional lubrication with most guys or there was the risk the rubber would break. But not with Pedro. No further lubrication was necessary and the rubbers never broke, the reason for this being that he lubricated his hole before he got there.

He was a cook and he always came directly from work to the theatre. My cock would always slide right in as if his ass were buttered all the way up. And talk about feeling! I have never yet been in any ass that felt so good, and I've been in a lot of asses. Pedro's ass felt just like a pussy, only better—much, much better.

When he bent over I would hold onto his manly hips or put both arms around his huge chest and these are two of the many things you cannot do when fucking a cunt. With Pedro, you knew you had a real man. When I came he always sighed deeply enough for me to hear him, to let me know that he knew.

In a movie house, you can't make as much noise when coming as you can in private—the kind of noise I like to make and to hear my partner make during a fuck. But Pedro would make up for it by the way his butt responded to my dick inside him. We made it together many times there like that.

The last time I saw him was one Sunday afternoon as I was leaving and he was arriving, so we only talked for a couple of minutes in the foyer.

"Come back upstairs," he said, "and fuck my pussy." I like talk like that but I didn't feel like having sex again when I had just finished with someone else, someone not nearly as good as Pedro I might add. That was five years ago. I wonder if he is still going there every Sunday afternoon to get fucked.

SERGEANT DISPLAYS HARD ON.

SAN FRANCISCO–I am 30 now and I think I've always had a tremendous fascination with uncut dicks. That is, except for my 4 years in high school. In school it seemed that "sameness" was necessary for acceptance. And in the showers nearly everyone was cut. So I'd go to my locker, strip down and oh-so discreetly pull back my long foreskin before heading for the showers. My dick was such that when my skin was pulled back, it pretty much stayed that way unless pulled forward again. Though I wanted to appear the same as others, I secretly searched the showers for those that weren't cut.

It wasn't until 1974 when I was stationed at Fort Ord (CA) that I realized that there were actually a lot more uncuts out there than I'd thought. One day our company came back from 2 weeks of bivouac during basic training. While unpacking my gear I had to piss. Our platoon's latrine was crowded and had lines at the urinals and stalls. Then I remembered the latrine next to the drill sergeants' offices on the ground floor of our barracks. I went down there and it was empty. The windows were open at eye level and I was looking out sideways as I pissed.

Someone came in and I was startled for a moment because we were generally not allowed to use this latrine. I started to formulate an excuse for my being there. I glanced over and 3 urinals away was one of the drill sergeants standing at a urinal still wearing his Smokey the Bear hat. He wasn't my D.I., but he was one of our company's.

He was oblivious to me, though I knew he saw me. He just stood there with his left arm outstretched to prop himself up against the wall in front of him, while his right arm held his dick. He looked straight ahead the whole time and never said a word to me. I was finishing and shaking off my dick and glancing over again and damn if he didn't have a hard on. He was uncut. He still didn't acknowledge me. We were both protected from anyone barging in by a shoulder high tile partition. Now I was washing my hands while looking at his reflection in the mirror. He was giving me the show of my life. I suppose he sensed I was gay. The part I'll never forget is when he turned finally, and without saying a word eyeballed me while he was buttoning his fly. Then he left.

I went into a stall and beat off.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

AIDS Risk Reduction Guidelines for Healthier Sex

As Recommended by New York Physicians for Human Rights

1. Know your partner, his state of health, his lifestyle and how many different sexual partners he has. If you enjoy being with a partner, see him again. The fewer different partners, the less your risk of acquiring a disease.
2. Engage in sex in a setting which is conducive to good hygiene. Be certain to wash any part of the body contacting the rectal area before contact with the mouth.
3. Both partners should shower together as part of foreplay to check for sores, lymph glands, etc. which might not have been noticed by the other partner.
4. Kissing, cuddling, massaging and mutual masturbation have a very low risk of transmitting disease.
5. Exchanging certain body fluids has a higher risk of transmitting diseases. Swallowing semen, urine or feces increases your risk of acquiring a sexually transmitted disease. Oral sex when sores or cuts are present within the mouth has a high risk.
6. Rimming has an extremely high risk of transmitting disease except in a totally monogamous couple after examination by their health care provider.
7. Anal intercourse causes tiny tears in the anus through which germs from both partners can enter the body. Use of a water-soluble lubricant helps reduce friction and tears and should be used even with a condom. Wearing a condom may reduce the risk of transmitting diseases between partners. Anal douching before or after sex increases the risk of acquiring an infection because it removes normal barriers to infections.
8. Fisting is extremely dangerous no matter what precautions are taken.
9. Urinating after sex may reduce your risk of acquiring some infections.
10. Reduce or eliminate the use of all street drugs, alcohol and marijuana, as studies have shown these may impair the body's immune system and your judgment.
11. Maintain your body's immune system by eating well, exercising and getting adequate rest. Cope with stress by learning relaxation techniques (yoga, self-hypnosis etc.). See your physician on a regular schedule to be checked for inapparent diseases.

Sex is an important part of our lives. We owe it to ourselves and to our partners to keep it as healthy (low risk) as we can.

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Everybody loves the first glimpse of naked love
Everybody's story is the most thrilling in the world
Everybody tells their best friend their tale of the raw behind
First time they discovered an open heart with their pants down.

–Allen Ginsberg

And if Walt Whitman had read *S.T.H.* he would probab
sent us this poem of his:

I am he that aches with amorous love;
Does the earth gravitate? does not all matter, aching,
attract all matter?
So the body of me to all I meet or know.

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